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ART IN CALIFORNIA

ART IN CALIFORNIA

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN ART WITH SPECIAL
REFERENCE TO CALIFORNIAN PAINTING
SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE PAST AND
PRESENT PARTICULARLY AS THOSE ARTS
WERE REPRESENTED AT THE PANAMA-
PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Being Essays and Articles by
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INTRODUCTION

THE CHARACTER of the present volume is accurately stated in its sub-title, "A survey of American art, with special reference to Californian painting, sculpture, and architecture, past and present, particularly as those arts were represented at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition." While dealing broadly with certain aspects of art in America, the work presents the first comprehensive record of the phenomena of Californian art, and offers at the same time, in a series of essays and articles by well-known writers, an historical and critical examination of these phenomena.

Works dealing—as this work deals in its main features—with the art of a particular locality are not infrequently open to the charge of special pleading. In "Art in California" an effort has been made to avoid the sentimental approach, which, it is felt, would impair its value as a record and an appraisal, and to present a body of critical opinion from which, it is hoped, an approximation of ultimate values will emerge.

The publishers feel that the work finds its justification in California's exceptional productivity in art, in the freshness and vitality which the work of her painters, sculptors, and architects so often surprisingly displays, and in the stimulation recently given to art in California by the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Since contemporary opinion in matters of art is, at best, only a shrewd presumption of the verdict of time, the views of many critics, rather than the opinion of a single one, are here presented. Each contributor dealing with Californian art has treated the subject in his own way, and the reader is thus given the benefit of the collective judgment of recognized authorities. Mr. Bruce Porter has traced in their succession the various external influences that have contributed to the evolution and the shaping of Californian art; Mr. Michael Williams offers a comprehensive and critical study of the work of California's painters and sculptors; Mr. Porter Garnett essays the determination of California's place in art upon the basis of certain noteworthy achievements; while Mr. Everett Maxwell, Mr. Hector Alliot, and others comment revealingly upon conditions and performances, upon the spirit that underlies them, and upon their promise for the future. The painting, the sculpture, the architecture, and the landscape gardening of the Exposition are dealt with by men who, by reason of their official and constructive relations to that important enterprise, are best qualified to speak authoritatively upon the subject. Still other articles deal with etching, in its national as well as in its local aspects, with the institutions that foster art in California, and with other related topics.

In order that it may fulfill, in the highest degree, the purpose of a complete and permanent record, the pictorial features of "Art in California" are not only copious but have been carefully selected with a view to their quality and representative character.

The publishers make grateful acknowledgment to the contributors for their generous coöperation and to the artists who have rendered them invaluable aid by personally selecting examples of their work for reproduction. Special thanks are due to Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge for permission to reprint Mr. Bruce Porter's article from "The History of California," to Doctor Emil O. Jellinek for courteous permission to use his photographic studies of the Exposition, to Mr. Louis S. Lyons for his assistance in the preparation of the work, and to many others for their helpful suggestions.

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CALIFORNIA TO THE ARTIST

By GEORGE STERLING

In what old kingdom shalt thou find, O child!
Such beauty as I proffer to thine eyes?
What starry loveliness, divinely wild,
Like this I guard below my Western skies?

What dream hast thou of Islands far and blest,
That in mine emerald valleys, silver-veined,
Thou would not lose, knowing my realm is best,
My woodlands, and my mountains purple-stained?

Deserts are mine, o'er which the stars are great,
And mine the falling of a thousand streams;
I take the voice of brook and bird—I wait
To mix a woven music with thy dreams.

My days have mountains for their snowy birth,
And have an ocean for their splendid death;
My forests are the elder shrines of earth;
The wind that has no haven is my breath.

My robe is tremulous with many hues,
And fall of pearly petals after rain;
Mine is the treasure of the countless dews,
Forever lost, forever found again.

All that the mouths of old romance have sung,—
All that the dreamers dream of realms to be,
Abide the shaping hand or singing tongue,
Between my shadowed hills and sapphire sea.

I wait to crown thee with a mystic vine,
And feed thee with an immaterial fruit;
I crush all grapes of Beauty, and their wine
Shall wake in thee the god and not the brute.

'Mid golden clouds of sunset fuming up
From everlasting censers of the West,
Set to thy lips mine unbetraying cup,
And send thy soul on an immortal quest!

THE BEGINNING OF ART IN CALIFORNIA

By BRUCE PORTER

IN attempting the wide retrospective survey of the graphic and monumental arts in California and being confronted by the incoherency and vagueness of the whole American field, the one thing that palpably emerges is just the question, "What then, after all, is one looking for, listening for?"

The historian can answer that question directly: "For some logical and consecutive expression of the American or Californian spirit, speaking through beauty in the distinctive speech of America or of California." To detect the timorous lisp of that spirit, any faltering intimation of what it had or has to say to the future, must be the central preoccupation of the historian; and he perceives, in the face of all the poverty and confusion, his task to be that of the sympathetic apologist, who is, ever so sympathetically, to take as the symbol this shining thread of the spirit and to follow it, disentangle it, knot the ends together where it has been broken—making it the clue in the maze, and finally being content to say that if the spirit has not always manifested itself in works of beauty, yet the humblest work of art reveals the maker and something of the social temper of his time.

It is then, in this American and Californian inquiry, not so much an estimate of art values that we are seeking, as the revelation of the human spirit, the temper of a civilization that has produced so prodigiously in so many ways and so meagerly in the way of art.

Art makes this confession of its time. Where there are so few notable examples of art to brood upon as in the American vista, the brief essayist must, perforce, brood equally upon the social revelation and the social contrasts.

The arts with which we deal here require for their orderly growth and flowering a quiet unattainable in a new and lusty civilization; the absence of art does not of necessity indicate an absence of a wide-spread (though unconscious) appreciation of beauty. These pioneers of America and of California were encountering natural beauty in its abundance and freshness. Surely this prevailing beauty in the field of their excited enterprise did win their response, even though they were too busy to translate it into consciousness and, so, into the terms of art.

It would be interesting to trace the delight in natural beauty in the contemporary literature of the young America—for literature did, almost appallingly, devote itself to nature and the theologic deduction from natural aspects. But our task is to trace the less spontaneous arts that

have, unlike literature, to make terms with the current civilization in order to win a place and a voice. Speech and writing travel with so easy and light an equipment they can foot it with the pioneers; the graphic and monumental arts must delay until the hearths are established and the time has come to build the temple. They move with the encumbrance of a tradition; they require material things for their expression; most of all, they require the serenities of a civilization established and the response assured.

It is with tradition that the historian picks up his thread, for tradition is an essential strand. That tradition runs straight to America from the cultural centers of Europe with the coming of the colonists; it weaves into the texture of that early life and shines suddenly as a new, bright thing in the domestic and public buildings of the Atlantic sea-board which we very properly name "Colonial." The tradition of European art is preserved and yet is translated into a new refinement and delicacy, indicative of a new choice and new predilections.

This refinement, this attenuation of the material employed, is the first speech in art of the recognizable new spirit—the American spirit. It stands as a reality in that architecture; but it appears, too, in every object that the American of that time molded for his use or his pleasure—in the early furniture, the American ax-handle, the American wagon. We see the spirit intuitively attenuating, refining, as though in an exquisite impatience that it must deal with material things at all; yet with supreme intelligence fitting the material to its perfect use.

How wide-spread this intuitive predilection was has not been measured. It found its consummation, not in the architecture that so modestly blossomed on the Atlantic sea-board, but on the sea itself.

The American sailing ships!—those slim, unsung heralds that we set upon the seas of the world, to proclaim by every shining spar, by each adroit line of their swift bodies, that a new race of builders and conquerors had found their voice in America. Surely, our ships must continue to rank as the triumph of that early spirit's expressiveness.

The ship persisted long after our architecture had anything to say of the spirit's first fine rapture; and the ship, even now, sinks below our unsteady and changing horizons.

If then, it required fully a century of progressive community life for the descendants of the English race in America to evolve what was distinctive in architecture on land and sea, we should not be impatient in our contemplation of the art of the century that followed. It would be an unthinking critic who would ask that just that tradition of refinement verging upon fragility, be maintained by America, "bride of change" as she is.

The inrush upon the young states of alien peoples; the conquest of the great territory to the west; most of all, the introduction of the machine in the processes of the world's manufacture—who in reason can ask coherency in the art of a nation, under revolutions of such magnitude?

Architecture fell from her delicate preoccupation with style; painting lapsed from the refinements and reserves of Copley and Stuart and both together sank into a universal disregard and a universal dowdiness. Sculpture practically had not existed as an independent art in the early time; and when she rose in the nineteenth century, she was stamped with an even greater dowdiness than that worn by her sister arts. One can guess from her aspect, how completely art had become a thing apart from the general life—speaking in the strangest tongue to these American admirers if it spoke at all in the arid marble portraits and the “chaste” nudes.

They speak now to us indisputably the fact that the contemporary American was not thinking or feeling “Art” at all. And it was just into this poor estate that California entered when she became American. Yet through this period of neglect we can follow our thread here and there as it gleams in individual works by solitary artists; and the thread suddenly gleams and shines again, in that little renaissance of the arts that was nourished in the eighties by La Farge, McKim, White, and St. Gaudens, culminating in the exposition at Chicago in 1893. It was a phenomenal recapture of the early American spirit; as it was, beautifully and pathetically, the last word of that first American speech.

We caught the echo of it in California; we, too, had our brief period of absorption in architecture as an art; there was a moment when the popular sympathy was involved, really responded to the work of art. The artists here, as in New York and Chicago, were expressing some vital thing that the people wanted to have said; the artists were speaking the speech of the American spirit again; that was all the reason.

The brief moment of illumination and mutual interchange and mutual understanding passed; and now we wait for the newer language to be evolved from the bewildering prolixity of our present polyglotism.

California art has, of necessity, been more or less an echo of the national state of things; but, interestingly enough, she has caught the echoes of a wider field than the national. It has been her exceptional good fortune—in more than the arts—to escape, in spite of her isolation, the blight of provincialism.

Her history begins with the resounding names of Cabrillo, Vizcaino, and Drake. Continuously have influences poured in upon her from east and west; and if in the arts her speech has been hesitant or delayed, it may be because of too many voices—too many echoes.

What the earliest of the explorers of these coasts found in the matter of art, humble as it was, was yet complete and perfect as an expression of the native life. The crude woodwork of the aboriginal house and canoe, the basketry for storage and utensils, the simple implements of the chase and for gaming, the leather and shell-work—all these objects afford us now, a picture of the people and the life they lived: so adequately it reconstructs the scene for us, that the question presents itself, as to whether just this power of communication is not the test of “value” to be applied to any work of art out of the past?

Truly these Indians of the lowest state of culture *did* leave a perfectly readable record of themselves and what desire for beauty was in them. Art is, of course, the fine flower of a people's existence, their highest expression; we know that, within its savage limitation, the life of this primitive people was so far coherent that they could give this entirely comprehensible account of themselves to the future. What is present in each of these sad relics is the testimony that, for them, art was an integral part of life, not a thing whimsically fostered or crowded aside.

Their art was far advanced when the first vessels of the explorers touched upon the coast. It is still practiced in obscure places for the love and need of it, and decadently for profit, where it is most to be seen. It has no place in our tradition and can not be worked in, however curiously the effort persists to drag it into the arts of decoration. Its worth to us is purely that of record, and in its appeal to our understanding of these vanished fellow creatures.

If they, poor things, welcomed the first of us as gods (the first of us being the gentlemen adventurers of the *Golden Hinde*, straight from the court and city of the depraved Tudors) what did they, the natives, make of that first work of European art planted upon the land which is now California and which was then proclaimed "New Albion"?

It is deeper than amusing to think that here were sounded first the sonorous and solemn phrases of English speech in the great language of the "Book of Common Prayer," but the smile comes to our lips when we learn that the first work of art left upon the land which is now the United States of America, was the penny portrait of the "Virgin Queen" of England!

The old diarist records: "At our departure hence, our Generall set up a monument: namely a plate, nailed upon a faire greate poste . . . with her Highnesses picture and armes, in a peece of six-pence of current English monie, under the plate." Thus the thread of traditional art first gleamed upon the coast of California and ties us to the England of Elizabeth and Leicester, of Shakespeare and Francis Bacon.

The incident counts for us only as it enriches the long backward reach of our survey; the *Golden Hinde* lost in the distance; the gods vanished; and the bereft native gazing in perplexity at the minute image of the most notably artificialized female in history, in her monstrous ruff and her monstrous arrogance! It is a juxtaposition to appeal to the Comic Muse—and what *wouldn't* we give now for that same "peece of six-pence"?

It was nearly two hundred years before the native was confronted by any other work of art of European lineage. The coming of the padre and the setting up of the cross can not be classed with the incidental. Here was a substantial historical event.

These missionaries and explorers and conquerors, marching northward from Mexico, planting the missions and the presidios from San Diego to Sonoma within the half century, did a work that has not been adequately measured as a building accomplishment.

To have builded by native labor and of the most primitive materials the twenty-one missions and settlements, while the work of conversion and conquest was going forward, is a noble record. It may be said that to engage the populace in labor, was the perfect way to subject and so to convert; but if the native had marvelled at the penny queen, how much more deeply must he have marvelled at these structures, which rose with the help of his own hands? The missions vary in value; few of them make the slightest claim to art, but all have the virtue of directness and of graciously belonging to the landscape.

The friars had come to a land reminiscent in every feature of the old Spain, with its wide sun-burned valleys and its strong hills, set between the sierra and the blue sea. They planted, upon perfectly selected sites, these simple buildings, more truly Spanish Colonial than are the buildings of the Eastern states English Colonial. We do not know how the plans and elevations were produced. They were apparently largely the product of old and pleasant memories applied to the new conditions of building, with the strange material and the poor skill at hand.

Here and there, however—as at San Luis Rey and, preëminently, at San Antonio of Padua—hints of a schooled taste and knowledge come in. San Antonio, hidden in its distant valley and its ruin mitigated by blossoming pomegranates and oleanders, has an art that none of its brethren can show. Its great arch of burnt brick (which still survived a few years ago) proclaims an audacity that could hardly have been ventured by any but a trained architect.

Yet these delightful and appropriate buildings and the whole brave record they embodied from the moment of American occupation, seem to have taught no lesson, as they have called forth no protective care on the part of the public. Except where they have been attractive to the curiosity of sight-seers and tourists they have been permitted to fall into shameful ruin.

The padres brought little to California in the way of art to match their fervor and enterprise in building. Of the paintings that came up the coast from Mexico, there is never a hint of the sought masterpiece, and the colored wooden sculpture which was to be imported later is of a like commonplaceness. Nothing which they brought compares with what they themselves made on the spot. They taught the natives to work agreeably in wood and clay and leather; and (one idly enough speculates) had the sierra and the sea become impregnable barriers just at that moment, what extraordinary and delightful things might not have issued in art, from this domination and instruction of the native race? The results would not have been of the emptiness of any human significance that *our* revivals in the way of “mission furniture” and “Swastika” pottery, now present.

The friars and the native artisans were scattered before the wind of change and, so far as art is concerned, nothing was effected except what still remains to be learned from the ruinous old examples of their high emprise.

One can not leave out, for the sake of the touch of romantic color the mention confers, the brief occupation by the Russians, with their forts and stockades enclosing the chapel and barracks at Fort Ross. That little group of log buildings, set at the foot of the Coast Range and against the bleak sea, is memorable. There were orchards and a garden with its quaintly domed summer-house in the Slavic manner. Nothing remains there now but the governor's residence and the log causeway from the beach. There is no possibility of tying this strange loose end into the thread of influence. The occupation was as little contributory as the transit of the *Golden Hinde* along the same stretch of coast, even though the Russian apple trees still yield their fruit and the Russian roses, hard colored and sweet, still bloom and shake in the wind.

The earliest Americans caught the high tide of Spanish occupation and turned it back. The artist had begun his work in the Spanish houses, for itinerant and now nameless portrait painters there were, who moved from settlement to settlement and painted the dons and señoritas. How good this first painting was, is an inquiry that is likely to be made in the future. This historian recalls examples, seen in youth in Santa Barbara, Monterey, and Martinez, which looked down from the walls of high, dim rooms, with the aspect of having the best tradition in their keeping; they matched, these portraits, in courtesy and dignity, the living descendants of the pictured departed. For in these same rooms were, even then, at that late day, manners and the art of intercourse, and one saw, even then, how the portraits and their possessors and the manners were meeting adversities—were all to be lost and hustled away as superfluous in the new age, as superfluous as the missions themselves.

But these first hustlers brought with them something of their own established serenities and something of tradition in building and ornament and manners, which asserted itself as soon as they began to settle. That same English Colonial architecture (grown heavier and coarser from having encountered the wave of pseudo-classicism that swept America in the forties) came to California along with such names as Benicia and Antioch, and set its stamp upon the homely, pleasant court-houses and dwellings that still delight us in the central California towns.

The larger communities had little to do with it; the style had become rural and suburban in its passage across the continent and unfitted for city building. In the cities a very agreeable manner was substituted that yet held with tradition. These buildings of brick and covered with stucco still make wholly for the observer's pleasure in Sacramento, in Marysville (as in the old San Francisco) as they repeat themselves with a discreet variety in all the shady streets. There is no question of their being "Art"; they offer merely the pleasantest most modest little façades, winning their chief distinction from the contrast they present to what immediately followed them and jostled them out of popular favor in the seventies and eighties.

In San Francisco, however, in these same years between 1850 and 1870, really notable buildings were erected, which stood in the older

quarters of the town and impressed the observer with their grace and power, quite up to the hour of conflagration.

This architectural accomplishment has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The names of the architects were early lost, and, lacking any reliable data and in the presence of work so much beyond what the rest of America had to show for that same period, an amusing body of legend gathered about them and was current in the talk of local enthusiasts, in which the names of the most distinguished European architects grandly figured. Where so much that was unexpected and romantic had happened, it seemed quite within the possibility that any one might have laid his hand upon the young town and left for us the testimony of his talent. Certain it is, that these buildings were the design of trained intelligences, and the conclusion must be inferred that so much intelligence and taste was not locally concentrated, but that, communication with Europe being regularly established, commissions for the drawings were placed in the hands of men practicing in Paris and London.

The local French community was large and influential and if the two French bankers immortalized themselves by commissioning Meryon to execute the first etched view of San Francisco, it seems altogether possible that the designs of certain of the buildings came as straight from the ateliers of Durban and Garnier.

Apart from surmise, there were gifted architects practicing in San Francisco, men like Patten, the beauty of whose Gothic manner was shown in the old Grace church and the Synagogue. There was restraint within and respect for the tradition of art everywhere evidenced, that meant nothing less than the populace, too, was maintaining something of the old forms and the good manners they had brought from the older civilization and weaving it into the new. They built homes; agreeable houses and gardens planted themselves upon the hills with a promptitude that was indicative of an inner stability and orderliness in the community; and they built churches, even while the "Eldorado" was dazzling the "transients" with its mirrors and high stakes and the atmosphere of the mining camp still hung over the town.

Literature has never sufficiently celebrated our respectabilities; the testimony to this delightful period of sedate life (not without its enlivening contrasts) rests almost entirely now in memories, such as are embodied in the strange "Chronicle of Manuel Alanus" and in the old photographs and lithographs of the time.

We have hung upon architecture because it bulks as the popular and revealing art. Painting was practiced obscurely. Sculpture appeared only in the ornamentation of the buildings; their stucco decorations being of no mean order, and where it occasionally broke away into the freer forms of life and the human figure, it did so in a manner showing capacity for true sculpture of merit.

We did, however, at this time, indulge almost inordinately in delineation by lithography. Here the artist had his fling—upon the letter papers showing views, in the broadsides picturing current events. Transitory

things, but posted to the ends of the earth. They were sober and respectable productions and historically they furnish a record surprisingly rich.

One of these faded blue sheets pictures the group of the first Chinese participants in a Fourth of July parade in San Francisco. The incident is momentous, as we look back upon our history. In the history of our art it signalizes a new and wonderfully rich influence; however we may regard it as alien, this oriental thread has the substantiality of a rope.

We can not incorporate it as an entity in the texture that we are now weaving, but filaments of its splendor and dignity as Chinese, of its exquisiteness as Japanese, will inevitably weave in more and more as the barriers of nationality go down under the assaults of the spirit of human brotherhood.

If the artists of Europe were, at the moment of this first invasion of our coasts, opening their eyes to the lessons taught in art by these same orientals, we on our side of the world, in our outpost community, were taking coolies by the wagon-load directly from the steamer landing, to the old "Bank Saloon," that they might gaze with equal wonder, though with probably less edification, upon a French canvas of ordinary merit, whereon was pictured the "Sleeping Samson Shorn by Delilah."

It was the "chaste" nude again. What they made of it, these simple Chinese—what they made of this first initiation to just what Western art had to offer them, we can not guess. The incident may have a lurking hint of allegory or prophecy in it, but its humor justifies its recording here.

The Chinese instantly began to offer us of their stored riches; they imported works of art and lavishly decorated the fine old buildings they occupied. They did not build, except here and there an outdoor altar, and, notably, the one perfect little temple beside the river at Marysville. But the stream of importation has continued and this flood of examples of a great art must ultimately yield an effect.

Its strength is diluted in the passage through the Japanese, and the West has already accepted that mitigated and very charming tradition; we shall touch upon that influence in California a little later; something happens between.

This happening was the whirlwind of the "Big Bonanza" years; all threads were apparently snapped short.

It was powerful era of powerful men—an era of greed in getting and lavishness in spending and of a vulgarity such as the world had never before suffered. Here in California it happened that the flush times fell upon us when in the arts of the Western civilizations there was no steadying tradition. Something had held over in California of what the rest of America had lost; but this remnant was to be pushed aside ruthlessly enough from the path of gross wealth. The masters of wealth dominated the scene so tyrannously that what art there was or whatever tradition instantly succumbed.

It would be interesting to know what became of the scholarly architects with their reserves and hesitations, and of the modest delineators in

lithography. Great houses and hotels were erected, importations of works in sculpture and painting began to pour in for their adornment. The foreign gaudy examples went where they belonged; the town positively "bulged" with imported "Art." One wonders, did the modest lithographers yield to the prevailing vulgarity, and, taking service under Mammon, produce the shameless caricatures of the gutter publications that were sold upon the streets of San Francisco at that time? In so great a social revolution perhaps the conservative element that made the earlier San Francisco was not fully aware of more than the stir and the prosperity, and went in and out of its decent residences with only a gratified sense of sharing in an increased life—even, perhaps, surreptitiously buying and chuckling over "The Jolly Giant" and its caricatures, not really conscious that they and their civilization were in the clutch of a cyclone.

Money was so easy, that if the great getters and spenders began to distribute it in the purchase of works of art, they indiscriminately bought both bad and good; and it is at this time that painters of a merit seriously to be considered, came to and were supported in California. The Art School was inaugurated under the direction of Vergil Williams; and we pick up the thread just here of our "connection," in the gracious courtesy of the French government's gift to the little institution of casts from the masterpieces of sculpture in the Louvre. And it was not long before "the school" began to send the first of her pupils to Paris, with the "stumped" crayon examples of what they had learned from the French gift under their arms—tender pioneers of Californian art.

The wives and daughters of the "patrons of art" went to Paris, too—for fashions in clothes and husbands—while the "patrons" stayed at home in the wooden palaces—they who had "sown the wind," while the community "reaped the whirlwind."

Virginia City, raised in a night and gutted in a decade, remains as the most expressive ghost of that inebriated period. It stands in its barren hills, a pitiable, falling, ever so fitting monument to its creators; and its "Internation Hotel" (where the banquets, brought straight from San Francisco by train, with the champagne on the ice, were served) is the epitome of what vulgarity can do to architecture and the sister arts. The chapter properly closes there, where it began.

There was to be no resumption of the old good and sedate taste in building; things had come to too utter a smash in matters of taste. Whatever art there was, had something of the look of surreptitiousness worn by our old householder, going about his decencies with "The Jolly Giant" in his coat-tail pocket.

Change was inevitable, even had California escaped the gross flatulency of the bonanza years. The railroad had spanned the continent and she was no longer a rich province apart from the world, but a sharer now in its wide unrest. San Francisco had earlier attained to public collections of art at Woodward's Gardens and at the "Cob-web Palace" on Meigg's wharf (that unholy bar-room, with its monkeys chattering

over the sawdust floor). If in those early days, one's childish innocence was taken everywhere, the first impression of ranged works of art in gold frames, is permeated with the odor of animals, stuffed and alive; or, as at the "Mechanic's Fair," with the scent of peanuts and popcorn. "Art" wore the aspect of being enormously popular, even though it was so largely foreign and imported.

"Duncan's Auction Rooms" had been succeeded by the established art stores. A little community of artists gathered and nested in the "Latin Quarter," and there must have been some latent discernment among patrons to support so meritorious a group as that formed by Hill, Keith, Tavenier, Yelland, and the others who managed fruitfully to survive.

Looking now upon the paintings done at that time, there was every justification for survival. It was good painting, and, in particular instances, of an expertness quite amazing. The painters were for the most part men who had been well trained before their advent in California; and if their response to the new wonder of nature was expressed in the established language of their schooling, it was a language that adequately conveyed their bright surprise at the large prospect.

The work of Thomas Hill has been neglected of late, since it has become the fashion to diminish the creations of the school to which he belonged; that "school" managed its panoramic canvases with wonderful skill; and Hill, with his sure brush and rapid execution, had an eye open to the light and met and solved certain problems at a time when the problems had scarcely become apparent to the majority of the painters in America.

Of William Keith, self-trained as he was in California, there is not space here to speak justly. As he remains the best known and most widely honored painter that California has produced, the critical estimate of his work is inevitably to be made in the future. How great that work was at its best; how it stands with the best landscape art that followed Constable and the Frenchmen of 1830, requires no temerity in assertion. The task will always be to protect our judgment by holding to the highest in his enormous and very unequal production. The critic of the future is less likely to be "swamped" in his estimate, than is a contemporary. Keith's art at its very personal best is of a rich imagining on the themes afforded by nature; but both Keith and Hill and the painters of their time and later looked upon the actual nature about them with (shall we say) something of the eyes of strangers in a strange land. Their transcripts are undoubtedly of the California scene, but we feel (as we feel in the great majority of works of landscape art) that, set down anywhere on earth, the painters would employ this identical language of transcription. Here and there a great man *does* speak in the particular terms of the country about him, fits the language to his native theme; Vermeer, Constable, Corot, Titian, Valasquez, and the Chinese masters thus speak. It would seem to mean that the artist and his theme had become mutually penetrative, and it is this interchange and perfect transfusion that we must wait for in California's art.

The students returning from Paris began at this time to bring their gifts to the local altar; the late eighties and early nineties brought us the echo of the little Renaissance in New York through a group of young architects, painters, and decorators. It was a charming, brief period, filled with enthusiasm and a quite fresh perception of the city and its romantic beauty and the beauties of California. The social life had again attained something of the old orderliness and serenity, only now its activities in art were preëminently in the hands of youth. Writers, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians communicated their enthusiasms one to the other, in a communion closer and more stimulating than has ever happened locally, before or since.

Things were accomplished in the community's sense of the meaning of art, if little that was actual and substantial took visible form. The artists were playing the part of discoverers and prophets in the California environment and then, having prophesied—most of them went to New York. The material opportunities here were not frequent enough, that was all; California could not feed all her fledglings and they were crowded out of the nest, to sing or paint or carve their way to success or fame somewhere else. None of them failed, and many have brought honor to the name of California. The sons and daughters of the state continue to seek and to pervade the older centers and to manifest their gifts in all the arts in almost embarrassing numbers.

Architecturally, this decade witnessed the first attempt at a revival of Spanish Colonial that was too excitedly undertaken to be successful in its adaptation to modern and changed uses, and it is only now and occasionally that the lessons of that old style are beginning to be sympathetically applied and the warnings afforded by the first adventures regarded.

This decade of the nineties accomplished, beyond its public buildings, a type of middle-class dwelling that is distinguished by refinement and the use of the native woods. These dwellings inaugurated what may be regarded as almost a "Californian" style in homes. The redwood interiors of the dwellings made agreeable backgrounds for the domestication of the Japanese works of art that were being collected and the refinements of that art continue to exert a strong influence upon California life and its struggle toward a conscious sense of beauty.

This oriental thread appears as a leading influence in the art instruction in the public schools. That system is a notable one, the seed of which was planted and first blossomed in the old Broadway School in San Francisco, there proving the case for art as an educational means, as probably it was never so charmingly proved before.

The handicrafts and secondary arts began to flourish at this time in a legitimate association with architecture. Illustration, freed from its dependence upon the engraver, took the initial steps toward its present journalistic loquacity. Photography (which had put an end to wood and steel engraving) made her claim to a place among the arts. The gardens, that had heretofore "happened" were now brought to design, and a wide field opened that promises to yield a local expression in a noble art.

Sculpture found its true place as public monuments were erected under demand of a new civic pride.

There had been decorators at work in San Francisco during the middle period, who had capably frescoed the theaters and palaces and bar-rooms; but it was in the nineties that the first mural paintings, in the modern sense, were executed by artists eager for the larger problems and the larger surfaces which the wall offers.

And in all of these various and faltering efforts there was a quality of ingenuousness that our later performances appear to have missed, and that might well make us pause.

Mere habit and increasing expertness seem somehow to rob the work of art of the bloom, the charm, of humbleness and self-forgetfulness. One suspects that it is this expertness of hand, this easy habit in production, that is the real menace to art in every age; and that most seriously is it the menace in the formative period of a people's expression, when old and essential truths are waiting to be retold in a new language—a language to be cautiously evolved by the processes of time and deep thinking.

If in the nineties we were a little hesitant and humble, yet out of that decade emerge two names that will make a distinctive claim upon the consideration of the future, Arthur Atkins the painter, Arthur Putnam the sculptor. Both men saw natively and with their own eyes, and each inevitably spoke his own language. In their language we have, perhaps, an intimation of what, ultimately, the speech of California is to be.

Yet both men embody in their works the great traditions of the art of the past; and so they place securely in our hands again, the inspiring filament which connects us with all that is sanest in humanity's struggle to express beauty and the truth of beauty. With the assurance this thread affords us in the present confused state of the arts, we had perhaps best reverently hold it as a clue (indubitably our own) and merely stand and wait the confirmation of the future.

What that future is to offer, we can not guess. So far as we have gone our worth appears to lie, not so much in what we have *done*, as in what we *are* and promise to become. The exodus of California artists continues. It is the strange sign of deeper things in the young commonwealth. It is the announcement of a rich fertility, hidden and mysterious, in those spiritual qualities and impulses which, in a race, bring to birth the poet, the painter, the builder, and the musician.

In our ignorance of what these spiritual impulses are and whence they are derived, we must strive to learn how to nourish, how to cherish them; and how not, by any coarsening of our perceptions or receptivities, to thwart and destroy them.

The sign has been given to us and to the world. What it signifies can not be claimed as our human accomplishment. It is an inestimably precious gift placed in our care. And the ultimate test of our civilization will be the use that we have managed to make of it—our integrity as custodians.

CALIFORNIAN PAINTERS



THE GHOST STORY

By ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



LAKE LOUISE

By HENRY JOSEPH BREUER



PORTRAIT OF ISABEL P.—

By BETTY DEJONG



ISABELLA (or DESPAIR)

By ANNE M. BREMER



HOT AFTERNOON

By GUY ROSE



STONE PINES

By FLORENCE LUNDBORG



MOTHER AND CHILD

By E. SPENCER MACKY



PORTRAIT OF MRS. LENTELLI
Plate No. 8

By MATTEO SANDONA



LITTLE GIRLS

By HENRIETTA M. SHORE



THE ABYSS

By FERNAND LUNGREN



THE CHINESE ROBE

By MAREN M. FROELICH



MARGARET
Owned by Mrs. Gaillard Stoney

By CAROLINE RIXFORD JOHNSON



PORTRAIT OF MADAME D—

By CLARK HOBART



WHISPERING LOVE

By JEAN MANNHEIM



A PORTRAIT

By CLARENCE K. HINKLE



TEMPLE OF NIKE ON THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

By FERDINAND BURGDOFF



PORTRAIT OF MRS. A—

By JOSEPH GREENBAUM



WHAT AN INDIAN THINKS

By MAYNARD DIXON



REFLECTIONS

By C. P. TOWNSLEY



PORTRAIT OF MISS D—

By HENRY VARNUM POOR



PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANCIS CAROLAN

By HERMAN G. HERKOMER



WEST ANGORA PEAK, LAKE TAHOE

By LORENZO P. LATIMER



EUCALYPTUS AND CLOUDS
A Water Color

By MARION KAVANAGH WACHTEL



EDUCATIONAL FOUNTAIN AND DOME OF FINE ARTS PALACE
A Water Color

By DONNA SCHUSTER



THE VERANDA TABLE

By HELENA DUNLAP



A STREET IN MONTEREY
A Water Color

By ISABEL HUNTER



PORTRAIT OF MRS. W—
Owned by Mrs. Wismer

By GENEVE RIXFORD SARGEANT



PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR

By FRANK J. VAN SLOUN



EUCALYPTI

By GIUSEPPE CADENASSO



THE BLUE KIMONA

By JOHN HUBBARD RICH



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HILLS

By MAURICE BRAUN



PORTRAIT OF STUART EDWARD WHITE

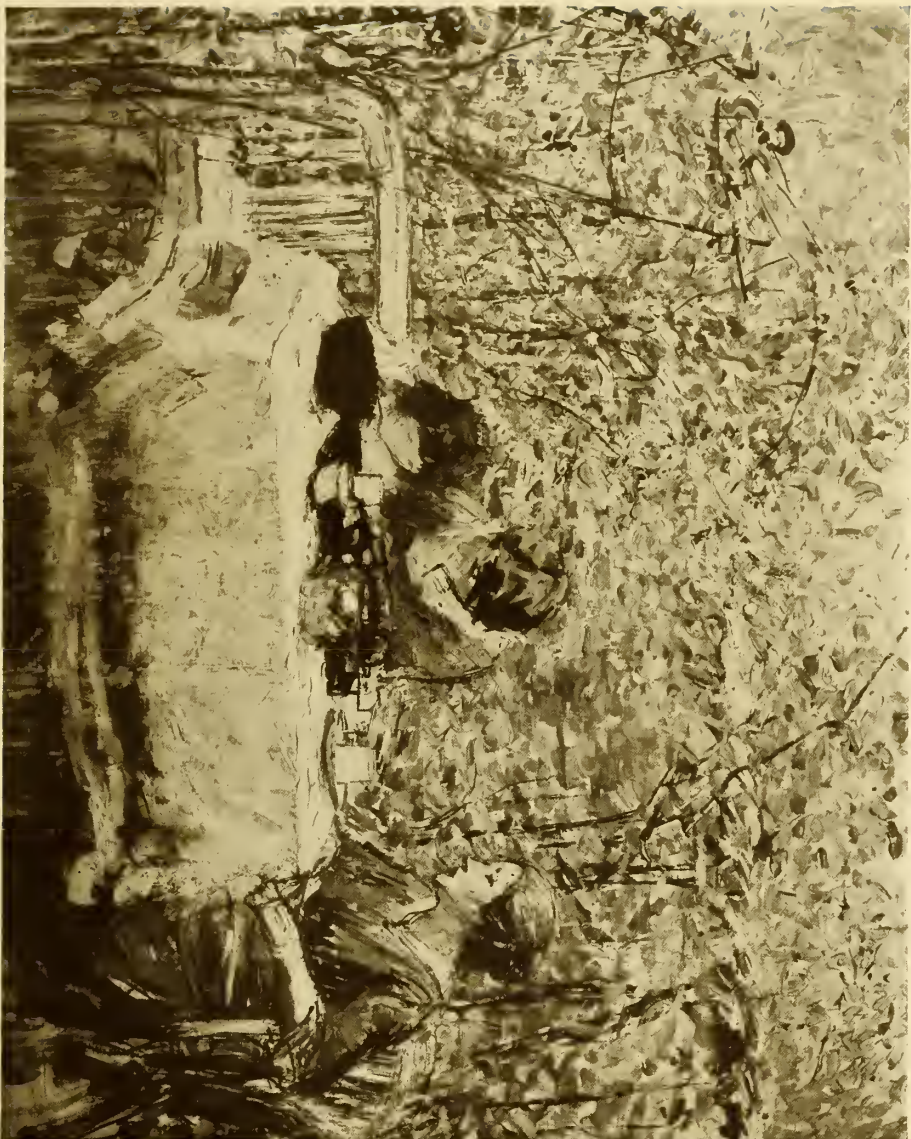
By ROB WAGNER

CITY OF THE DESERT
By FRANCIS McCOMAS





ST. CLOUD
Owned by W. K. Vickery
By ARTHUR ATKINS



BREAKFAST IN THE ARBOR
By JOSEPH RAPHAEL



PORTRAIT OF
MR. AND MRS. RANDOLPH
WALKER APPERSON
*(Father and mother of
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst)*
By Orrin Peck

LUX ETERNAE
By Gottardo F. P. Piazzoni





ON THE QUAIS: PARIS
By Jules Pages



LATE AFTERNOON IN
THE SIERRAS
By Maurice Del. Mee



A MARINE

By BRUCE NELSON



THE POOL.

By E. CHARLTON FORTUNE



A POTTER OF THE PUEBLO
NEW MEXICO
By THEODORE WORES



LATE AFTERNOON
By GRANVILLE REDMOND



THE RED BOOK
By WILLIAM V. CAHILL



THE OLD RED BARN
By A. SHELDON PENNOYER

THE BLUE MUG
A Water Color
By CORA BOONE





EVENING GLOW
Owned by N. R. Helgesen
By WILLIAM KEITH



LIVE OAKS OF CALIFORNIA
A Water Color
By PERCY GRAY



THE YOUNG MOTHER

By MARY CURTIS RICHARDSON





THE WEAVER

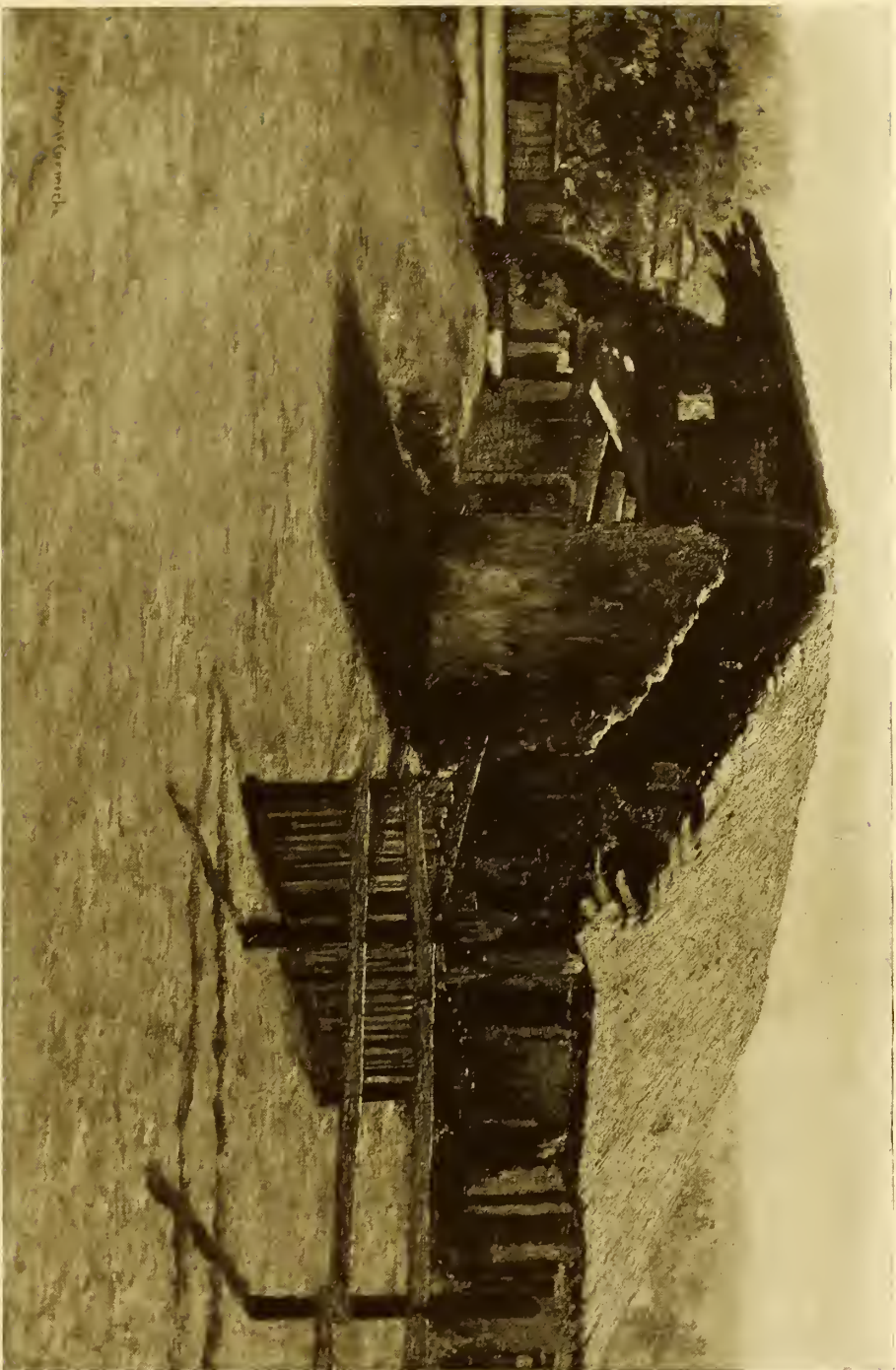
By AMDEE JOUTIN



THE OREGON

By CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

Plate No. 52



OLD CONVENT—MONTEREY

By M. EMMETT MCCORMICK



MONTREY BAY

By C. CHAPEL JUDSON



POINT JOE—MONTEREY

By EUGEN NEUHAUS



MAJESTIC OAKS

By HANSEN PETHOFF



MONTEREY OAK
By LUCIA K. MATHEWS



FROM THE MEADOWS:
MORET, FRANCE
By CATHERA VIVIAN



HARVEST BY THE SEA
Owned by Mrs. George E. Hale
By BENJAMIN C. BROWN



SNOWY SOLITUDE
By ELMER WAGHTEL.



LE CONTE OAK
Owned by
Dr. Harland Law
by JULES MERSFELDER



THE BRIDGE

By XAVIER MARTINEZ



CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE

By Carl Oscar Bonig



THE BRIDGE
By RINALDO CUNEO



PRESIDIO CLIFFS
Courtesy of
Mrs. Julius R. Weber
By BRUCE PORTER



OFF FOR THE NIGHT CATCH
By ARMIN HANSEN



PICARDY FISHER FOLK
By CHARLES JOHN DICKMAN



WILD MUSTARD
By JOHN M. GAMBLE



ON THE RANGE

By C. S. PRICE



DESPAIR
By PERHAM NAHL.



A CALIFORNIA SEASIDE
RESORT

By JOHN A. STANTON



THE CARDINAL'S PORTRAIT
(Owned by Jacob Stern)
By TOBY ROSENTHAL.



CYPRESS TREES—GRAY DAY
By M. DeNéale Morgan



O YE OF LITTLE FAITH

By EMIL CARLSEN



A MARINE

By WILLIAM RITSCHEL



THE POOL: LA GRANJA

By ERNEST PEIXOTTO



A PORTRAIT

By WINIFRED RIEBER



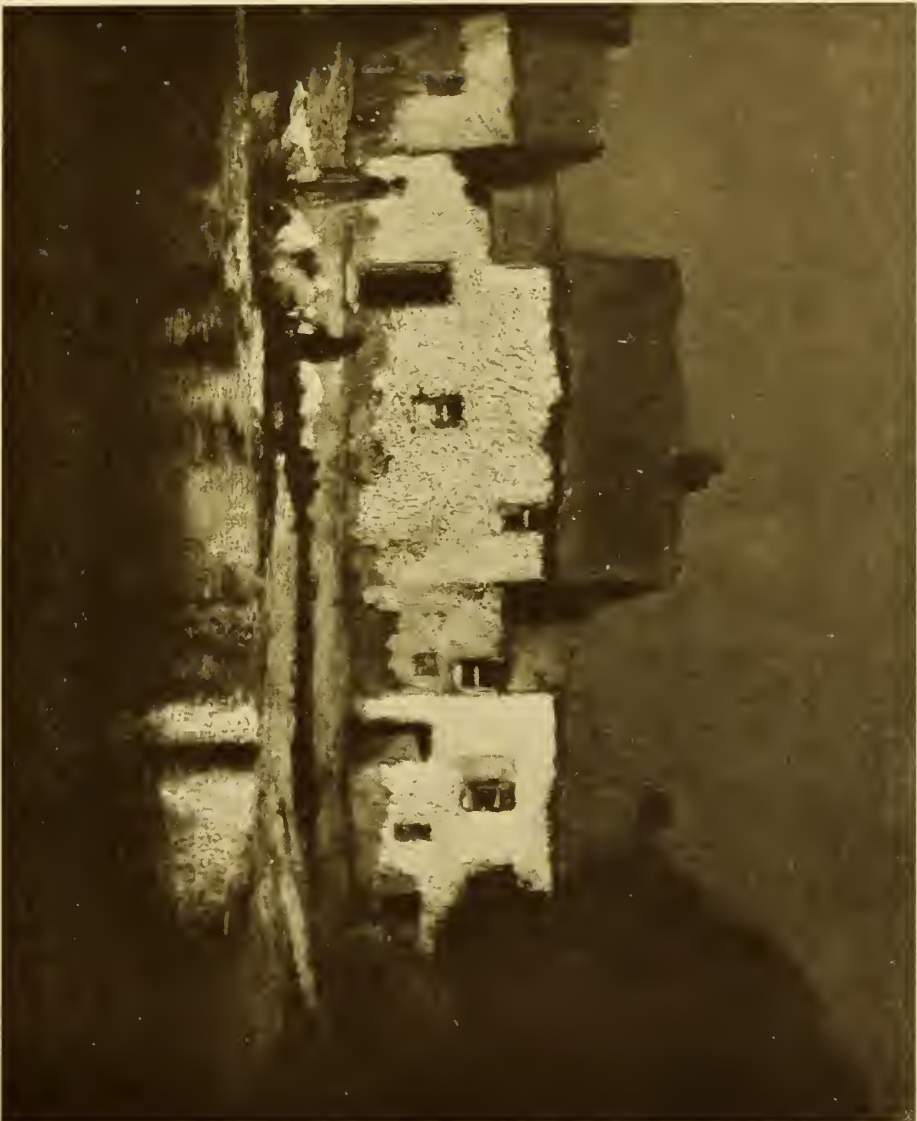
ADOBE INTERIOR—MONTEREY

By LESTER D. BORONDA



THE ALGERIAN WOMAN

By LEE F. RANDOLPH



LATE AFTERNOON—MEXICO
By WILL SPARKS



SIERRA SNOWS
By ORRIN A. WHITE



SYMPHONY OF PEACE

Owned by Mrs. E. N. Harmon

By WILLIAM KEITH

Plate No. 82



REVELATION

Owned by Mrs. E. N. Harmon

By WILLIAM KEITH

Plate No. 83



SPRIT OF MUSIC

Owned by Mrs. William Keith

By WILLIAM KEITH

Plate No. 84

THE STRUCTURE OF WESTERN ART

By EVERETT C. MAXWELL

TO APPEAL to the average reader in pursuit of additional knowledge upon the subject of Western art, I realize that it is essential to lay aside technicalities and build the theme upon a structural basis.

It is impossible to appreciate the trend of art without knowing something of its full development. While this statement applies broadly to the art of the world in general, it is especially true of the art of the West, and particularly to that unique section known vaguely as the great Southwest. In referring to this magic region, we include Southern California from Santa Barbara to San Diego and the states of Arizona and New Mexico; and it is out of this picturesque territory that so much that is new and vital in the school of American landscape painting has emerged.

It seems almost an absurdity to divide the northern section of California from that of the south in dealing with the history of Western art. Yet, in order to do full justice to the equally important achievements of both sections, it is necessary to approach the subject from almost opposite viewpoints. It is readily understood that art reflects the physical and temperamental conditions of its time and place with mirror-like accuracy; hence, it is a simple matter to appreciate the difference between a canvas painted in Southern California or Arizona and one inspired by the less sensuous beauties of the north. While much of the same topographical formation is found in all sections of the state, and many of the trees and much of the flora that beautifies the south are also abundant in the north, none can dispute the fact that the character of the northern landscape is totally dissimilar from that of the south. There is a rich mellowness, a brooding melancholy, about the Southwest that allures and eludes, and painters, poets, and romanticists never tire of trying to read the hidden meaning that lies back of the smiling mask of the rolling hills of Southern California and the stern, merciless beauty of the desert. In the south the wave-washed shores of the Pacific, with their sandy formations, grotesque cliffs, and fantastic headlands are as unlike the colder waters and the etched shore-line of Monterey and Santa Cruz as anything could well be. The southland is a symphony of brown ten months out of the year. Its brilliant sunlight veils shore-line and valley with a film of gray haze that challenges the tonal painter to his full capacity.

Many painters go to nature with a pre-conceived idea of light and shadow and their effects upon the landscape. This is one sure way

to artistic failure, and I have observed many such disasters when a painter who was not familiar with the West attempted to portray some phase of it upon his canvas. Many believe that brilliant light effects are essential in depicting this Western country. As a rule, this is sadly erroneous. The rich warmth of the southern sun casts a soft mantle over hill and vale, and, while the whole canvas must be extremely high in key, it is not possible to employ pure elementary color and obtain a truthful result. Of course, there are certain sections of the Southwest where conditions of atmosphere conspire with the dramatic character of the country, and the landscape resembles nothing so much as a stage-set brilliantly illuminated by artificial lights. The painted desert, the Grand Cañon region, and certain localities in Arizona and New Mexico come into this class. On the other hand, the desert regions of California do not possess this spectacular aspect in a marked degree, and I have seen many effects in the Imperial Valley that were as somber and as low-keyed as any of the works of the old Dutch masters.

The chief difference between the landscape of Southern California and that of the northern part of the state lies well within that realm of the inner mind known in art as "feeling." The whole mental and temperamental outlook undergoes a radical change, as one journeys northward from San Diego to San Francisco. The northern color is cooler, purer, and, hence, thinner. There exists a certain classic charm that is lacking in the more mellow and romantic contour of the south. More imagination and less devotion to nature characterize the work of the northern painters, and often I have observed an intellectuality displayed in their work that is supplanted by inspiration, and even sentiment, in the work of the southern men.

These comparisons will, I believe, give the reader a brief insight into the physical conditions of the Southwest that have played such an important part in the development of our art up to the present time, and that are bound to prevent the two groups of workers from uniting into one school of painting in the future.

When, in the early fifties, the Star of Empire swung westward and California became the most talked of locality in America our present-day art was born, in an environment as unfavorable as ever existed in any land at any time. Had not gold been discovered and the land left free to develop by its own resources of soil and climate, we would today have had a vastly different art expression, and one far more romantic and picturesque. True, indeed, the progress would have been much slower than has been the case; and I shudder to sum up results.

California, after the brutal disestablishment of the Franciscan missions in 1834, lost her chief claim to old-world romance and tradition. Had the mission system continued, no doubt our art would have been greatly influenced by the church. Why some of this influence has not remained is cause for wonderment, for at one time all of California, the Southwest, and old Mexico were under the full domination of the Franciscans and much of their art, both imported and domestic, is still to

be found in California. No doubt the majority of these old church pictures were painted in Spain and we know for a fact that many were sent up from Mexico and even from Lower California, although I have proof that no less than a thousand canvases were painted at the mission establishments in California between the years of 1800 and 1825. The majority of these have been destroyed; by hook or crook many found their way back to Mexico; the church still possesses a scattered remnant, and others went to the four quarters of the globe in the possession of early-day traders.

Even before the gray-robed padres advanced their civilization, the West harbored in vast hordes a primitive race that were not without an art expression. The work in applied design of the California Indians is not to be overlooked or underestimated. Much of it is fine in line, excellent in draughtmanship, and spaced with a true feeling for pure decoration. This truly primitive art has had perhaps a more telling influence upon Western painting than did the best efforts of the monkish artists in their cloisters. At any rate, it has been far more honest and a healthier heritage.

The days of the Argonauts wrought a marvelous change. In a few brief years California became a great hive of money-mad men. From a picturesque old-world atmosphere it was changed into one of modern commercialism which has abated but little down to the present time. California was one vast mining camp from 1849 until the fever burned itself out by slow degrees. This period also produced its translators in paint, and for a time all too long we had the rough-and-tumble life of camp and mining town laboriously detailed in pigment. Blood-smeared Indians, gunmen, cowboys, stage hold-ups, and gambling frays were subjects common to the painter, and, while the great majority of these atrocities have disappeared, I have occasionally chanced upon a few stray gems, both in California and the Middle West.

The painter is always stimulated by that indomitable spirit for discovery inherent in every man, and it was not long before the geographical phenomena of this land of a thousand wonders claimed the artists' interests and their talents. Cañon, mountain peak, gorge, waterfall and torrent ensnared and enthralled them, and the days of the scenic painters were ushered in—to remain long and to leave their stamp upon the art of the West, even to the present day.

Notable figures of this group were Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Hill, Thomas Moran, and William Keith, during the latter's early period of artistic endeavor. With this group of men art took firm root in the new soil of the then unknown West; and the development has been steady, consistent, and essentially slow ever since.

Thus the Hudson River school reached out its tentacles and carried its message to the vast wilderness beyond the Rockies, and there, in that magic land of golden light and purple shadows, it grew and flourished and lived long after its exponents and their influence had vanished from the section that knew them first. Thomas Moran came West with the

Hayden expedition in 1871, first painting the natural freaks of the Yellowstone. In 1873 he painted his well-known "Yosemite" canvas, which later became a companion piece for the equally well-known "Grand Cañon" portrayal. The following year he explored the Grand Basin of the Colorado and painted throughout the region. Albert Bierstadt, in spite of his many shortcomings, possessed a certain facility for paint. He was romantic in temperament and had the power of representing the constructive force of mountain masses and suggesting perspective. Unlike Moran, his was purely an intellectual comprehension. He was never able to read back of nature and arrive at an artistic truth higher than actual fact. We may class Bierstadt and Moran together, however, as historical painters. Two of Bierstadt's best canvases are called "Settlement of California" and "Sunset in the Sierras."

Thomas Hill and William Keith have given us an art heritage more lasting and far more useful to their immediate followers. Hill and Keith both felt the influence of French painting and profited thereby. I am speaking now of Keith's early period, which was as totally unlike his middle period as was his later period different from his second style. Keith easily out-distanced all of his Western contemporaries, and his canvases have influenced more painters in the West than have the combined output of his fellow artists of that remote time. Keith's place in the art history of the West is fixed. He was a unique genius and a personality of many parts. His days of scenic painting are of minor importance. He soon changed his style and his poetic conception of nature took precedence over everything else, and today his canvases are recognized the world over as the first great works of art produced in the West.

I have endeavored to point out the distinctive periods that combine to form the foundation upon which modern art in the West is built, and now we are ready to consider briefly the work that is being turned out by our Western painters of the present time.

The development of Western art has been slow, and today we are forced to admit that no definite conclusion has been reached by the men who lead in the movement to establish a distinct school of landscape painters on the Coast. To declare that the West has yet developed a school of painting would scarcely be justifiable at this time; yet I am convinced that students of art in America have missed a source of interesting study by neglecting to follow the trend of art on the Pacific Slope. This is due in part to the remoteness of the regions where much of the best efforts are centered, yet there has been a great deal of willful neglect; and in order to clear the vision a profound research will be necessary on the art of the apathetic. I think that none who are familiar with present-day conditions will dispute me when I declare that out of this land of silent places will come a native art as strong, as vital, and as colorful as the land that inspired and fostered it.

The modern painter in the West today is a strange combination of Eastern and European training, mixed with a local viewpoint and a

determination to be individual. Few of our best artists are native sons. As a rule, the West has called them from less attractive environments and has claimed them as her own. Many have virtually grown up in California and the whole development of their art has been accomplished in the state. Occasionally, we observe the work of a native born, locally trained painter and we are at once deeply interested. The canvas is stamped with a verve and daring that are always refreshing. The day of the scenic painter is past, and no longer does the cowboy, the desperado, and the savage supply the motive for our expressions in paint. Our workers have found that it is the moods of nature that appeal, and no longer do the scenic wonders find favor. I doubt if the time will ever come when our Californian and Southwestern painters will come together in a unified group of interpretative landscapists. I have pointed out the varying physical conditions that render this an impossibility, even if it were considered wholly desirable.

San Francisco supports a large and excellent group of men who are daily adding luster to its native art history. Los Angeles also has a thriving colony, and small groups are to be found at Monterey, Santa Barbara, Laguna Beach, and San Diego. Toas, New Mexico, is rapidly becoming the producing center of the Southwest, and many artists now maintain studios in this picturesque pueblo. Owing to the great distances between these art colonies there has been no concentrated effort and the struggle has been single-handed, which has made the artist self-reliant and has tended to develop strong individuality and originality in his work.

Experiments in paint are met with on every hand and many of these are highly successful and give promise of brilliant fulfillment in the near future. The influence of the extreme modernists is also making itself felt in the work of many California painters. In a recent annual exhibition of the California Art Club in Los Angeles not less than twenty canvases were exhibited that bore the stamp of Henri and his "school." We are living in an experimental age and that restless spirit that is beating upon the bars of established methods is leaving its effect upon present-day painting in California. It may lead to argument when I state, as truth forces me to do, that art conditions have never been more experimental, the development so unsettled, or the general trend so encouraging as at the present time. A strange paradox, my masters, but one we are brought to confess, for we are launching upon a new era in our native art and the harvest is bound to be a golden one indeed.

CALIFORNIA'S PLACE IN ART

By PORTER GARNETT

WHAT IS CALIFORNIA'S place in art? If we are to believe certain exuberant journalists and others, art, in common with all other desirable things, has its place in the native son, and presents there, for the eyes of an admiring world, a record of brilliant achievement. But such chauvanism as this breeds complacency and raises a barrier against enlightenment. We must discourage ourselves in order that we may be strong.

It would be well, therefore, to admit at once that, whatever local pride may prompt some to say, California is both too young and too remote to have produced very much art of a high order. Viewing the matter abstractly, it is illogical to assume that she has. But if, on the other hand, an examination of the concrete data seems to establish the fact that, through her painters and sculptors, California has, in spite of both youth and remoteness, produced some really notable art, it is the more to her credit thus to have overcome her handicaps. The burden of proof, however, is on us.

Now, while California has undoubtedly produced art, she has not produced *an* art; that is to say, there is not yet an art that is characteristically Californian and at the same time universal. This, indeed, America has not yet done, and it is for this that we wait. Before a country or a community can be said to have produced an art of its own, its artists must show a native strain in their work. Such a strain can be developed only by the constant recurrence of the note of freshness, and it is this note that we more and more feel is coming into Californian art and shaping it to its larger destiny.

Artists, born and reared in California, and those who have settled down in this amiable land of ours to follow their noble but precarious vocation, may paint with ability and even with distinction, but the fact that they are Californians by birth or adoption does not make their art Californian. They may—and many do—*represent* California, but how many of them *express* California? Be that as it may, we are concerned with what California has achieved and is achieving in art, with what she has to offer of art which the world may find interesting. Much is to be discarded at once as quite other than art; skilfully painted pictures, perhaps, and cleverly modeled sculpture, things that are “pretty” enough in their way and unquestionably popular, but which bear no closer relation to art than good hand writing bears to literature. Honest criticism must reject this clutter of unart, which is suffered to exist only through

ignorance and sentiment, and concern itself only with that which demands serious consideration.

In the appraisal of recognizable art, the critic must have his gauges and standards. What are they? Behind this simple but ominous query stand two other questions more ominous still. These are, "What is criticism?" and, "What is art?" The first of these questions is answered in part by the truism that criticism is personal opinion. But while one who professes to criticise may make this admission readily enough, he may still insist that criticism rests upon what are, for him at least, definite principles. Nor will the most ardent foe of criticism—no matter how young he may be—deny that a distinction exists between enlightened and unenlightened opinion.

What, then, are the gauges and standards of the critic? What are his so-called principles? What are the things he looks for in a work of art? What qualities must it possess before it appeals to him? What, in a word, is art?

The question has been answered a thousand times and in a thousand ways, and it has not been answered at all nor will it ever be. There can be no agreement upon the subject of art. We can only say what it means to us as individuals. That is why it intrigues the imagination more than morality, about which there can be only two opinions, or than mathematics, about which there can be only one. Before commenting, therefore, on the work of Californian artists, I propose to state, very briefly and apologetically, what art means to me. That my readers will disagree from me goes without saying, but, at least, they will understand my point of view.

To be vital and permanent a work of art (it seems to me) must, in the first place, bear evidence that its author possesses each of three things, intellect, passion, and skill. Intellect and skill without passion give us only cold academicism, passion and skill without intellect fail to appeal to our intelligence, intellect and passion without skill are inarticulate. In the presence of a work of art, we must therefore look for these three qualities, the absence of any one of which renders a painting or piece of sculpture merely a futile exercise. This is but a primary test, but it is to this primary test that the works of Californian artists must first of all be put, in order that their *primary* significance may be appraised. Who among our painters and sculptors, past and present, will, in your opinion, pass the test? That is the question.

Having applied this primary test to our artists, and having, let us say, found in the productions of this one and of that one the qualities of mind, emotion, and technique, it still remains to be determined whether, as works of art, they are important or merely interesting.

If this primary test is based upon what may, without a too violent wrenching of the term, be called principles, attempts at an ultimate appraisal are conditioned by factors of judgment more subtle and even less exact. Let us first see what these factors of judgment are, and, then, what results we obtain when we apply them to Californian art.

In what degree, we ask ourselves, is the work of a certain artist original—creative? What is the ratio between his personal contribution and his imitativeness—his debt to tradition? His work shows intellect, emotion, and skill, but are we forced by it to admit that he has vision? Do we find in his work an in-dwelling beauty, or is its beauty only a matter of externals—of convention? Does his picture move us or does it leave us cold? Is it an evocation? Contemplating it, are we made conscious that its creation was a matter of artistic moment? Do we take from such contemplation a sense that the work of art was produced emotionally? That it was deeply felt? That the artist in passing his brush over the canvas or his modeling tool over the clay was performing a creative and not merely a deft mechanical operation? Does he, like Nature, deal with color or is he only a manipulator of paint? Is his work a presentation or only a representation? If a portrait, does it make us feel in the presence of the sitter? If a landscape, are we transported spiritually to the scene itself?

By such criteria we may determine the degree in which an artist is truly creative; that is to say, truly an artist, for only through an exercise of the creative function can a painter or sculptor produce work that is vital and permanent. The creative function is nothing more nor less than the expression of the godlike in man. Who, therefore, among our Californian artists may be credited with the godlike quality? Who are our true artists—our supermen?

It is perhaps unnecessary to observe that these considerations leave out entirely the question of the special criteria that must be employed in the judgment of the various schools and various types of painting from that of the primitives to that of the futurists. We are dealing here solely with those fundamental criteria by which the art content of all expressions of art—ancient and modern, classic, romantic and realistic, Italian, Chinese or Californian—may be measured. By these criteria California's place in art must be determined. The reader is urged to apply them for himself.

Californian art should not be judged in relation, let us say, to the art of America, nor in relation to the contemporary art of the world, but in relation to all art—to the art of all time. Which of our artists, we should ask ourselves, have so much of the stuff of eternity in them that the collectors and archeologists—the Meyers-Graffs, the Berenssens, the Valentiners, and the Clapps—of the future will concern themselves with their work?

That the prediction of permanent fame for an artist in any branch of art can only be guess work is a notion that has received wide acceptance. We know, of course, that recognition has come to many artists—particularly to the great innovators—only after death; but history affords abundant instances of artists who have received in their lifetime the fullest meed of appreciation and whose works have survived the ages. Are we to assume, therefore, that the correctness or incorrectness of contemporary opinion is a matter of accident? We know that contem-

porary reputations are based very often upon the flimsy foundation of personal advertising and exploitation and that what passes for criticism is born frequently of the most flagrant collusion. But we know also that reputations do sometimes blessedly grow without forcing and that what the world at first takes to be a weed proves in the end to be a perennial flower. In such cases we see public opinion developing naturally from critical opinion. We know, moreover, that even when genius has been unrecognized until after the human vessel that contained it is no more, it has often been revealed that some contemporary champion had acclaimed the truth, albeit to deaf ears. *Is it, therefore, all guess work? Is it not reasonable to suppose that contemporary opinion, which has been as often right as wrong, may foretell the permanence of an artist's work by applying to its appraisal, not the vacillating standards of fashion and public favor, but the principles of discrimination, which receive their light from life, from history, and from science, but most of all from the spirit. If, for example, we find in the sculpture of Mr. Arthur Putnam the elements of intellect, feeling, and skill, conjoined in a sort of glorious polygamy; if his sculpture affects the sensitive observer emotionally; if in contemplating it we are made to feel that it came into existence under an emotion profoundly felt; if beneath its vigor we feel its maker's strength, and beneath its beauty the rareness of his vision; if from its reticences we infer a beauty subtler still because only half expressed; if the artist's passion for his art is never threatened by the chill of virtuosity; and, finally, if comparing Mr. Putnam's sculpture, not with contemporary sculpture only, but with the best sculpture of the past, it takes its place and holds felicitously its own; is it rash to aver that here we have great art—art that will live?*

Mr. Putnam, while still young, has been obliged by illness to cease work; what finer things he might have accomplished in an unabridged career we can not, of course, tell, but by his past achievements California's place in art is assured. Widespread recognition and appreciation have come to him during his lifetime, yet time was when this appreciation was confined to a very small circle indeed. Who knows but that some artist to whom, unlike Mr. Putnam, recognition has not yet been accorded, may become in time a famous Californian. Such a one, if I may be permitted to indulge in a little critical guess work, might well be Mr. Edward McKnight Kauffer, who, though scarcely known here, accounts himself a Californian because it was in California that he first heard the voice that called him to art. Mr. Kauffer is the most pronounced modernist we have among our painters (if indeed we still can claim him as ours) and it is as an exponent of the modern idiom personally interpreted that he is likely to establish his reputation.

The work of the late Arthur Atkins displays qualities which must inevitably direct to him and to California, where chiefly he labored, the attention of persons who concern themselves with the vital and significant phenomena of art. This youth, with his rare gifts of vision and lyrical expression, passed before his genius was realized; he remains to

this day unrecognized save by the few. Yet some of us believe that Arthur Atkins will yet bring to California the truest distinction that any of her artists will bring to her. He has already associated California in the minds of men in older civilizations with those things which, in older civilizations, are recognized as the graces of the artistic spirit. He has gained for California artistic prestige among the few (outside of California) who know his work; but they are the few whose good opinion is worth far more than publicity and premature repute. His message has not reached many, but those to whom it has pervened know him for their kinsman in art. The distinction that Arthur Atkins is destined to bring to California is hers now; it has merely not been recognized. And yet some there were who realized this when, in the nineties, young Atkins was doing his work here, quietly and earnestly, not always with confidence, not always with joy, but always with humility. His paintings are of an alluring beauty. They are filled with the wonder of beauty. They make one realize the gulf that separates the facts of art from the mystery of art. They show us Nature poured through the sensitive spirit of the artist from which it emerges transfigured. Some years ago a fire destroyed many of the Atkins paintings. Still others were lost in the disaster of 1906. Some day, perhaps, most of those that remain will be gathered in a permanent memorial exhibition. When that happens, California can take to herself both pride and honor, for she can then show to the world that to which the world will render homage.

Having premised that California's place in art must be determined by the creativeness and universality implicit in the work of our artists, I shall not presume in this article to offer, as anticipating the verdict of time, any further critical conclusions. I shall content myself rather with recording a few more or less salient achievements in which familiarity has created for me a genuine interest. As to whether or not the performances touched upon in this necessarily brief and incomplete record represent the material by which California's place in art shall be determined, opinions will vary—as opinions always do. I shall leave to other and abler hands the categorical examination of Californian art.

There are at the present time in our state hundreds of persons practicing the arts of painting and sculpture with whose work I am not sufficiently familiar to offer an opinion upon it. This is particularly true of the artists of Southern California, among whom, however, I must mention, even in this restricted survey, Miss Helen Dunlap. The pictures of this artist are remarkable examples of painting under the modern experimental impulse, so sincerely felt by some artists, so purely imitative in the work of others.

To other pens also I must leave the adequate treatment of such artists of the past as Jules Tavernier, Thomas Hill, Julian Rix, and William Keith. The last of these has been for many years held in the highest local regard. Many persons do not for a moment question his preëminence among Californian painters. In his best work, Keith carries on in a notable and interesting manner the Barbizon tradition, particularly

as we find it expressed in the painting of Diaz. His transcripts of nature are touched with poetry, but they display less refinement, less charm, and less individuality than the landscapes of Innes with whom he is frequently compared. Mr. C. D. Robinson, the only survivor of the older generation of Californian artists, still surprises us at times with paintings of a most accomplished character. No one in California has painted marines so variously or so well.

It is perhaps significant that persons of credible discrimination in matters of art, who have visited us from the East and from Europe—persons unfamiliar with the work of Californian artists—have not infrequently expressed the opinion that among our painters Mr. Xavier Martinez strikes the most authentic note. Painting under the canon of Whistler and with certain qualities in common with Carrière, Mr. Martinez has, yet, a distinct individuality of manner and, at his best, a control of color, tone, and technique which command admiration. No painter in California has more closely approached universality in his art, none may be said to represent a particular school more completely. His best pictures are perfectly delivered, and with this perfection of delivery is combined an unfailing artistic vision. He is essentially a painters' painter. He is too sincere to be popular in the fullest sense, too much of an artist to be insincere. He is a painter in whose skill other painters must perforce recognize mastery. By the same token he appeals to the connoisseur. His most casual sketch inevitably arrests the attention of persons of taste and perception. He touches nothing without giving it the impress of an artistic consciousness. His painting is strong with the strength of boldness and depth, yet it can not be called vigorous because it is always tempered with poetic reserve. Low in key and subtle in values, his pictures express in tone and color something of what such poets as Stephane Mallarmé and Henri de Regnier express in the nuances of their musical verbiage—that sheer beauty of rhythm which must ever be the despair of poets in our grosser tongue.

We see the antithesis of the painting of Mr. Martinez in the art of Miss Anne Bremer, who, in spite of her unevenness, is one of California's best painters. Miss Bremer has adopted the post-impressionist idiom and paints in it with skill and, at times, with distinction. She has discovered how to see somewhat as Cezanne saw, but she has been unwilling to wear the spectacles of Matisse.

There are many who declare unhesitatingly (such are the vagaries of taste and opinion) that to Mr. Arthur Mathews belongs, without question, the distinction of being California's foremost painter. Mr. Mathews paints with knowledge and with the confidence of knowledge. In composition, and particularly in design, his work is always interesting. His sunlight is the sunlight of Northern latitudes, and his dusk is—sometimes—the dusk of Fairyland. His figures have a classic character yet they are freely and personally rendered. One does not, however, feel that the light flows around them nor that bodies always exist under the splendid raiment. His style is mellow rather than athletic; it is a thought-

out style, academic in its interior quality and unanimated, but, in his decorations, pleasantly made the vehicle of an orderly and dignified imagination. There is not an artist in California who might not learn something from Mr. Mathews.

In the water color paintings of Mr. Francis McComas, California has unquestionably one of its soundest claims to artistic distinction.

(Maugre a most conscientious effort to avoid the vainglorious attitude, the list of the praiseworthy grows).

The reputation of this artist as a painter of exceptional ability in water color has been long established in America, and he has received flattering recognition in England. He may be considered, indeed, one of the really important water colorists of the present day. Though, at times, failing of that romantic charm which distinguishes his more characteristic work, his painting, even in its less artistic because more literal expressions, is always marked by a masterly control of his medium. He uses his tools not with the easy expertness of the dry technician, but with style and personality. Only when his performances are considered in their interesting variety are we able fully to realize the important fact that while developing an individual style, he has achieved something far more significant because far more difficult and much more rare. He has, in a word, successfully expressed the diversity of Nature as it exists in different countries and climates. Thus, his painting of the oaks in the New Forest does not remind us in the least of his Monterey oaks, and in his *L'Isle d'Ulysse*, his Grecian temples, his bridge at Ronda, his gardens of Granada, his mesas of the Southwestern desert we are made to feel that he has caught and subtly interpreted not only the character of California, but the aspects and atmosphere of the Adriatic and of Greece, of Spain, and of New Mexico. It should be understood that in art, or, for that matter, in literature, cherry blossoms do not express Japan, gondolas do not express Venice; mantillas, Spain; nor snow, Switzerland. If California had more painters like Mr. McComas we would not only have art, but—as I was moved to deny at the beginning of this article—we would also have *an* art—an art at once Californian and universal.

Mr. Ralph Stackpole, the sculptor, has achieved, particularly in his portraits, some distinctly notable things. He maintains, modestly and consistently, the attitude of the student, but one may see in his work a vivid and delicate quality, expressed with freshness and freedom. He seems to catch the subtler and more evanescent shades of expression that underlie true portraiture, and interprets them with a free, personal, and dextrous technique.

One must feel that Mr. Bruce Porter's frugality of production has robbed California of much that, were he less reticent, might have contributed notably to the art of our community. His painting is marked by an essential refinement, in which quality it stands locally unchallenged. More important, however, because more profound, is this artist's spiritualized rendering of perceived relations of spatiality, shape, and mass—that rightness of design which is the basis of all great painting. His

color is distinguished and lovely, and his style is characterized by an enlightened naturalness, without trick or artificiality of any sort.

Mr. Maurice Delmue, with his charming sensitiveness to the dignity of nature; Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, with his subtly atmospheric moon-lights; Miss Charlton Fortune, a colorist in whose best work one may see the poetic quality shining through a technical manner at once delicate, bold, and assured; Mr. Armin Hansen's vigorous and often masterly realism; the individualistic and memorable decorations of Mr. Gottardo Piazzoni—all these present arresting aspects of art.

If the reader will examine the reproductions in this volume of works by the artists I have named in this necessarily incomplete review, he will find, I feel sure, even in the inadequacy of black and white, a body of art that is both representative and noteworthy. Let us hope that by such achievements of her artists California's assumption of a high place in art may be made to appear more substantial than naive.

PRIMITIVE ART IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By HECTOR ALLIOT

WHAT THE FINE ARTS will accomplish in Southern California in the near future is of glorious promise, but as yet a matter of conjecture. It depends very largely upon the development of latent racial ability induced into flowering by favorable environment.

It is only by the study of the past that one can somewhat forecast the achievement of the new school, which is now in process of formation. To the present time the highest expression of the arts in California has been reached by men and women of talent, trained chiefly in European schools, a majority of them of foreign birth or parentage. In vain does one scan the brilliant record of the past twenty-five years for the name of one artist of distinction who was born and received his art education in our great state. Yet the suitable environment for the development of a characteristic art expression has always existed in Southern California to a marked degree.

Latin, Celtic, Germanic, and Oriental elements are meeting in Los Angeles, one of the most cosmopolitan centers of this country. There under the cloudless sky, close to the encircling Sierras, and with nature's boundless beauties on all sides stretching to the shores of the Pacific, we may hope to see evolve within this century the Florence of the new world. It needs only a greater cohesion of ideals to produce there a new plain-air school of international scope and character. That environment will lend a distinctive element to that school is without question, just as decades ago it influenced the architecture of the missions, entitling those primitive devotional structures to an honored place among the history-making phases of constructive art.

At a gathering of California architects, a well-known Eastern authority stated that what we were pleased to term our "mission style of architecture" was a degenerate product, devoid of artistic merit. It is almost incredible that one engaged in the architect's profession should fail to grant recognition to the California mission style on technical grounds alone, apart from its historical importance as having been the earliest form adopted for the erection of public edifices in the West. Aside from mere sentimentalism, mission architecture was not simply the degenerate descendant of the Spanish colonial style, introduced into Mexico. That it was first cousin to that style—young, vigorous, and distinctive, if somewhat crude—there is no doubt; but it had its distinguishing features, several of which, like the terraced bell tower and the serrated ascent of the curved arch bearing the cross, were entirely original.

In the erection of those first Roman Catholic houses of worship on the shores of California, necessity compelled the good fathers to revert to the first principles of architecture laid down nearly two thousand years ago by Vitruvius in three words, expressing all that constructive art should embrace: utility, solidity, beauty.

There was little wood on the California coast, and the Indian converts were unacquainted with carpentry and lacked the necessary tools. The Jesuit fathers had encountered the same difficulties in establishing their first missions on the arid slopes of Lower California. Junipero Serra, therefore, followed the example of the athletic and picturesque Juan Ogarte, and taught the Indians to make sun-dried bricks of native clay. Owing to the lack of other materials, these adobe bricks were used in making thick walls, which were reinforced at the corners by pyramidal buttresses. The ornamental Spanish and Moorish doors and windows, which were a graceful feature of the buildings, were designed from the memory he had of those seen at home, or copied from illustrated books he had brought with him, modified necessarily to meet the possibilities of the material at hand.

The Indians of this coast were singularly gentle and childlike. They learned readily the crafts and industries the fathers taught them, and while the first of the mission structures were almost primitive in their simplicity, as the natives, under the guidance of the gentle fathers, became more skilful in their arts, the buildings became architecturally beautiful. While adobe construction was a thing of necessity, and the arrangement of the structure about a central square was a wise safeguard, distinctive variations lent individual character to each building.

Mission architecture was essentially suited to broad acres; it needed space and freedom. Its natural beauty of line and mass would be entirely lost crowded in amongst modern structures. It was the architecture of out-of-doors, containing manse, monastery, and sanctuary all in one. It would almost seem that the graceful curves of the massive hills had suggested it, so admirably does it adapt itself to the setting of green fields of spring or the golden brown of summer; the very contours of its arches seemed but a natural complement of its surroundings, while the imposing domes and bell-towers imparted dignity and repose.

It was through native handiwork that the mission style of architecture was created, under the able guidance of Junipero Serra and his followers. It was only in their attempts to embellish their structures with decorations and displays of craftsmanship that the builders of the missions failed to produce praiseworthy results. The padres knew little or nothing of drawing, less of color effects. They originated nothing new in interior decorations, because of their limited knowledge of the arts and lack of skill. Naturally, their minds reverted to the visions of the marvelous interiors of the Spanish cathedrals—Burgos the beautiful, or the majestic Seville. Hazy memories of those glories guided unskilled fingers in attempts to reproduce what had once been fashioned by master hands, so that their decorative effects had all the crudities of the products of primitive minds.

In art, as in everything else, however, the underlying motives must be considered, and since the Franciscan monks earnestly endeavored to beautify the naves of their churches as best they could with the limited material at hand, although they failed artistically, their efforts are worthy of consideration and respect. The somewhat ornately carved beams of some of the churches illustrate the spirit of reverent sentiment that actuated the workmen, the devotional love for their holy places prompting the natives to bestow an infinite amount of care upon the carving and to paint elaborately each beam.

The paintings that adorned the walls of the missions were childlike in their crudity, yet primitive dexterity and man's inborn power of imitation have seldom been more strongly exemplified than in some of those ancient canvases. In one of the halls of the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles the simple effort of some unknown artist, imbued with religious zeal and an irresistible desire for pictorial expression thereof, has furnished us an interesting link with that romantic past. On a coarse canvas this California primitive painted with the crudest of pigments his poetical, if ignorant, conception of The Nativity. It does not compare badly with the work of the Homeric ceramists, before they knew anything of perspective or chiaroscuro, it would not put to shame the early Lombardian decorators or the mosaicists of the ninth century. That the artist was an aborigine, a Mexican, or a Spaniard, is as difficult to determine as that his work was the early effort of an artist that was to be, or the best expression of an untrained but enthusiastic craftsman.

Earlier still we find the Stations of the Cross, done with raw colors by aborigines, converted to Christianity. While these old Indian paintings are not great works of art, in the modern sense, as the most ornate and complex decorations produced by natives at that time, they hold a place unique in the history of Western art. Their color scheme was of the simplest—white, black, red, green, and blue. The colors employed were such as were used for fresco work, containing no oil mixer, and may have been imported from Spain or manufactured by the Indians themselves, as it is known they made use of natural colors for other purposes. The faces have the quaintness of prehistoric sculpture or rock paintings. While the general effect, in spite of all their crudities, suggests strongly the "Stations of the Cross" familiar to all Catholic houses of worship, the unskilled artist has introduced original elements into these canvases that indicate a certain independence of art expression, and the influence of environment upon an æsthetic, if primitive, mind.

Painting was little practiced by the natives of California belonging to that indefinite time designated as "pre-historic." They knew only four colors—red, yellow, green, and black—produced by natural oxides. They had no knowledge of any binding substance, and if they were moved by an artistic instinct to attempt to depict the beauties of nature or man's achievements, their pictographs either faded or were destroyed by the elements. It is only in a cave found in the central part of Santa

Catalina Island, that some acceptable specimens of their very indifferent pictorial efforts are to be found.

In that illy-defined period of aboriginal culture, however, uninfluenced by the white man's artistic or religious ideals, we find that Southern California was—centuries ago—the home of a fascinating art production in sculpture, long before Balboa discovered the Pacific.

The stone age man, especially the one who settled the Santa Barbara Channel Islands of San Clemente, Santa Catalina, and San Nicolas, was moved by his æsthetic instinct and the propitious conditions of his surroundings to express himself in stone. He began by making useful things beautiful, and in the later period of his independent development reached an advanced stage of art expression, all his own, superior in quality and character to any other on the California coast. In the archæological hall of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles are to be seen wonderful examples of the technolithic period. Vases of exquisite form, simple in character and of perfect workmanship, illustrate the superior attainment of the pre-historic artist's talent. The geometrical patterns with which these vessels are ornamented, while not complex, are yet impressive in their æsthetic and beautiful simplicity.

The highest point of artistic expression of these ancient people, however, is to be found in their carvings of animal forms—whales, sea-lions, ground-squirrels and flying fishes. Of all these, the most remarkable message of the past is the sculptured figure of a sleeping dolphin, which represents the supreme manifestation of aboriginal art thus far discovered in Southern California. For the scientist, learned in the habits of the dolphin, as well as the artist acquainted with the peculiar position assumed by the sleeping cetacean, this small carving possesses all the qualities required of the realist as the essentials of ultra-modern sculpture. It is very probable that were Rodin himself asked to portray in clay a dolphin asleep upon the waters, he would follow this Catilinean prototype in the directness and impressiveness of delineation; conveying its exact meaning, without unnecessary and confusing details, or suggested symbolism of unexpressed ideas—the true goal of present-day art.

Thus the propitious environments of Southern California which once fostered the remarkable achievements of the stone age man, will logically induce like results, of immensely greater scope and efficiency, in the children of the world, brought together and mingling their ideals in its sunny crucible to create unquestionably an architecture, a sculpture, and a painting that will have an individual character.

While that environment will induce a phase of art all its own, the very association of races will give to that art an international character, that will make its message understandable everywhere under the sun.

THE PAGEANT OF CALIFORNIA ART

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I.

WHILE from one point of view, the one most usually employed (although perhaps it is not the truest or most important), art in California is but a growth of yesterday, its span of life a mere half century at most, nevertheless it would be well to remember that there was true art in this Western land in the long ago.

The native races, comparatively low as they were in the scale of humanity as compared with the more developed peoples of Mexico and Peru, possessed an art that although crude and rude was vital and genuine. Indeed, as a race they were probably more essentially artistic than the generality of modern folk. With us today art has ceased to be truly popular. It is no longer a communal matter, understood by all and practised by most, as it was with the Indians. With them art entered naturally into the ordinary habit of their lives. It traced a charming and naive line of beauty through the fabric of their existence; it brightened, interested, and consoled them in their journey from birth to death. Not so with us. Art is now the concern of a special class. It dwells as a stranger spirit amid the uncongenial hurly-burly of modern industrialism. It is true that out of this very hurly-burly, this maelstrom of materialism, there has emerged something which claims to be art, and is championed as the authentic art expression of modernity. However this may be, it is certainly a fact that this newest phase, or mirage, of art—whichever it may be—is even less comprehended of the people than the traditional forms.

The art of the California Indian lived with them on familiar, homely, and yet spiritual terms, even as it did with the earliest race of mankind of which science has any authentic knowledge, the folk of the paleolithic period, in whose deep cavern homes there have come to light beautiful and powerful mural decorations, comparing very favorably with the best work done today—a fact which should cause those who apply the evolutionary theory to artistic matters to pause and meditate profoundly. And this gracious and consoling spirit that dwelt in the rude habitations of the native races, their invisible friend and helper, touched with transforming influence the laboring hands that fashioned the crude tools and weapons and household utensils, making them more comely and desirable, and also more truly useful. It may be there is little left of the ruder forms of Indian art that can matter much for us today, except a few patterns of their basketry, or a few quaint shapes and forms which we may bend to our more sophisticated purposes—but we might

well go to school (if we only knew how we might) to the Indians to learn how to effect that fruitful communion with the spirit of art which blessed their lives.

This is the great problem of today. We may multiply schools and evolve subtle and manifold methods of teaching art. We may increase the number of museums until every city in the land possesses one, but if art remains foreign to the daily thought and occupations of the multitude, and only enters intimately into the lives of a comparative few, what real profit is art to humanity? What consolation does it bring to those who still believe in democracy?

We have reached a crisis in this matter in America, and especially, it seems to me, in California. The Exposition has brought us face to face with a tremendous problem and a most serious responsibility. For, unless many who should know whereof they are speaking are all strangely mistaken, the future of art in America is most vitally concerned with California. Here, if anywhere, is art destined to be entempled. Here, if at all, should art also become popular, communal, and democratic. Until now, California has produced its art carelessly, aimlessly, and luxuriantly. Now there comes the burden of a national duty. If it be true, and surely all these emphatic prophecies uttered by so many world-travelers, students, critics, and artists can not be wrong, that California is the Greece of the Western world, or its Italy, then it is of primary importance that its people, aroused as they are today to the public value of art, must understand that they have something to foster, guide, and direct with generous wisdom, for the sake of the rest of the nation.

II.

If art as it existed in primitive California was a communal possession, a manifestation of the spirit of beauty mingling its mystic breath with ordinary, humdrum, daily life, art as it later showed itself was even more intimately concerned with the actual, fundamental affairs of humanity. For in its second stage it was bound up with religion—not the instinctive, blind, groping other-worldliness of primitive souls, but the vital, developed, final message of Christianity. Glorious, dauntless, and humble, Serra and his Franciscans appeared, bearing the Cross. They traced from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north their trail of devotion, the pathway of civilization. This they dotted, a day's journey apart, with those missions the mellifluous names of which today, as Charles Warren Stoddard somewhere says, make the timetable of California read like a Litany of the Saints. Being Spaniards, their architecture reflected, rudely yet truly, that of their native country, in which were mingled the Gothic, the Romanesque, and the Moorish styles. Being Catholics, they had been born into a magnificent heritage of art, and they belonged to a generation not yet modernized and commercialized out of respect for and understanding of the value of their inheritance. They were still in touch with the spirit of those sadly misunder-

stood Middle Ages, when art was—as it never had been before and, alas, never since has it been—a dominant and omnipresent element of the common life.

As J. K. Huysman puts the case, the art which the Church had founded was “an art which has never been surpassed; in painting and sculpture the early masters, mystics in poetry and prose, in music plain chant, in architecture the Romanesque and Gothic styles. And all this held together and blazed in one sheaf, on one and the same altar; all was reconciled in one unique cluster of thoughts; to revere, adore, and serve the Dispenser, showing to Him reflected in the soul of His creature, as in a faithful mirror, the still immaculate treasure of His gifts.

“Then in those marvelous Middle Ages, wherein Art, foster-child of the Church, encroached on death and advanced to the threshold of eternity, and to God, the divine concept and the heavenly form were guessed and half-perceived, for the first and perhaps for the last time by man. They answered and echoed each other—art calling to art. . . .

“Then among artists was a coalition of brains, a welding together of souls. Painters associated themselves in the same ideal of beauty with architects, they united in an indestructible relation cathedrals and saints, only reversing the usual process—they framed the jewel according to the shrine, and modelled the relics for the reliquary.”

Not only so, but this spiritual and material collaboration extended to the people as well as to the artists, and its fecund influence was apparent in small things as in great—not only in the cathedral, and the glass of their wondrous windows, but also in the garments of the ministers, in the ornaments and vessels of the altar, in all that touched in any way the service of the Creator of all things.

So, while a rough plank and a crust of bread were all that Serra or his friars needed for bed or board, they built in the wilderness wonderful temples for the King of Kings, and made them as comely and as beautiful as they could devise, and within the temples arose the sound of Indian voices singing plain chant (Robert Louis Stevenson heard their descendants continuing the tradition in the old Mission at Carmel), while clustering around the churches were the mission buildings, like unto the mediæval towns which clung to the protecting skirts of the cathedrals.

The Indians well understood this new phase of art, which simply lifted them to a higher plane than the level they had long been familiar with. With their own hands they built the sacred places and carved the ornaments, as no machine could do, and they learned and chanted the noble music and assisted at the most artistically beautiful ritual known to man. The Golden Age for a brief space returned, in a humble manner, to earth, in California—an age when art was the hand-maiden of the soul of man as well as the ministering spirit to his ruder needs.

Then the calm wave of peace and prosperity, having reached its climax, broke and receded, dragged back by an ebb-tide from the abyss of iniquity. The Indians were deprived of their true friends. The poor,

foolish, yet gentle and lovable sheep lost their shepherds, and upon them rushed the wolves of vice, of robbery, of cruel injustice. And they passed like shadowy phantoms, swept into oblivion, and the missions that had been unto them what the cathedrals had been to the people of the Middle Ages crumbled into ruins. The roof of fair Carmel's church fell through and hid the grave of Serra. Mournful owls roosted in the broken tower where the sweet bell once called the folk to the sacring of the mass. The gray sea-fogs rotted the crumbling walls. The work of the Franciscans had been swept away, it seemed, and all memory of Serra and his friars appeared to be vanishing from the land which he had won from savagery.

But perhaps good work truly accomplished can never be lost. Even when apparently overthrown it possesses mystical seeds which germinate in the midst of ruin and bear fruit even in the far future. For now in California we witness the recrudescence of Spanish and Catholic influence in our art. Of no possession is California prouder today than the missions. The two great expositions this year showed forth abundantly the power of the architectural styles brought here by the sons of Spain. The civilization of today in our state bears the fructifying touch of Spanish culture and Spanish religion. These are factors predestined to play an even greater part in our future development.

III.

There succeeded to the long, leisurely, Arcadian mission period, and the briefer, gloomier period of its decadence, the modern California, the California which links itself with the United States instead of Spain and Mexico. Even in doing so, however, it maintained those circumstances of singularity which places the seal of an unique distinction upon this state. Impossible within the limits of a brief paper to indicate more than with utter brevity a few of these distinguishing circumstances and factors, but it is essential to glance at them. For although art has been banished from the common consciousness of modern life, nevertheless it can not be considered apart from the bewildering complex of factors which make up the fabric of our existence. And if art is to recover its rightful place in the understanding and affection of the people, it will be when we learn how it is part and parcel of, and how it is affected by, the social activities which mostly concern us today.

First, then, it is obvious, even unto triteness, that the circumstances which so strongly distinguish California and give her a place dramatically apart from her sister states, may be summed up in three master words, namely, beauty, romance, and youth. To be sure, these words are far from being precisely descriptive; nevertheless they are motive phrases, if not scientific formulæ, which express the character of the state. And in one major branch of art these characteristics are caught and reflected abundantly. California's literature has most sensitively reacted to their powerful stimulation.

What a processional pageantry of romance, what a story of wonder, mystery, and buoyant, youthful adventuring is that of California! Somnolent, languid, tawny, through the centuries the lonely land lay veiled in fog, yet with flanks burning in the ardent sunshine, drowsing, yet vibrant beneath its languor with tremendous energy—like some huge mountain lion. It was at the uttermost end of the world—this land the very name of which had been conceived by a writer of romance. Tremendous deserts shut it away from the rest of the country. It required months of voyaging from anywhere at all to reach it. Only a few restless adventurers, men in whose souls there was the nostalgia of the ever-receding horizon line, undertook the journey. Now there would come a Swiss soldier of fortune, establishing himself like a feudal lord amid his Indian retainers and trappers on the banks of the Sacramento. Then it would be a French nobleman for whom the Sahara had grown too tame and who sought wilder adventures on the rim of the earth. Or the American trappers, six-foot rifle in hand, pushing ever westward beyond the farthest frontier of civilization. Or those in whom the progress of society since the dawn of time has found its most devoted servitors, namely, the merchant adventurers: Grave Scotchmen, chipper Yankees, gay, gallant Frenchmen, dreamy Russians—all very willing to travel thousands of miles and to risk their lives each mile in order to set up a shop in the land of Nowhere or of Anywhere. The precursors, these, of industrial civilization, drifting in by ones and twos, taking unto themselves wives from among the simple, courteous California folk, dealing in furs, trafficking in hides with the ships from Boston, establishing their Hudson Bay Company stations, or outposts of the Russian trade, and bringing to the wiser minds among the Californians the troubling thought of the great world reaching out toward their homespun Arcadia. Yet not through the agglomeration of invading units from the outer world, or by orderly immigration, slow or swift, did California's destiny declare itself. Born to be romantic, created for an ineluctably dramatic part, California suddenly aroused from its languorous attitude, uttered one word which clanged like a sonorous gong throughout the world, and instantly sprang into the most intense, energetic, and clamorous existence. That word was "Gold!" Then from all the ends of the earth the young men of all races and tribes and peoples rushed toward California. All the seas were dotted with the ships of the Argonauts; their caravans crawled across the deserts. Starvation, thirst, Indian massacres, yellow fever (on the Isthmus of Panama), dotted the trails with the bodies of dead adventurers. Remote as was the goal, and dangerous and difficult as were all the paths to it, nothing checked the torrent. They came, these first adventurers, not to found a state, but to enrich themselves, or more simply, in the relish of adventure.

Yet from the very first there mingled with the reckless youngsters men of firm will and settled purpose who already divined the future. But who, even among the wise, dreamed that the golden harvest so

prodigally scattered over the surface of the land was only, as it were, a sort of device on the part of the spirit of the state to attract attention to the vaster treasures buried in its ample and opulent bosom—like the floating bait which the crafty fisherman throws to gather the fish. Who could foresee that, long after the romantic placer mining day had passed, more gold would be dug by machinery from the mines of California than was ever taken in any year of the rush? Or who then could glimpse the even greater agricultural possibilities of the land which seemed so barren, so briefly green and evanescently radiant with flowers in the rainy season, and hard-baked and haggardly brown with drought in the long rainless summers? And who can wonder if in the midst of ever-continuous excitement—adventure piled upon adventure, the Bear Flag revolution, the carrying by storm of statehood, the fires and earthquakes, the vigilante days, the Chinese riots, the booms and panics of San Francisco, the springing up of cities and towns as if by magic here, there, and everywhere; the struggle to save the new state from secession, and the almost universal preoccupation with material concerns—who can wonder, I say, that as the tremendous turmoil settled down at last into some semblance of social order and the romantic era gave place to the sway of industrial civilization, the spirit of art seemed utterly to have disappeared. Gone, indeed, it was from the minds of the many; yet it slumbered in their souls awaiting the day of reawakening, and in the meanwhile fugitive and mostly very crude and unstable altars in its service were kept alight here and there.

For it must be remembered that although the hurly-burly of the gold rush and all the febrile excitements of pioneer days are what we chiefly think of in connection with early California, that is not the whole story, by any means.

Among the adventurers came thousands who were more than adventurers—strong, sound, home-seeking men and women, of the best stuff in the country; pioneering families from New England, the Southern states, and what we now call the Middle West, but which then formed the westward frontier of civilization. Theirs was the steadying influence in this seething mass of cosmopolitanism. They brought the best traditions of Anglo-Saxon self-government and democracy to form the basis of the state. And naturally they became the rulers and the guides. And as the tents and rude shacks disappeared, and the substantial towns and cities sprang up, and this rim of the world which once was a journey of several months from the East was brought close to it by the railroad, there began the third phase of art in California.

IV.

In the beginning it is entirely a story of artists coming from elsewhere and reflecting California, as it were, at second hand. It is a story of many rude and humble beginnings, of portrait painters graduating for the nonce from their ordinary occupations of lithographing and

photography, and of landscape painters coming to the new land from afar, but only in a few instances producing work rising above the level of mediocrity. Nevertheless, if there was little native originality, there was a good deal of sound knowledge and technical ability at the command of these early men, and they found pupils galore, many of whom eclipsed all but one or two of their masters. The story of the great excitement created in San Francisco by the theft of Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine," and of how Signor Somebody-or-Other from Rome took advantage of the occasion to produce another "Elaine," which "competent authorities considered the equal if not the superior of Mr. Toby Rosenthal's famous masterpiece," may cause us to smile today; nevertheless, that and other incidents are indicative of a healthful interest in art which manifested very early, and we who belong either by birth or by spirit to San Francisco should take pride in the fact that more than forty years ago, at a time when neither New York nor Boston possessed an art museum or an adequately organized art society, this city formed an association which first and last has turned out scores of men and women whose names are linked inseparably with that of modern American art. However, we must confess that we but produced our artists to lose them, for they went forth after receiving their preliminary training into the world of larger opportunities.

With only a few men, after all, can serious artistic study concern itself very deeply. Bierstadt, carrying westward the teachings of the Hudson River school of American landscape, probably inspired Thomas Hill, and influenced William Keith as well, although the latter found his great opportunity not in the panoramic Hudson River school, but in the more spiritual message of the Barbizon school, transmitted—with what personal force and beautiful magic!—through George Inness. William Keith, unquestionably, stands today before the world as the most notable manifestation of art in California; but it can hardly be said of him that he expressed the native spirit of the West in an individual and original style.

Up to this time California has produced perhaps only one man whose genius impresses his work with that seal of individuality which is the mark of greatness. That man is Arthur Putnam. Here is a man in whom the West has found its truest and most native art expression. He came to the state as a child. He is entirely self-taught. He lived a life of the most intimate, constant communion with Nature. He reached terms of an almost uncanny rapport with the animal kingdom, and his sculptures of animal life possess all the power of Barye, plus a turbulent passion which the more classical master does not show. The neglect of the presence of such an authentic, original genius as Arthur Putnam here in California does not do the state any credit. The City of San Francisco, which should be proud of his presence, and should exalt his art, disfigures its new Civic Center with cast-iron fountains and commonplace animal figures, while in the leaky little studio near the ocean beach there are models of truly monumental magnif-

icence produced by this powerful genius. But these things are the sad commonplaces of the history of art. The masters are almost invariably neglected, and advertising mediocrity takes the prizes and the plaudits. Even at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where there should have been a large gallery devoted to the most original artist of the West, Putnam was only represented by a glass case crowded with his casts, most difficult to study.

Another man who possessed authentic originality, but of whom we hear and, what is worse, of whom we see even less, is that artist so untimely taken away by death, the brilliant and lovable Arthur Atkins, a painter who evolved from his own soul a synthetic style, and a most beautiful and painter-like use of color and form comparable to the best among the most modern work.

V.

Even if one but glances about the contemporary field—without pausing for special consideration—one can not fail to be impressed by the vigorous promise and, up to a certain level, the fine performance of the artists of the West. Architecturally, Western talent played the predominant part in the creation of that triumph of co-operative artistry, the Exposition. With a group of such men in its midst as Willis Polk, Louis Christian Mullgardt, B. R. Maybeck, Arthur Brown, John Galen Howard, W. B. Faville, George W. Kelham, Clarence R. Ward, Robert D. Farquhar, and John A. Bakewell—to name the outstanding figures—California need not fear comparison with any state in the Union. Some of them are men of a truly original genius.

The field of the painters and sculptors and etchers grows larger year by year. It really abounds in promising individual temperaments.

In Arthur Mathews—a potent personality who suggests William Morris in the varied and social aspects of his art—he being architect, decorator, mural and easel painter, furniture designer, and writer all in one—the community receives the benefit of a fancy which is at once intellectual and romantic—a creative energy controlled and directed by firm thought, cleanly and nervously shaped, and clothed in rich and well-ordered beauty of color.

Charles Rollo Peters presents a gift of another kind. In him especially does the nocturnal witchery and glamor of California's romantic aspects find beautiful expression. An uneven workman, and perhaps too facile, at his best he superbly satisfies the desire for beauty.

A name which stands apart from all others because of the noble services rendered the cause of art in its aspects of truest importance—namely, that of social benefit—as well as for the distinguished beauty of his personal work, is that of Bruce Porter—a name which recalls John La Farge in that, like La Farge, Porter is a humanist in the most essential characteristics of his varied and fertile career. No influence for artistic truth and progress has been more potent in California.

With Francis McComas, whom the Exposition has definitely "made," there is the emergence of a very definite, strong, and interesting talent which has given him an unquestioned place among the American artists of the day. Xavier Martinez—whom one links in fraternal spirit with Gottardo Piazzoni, for both are lyric poets in paint—is unquestionably a true creative artist, and destined to express more adequately than as yet a sense of beauty full of refinement that has not discarded strength; subtle and profound, yet simple. Robert Aitken, Edgar Walter, Ralph Stackpole, Haig Patigian, Earl Cummings, J. J. Mora, and Douglas Tilden form a group of sculptors of unquestioned excellence, among whom there are several for whom the future must hold big things. Then there is a numerous group of many diverse talents. To name the Exposition prize-winners in the first place (although official recognition is far from being a trustworthy index of merit), are such well-known men and women as H. J. Breuer and William Ritschel, who won gold medals—the first with his landscapes in which the strength and dignity of Western mountains are celebrated; the second with seascapes that vigorously reflect the beautiful coast of Monterey; Mary Curtis Richardson, Joseph Raphael, Guy Rose, Carl Oscar Borg, William Wendt, E. Charlton Fortune, Maurice Del Mue, Armin Hansen, Bruce Nelson, Edward Cucuel, and Lucia B. Mathews, to whom were awarded silver medals; while Florence Lundborg, Maynard Dixon, Anne M. Bremer, Perham Nahl, Frank J. Van Sloun, and Gertrude Partington received bronze medals, honorable mention being bestowed upon Lee F. Randolph and Betty de Jong.

For distinguished merit in the sections of prints and water colors silver medals were bestowed upon Lucia K. Mathews, Clark Hobart, Perham Nahl, and Worth Ryder; George T. Plum, Percy Gray, and Helen Hyde winning bronze medals, while honorable mention was granted Xavier Martinez and Pedro J. Lemos. Charles J. Dickman, Jules Page, and Eugen Neuhaus, together with Mathews and McComas, were members of the jury and not eligible for awards.

Among these official victors and jurors, William Wendt, Guy Rose, and William Ritschel, H. J. Breuer, Mary Curtis Richardson, Carl Oscar Borg, and Joseph Raphael were prominently known before the Exposition; but when it is remembered that Armin Hansen, E. Charlton Fortune, Bruce Nelson, Maurice Del Mue, Frank J. Van Sloun, Anne M. Bremer, Florence Lundborg, Betty de Jong, Clark Hobart, Perham Nahl, Percy Gray, Ralph Stackpole, Edgar Walter, Pedro Lemos, and others are all young artists, some of them almost beginners, and that among them are several who represent the most vigorous and hopeful technical tendencies, you clearly perceive that the international jury (and again let us emphasize the fact that juries are always conservative and slow of perception) has emphatically recognized the new spirit of the West; and it is this new spirit that must animate the future.

VI.

But it was the people even more than the artists of the West who won the most notable victory. The extent, the depth, the earnestness, the seriousness of the public response to the art of the Exposition deeply impressed all competent observers; indeed, many were amazed. And this fact is a source at once of consolation and of anxiety to those who love art and desire to see its blessings permeate the people as in the long ago. In the midst of a world drunken with blood, delirious with destruction, a world in which two years ago art was by a few idolaters elevated into a sort of false religion, while to the multitude it was utterly unknown, California is experiencing what appears to be nothing less than the birth throes of a reawakened popular consciousness of art's place in human life. It is a consolation, for the reason that unless art is attached by strong bonds of sympathy and understanding to the common life, art becomes sterile, fantastic, and perverted; a subtle and precious plaything for a few abnormal intelligences. It is a cause of anxiety, because this reawakened consciousness is coincident with an epoch of sensationalism in art. The public, in modern times, yes, and the art leaders of the public, have been convicted so many times of failure to understand the message of great, original new artists, that they have swung absurdly and sheepishly to the other extreme, and the doors of the house of art, which should be guarded sacredly by wardens equipped with sympathy, knowledge, and understanding are thrown wide open to all the freaks, eccentricities, and mad egoisms of an age of intellectual anarchy.

What else could be expected of a generation that, on the whole, had grown atheistical? Unless art, like man, believes in and is obedient to the spirit of God, it is doomed to madness, decay, and death. That it may go down by many a strange path to its doom, in fashions of great dramatic interest, and clothed upon with garments of strange, fascinating beauty, is very true—but all beauty is not necessarily true or good, Keats and his dogma to the contrary notwithstanding. Beauty and intellectual interest may be evil in essence and in results.

Art, like all the fundamental factors in human life, is essentially a mystery. It lies beyond the scope of the unaided intellect. Its source is secret and supernatural. It springs from a fountain sealed away from purely rational investigation, and only revealed to the vision of the soul. Materialistic criticism and research, which have so lorded it over modern thought until today, have failed completely and ignominiously in their efforts to analyze the mystery of art, neatly and finally to catalogue its species and its genera, and, finally, to elucidate its origin, growth, and development. The so-called evolutionary theory as applied to the criticism of art has utterly broken down, together with the equally futile attempt to explain the greater mystery of human life itself through the agency of this theory. Indeed, this mad dream, imposed upon modern thought by a few powerful fanatics of science, in which the world

was considered to be the fortuitous agglomeration of self-created atoms of cosmic dust, whirled into globular form out of the bosom of the eternal abyss of nothingness—upon which and out of the slime of which humanity appeared, not even science knew how, via a long line of ring-tailed monkeys, and swimming snakes, and winged fish, and protoplasmic jelly—this delirious dream has practically disappeared from all save the bewildered brains of a few antiquated people. And with it there fades into dust and ashes all the imposing but baseless schemes of a pseudo-scientific criticism which tried to deal with art as other branches of pseudo-science dealt with religion and the laws of human society, namely, placing these really spiritual concerns upon a strictly materialistic basis, treating them as manifestations of the belly-need and the blind propagation urge of the evanescent flesh of man. And for a long, far too long a time, this school of criticism dominated all others.

Nevertheless, the star of the spirit never ceased shining above the dank, drab fog of materialism, and in spite of the blindness of the human mind when it attempts to dispense with the vision of the soul; and the life of the new age that is dawning upon the world above the black and bloody thunderclouds of war is unmistakably a spiritual luminosity. In all the arts, literature and music, as well as painting, sculpture, and architecture, that light is shining with peculiar power. And it will increase. Art more and more concerns itself with the inner essence of reality, less and less with merely its outward forms. And whenever these outward forms do chance to be the chief concern of any modern artist, he deals with them more and more in the spirit of simplification, of personal arrangement, and less and less in the spirit of photographic exactitude.

For good or for bad, the new spirit in art is psychic and spiritual. For good or for bad, let us remark the point, because spiritual force in a work of art does not necessarily mean that the effect is for good. This is a point often overlooked by certain enthusiasts. For let us be candid and acknowledge that created beauty may be, and indeed often is, profoundly evil, subtly and poisonously corrupted. There are evil forces let loose in human life through the media of the arts. There are powers and principalities seated in the high places of human thought which through poem, and story, and play, music, pictures, statuary, and the dance, wage deadly warfare upon the soul of man. When the present great war is over, the national and racial struggles of the future will be in trade, finance, and politics, yes, and also in literature, art, and music. The vast drama of life, which is the struggle between good and evil, will be carried on in ways most subtle and strange and intangible, yet none the less violent, terrible, and deadly. Wherefore, back into the art criticism of today and of the days that are coming, the criterion of moral value must return. Banished by the brief triumph of the materialism, sensuality, and superficiality predominant during the

last few decades, the fundamental importance of the moral effect of art reasserts its absolutely rightful authority.

It is perhaps not unnecessary to add that I do not refer to the so-called "morality" of those prejudiced or anæmic people who at times break out into violent denunciations of this or that picture or statue merely on account of its nudity. Some of the most wofully immoral paintings and music I have known were ostensibly religious in theme. It is not subject matter, necessarily, that is the principal factor in this problem. But I do most precisely mean to say that the silly and dangerous cant which would affirm that art has no purpose, and which used for so long the now worn-out slogan of "art for art's sake," etc., is being dropped by all intelligences that count for anything, and I also mean that the question as to the effect which a work of art exerts for good or for evil has become an essential factor of all first-class criticism or creation.

This factor will be especially powerful in America because of the great, perhaps the dominating part which America is destined to play in the world-art of the future.

And with this we touch the crux of the whole matter, so far as California is concerned. If it be true that this state is to play the part prefigured for it in so many prophetic visions, then the responsibility which California assumes as it faces its task of cultivating the art-force which is springing up with the strength and with the magical fertility of its trees and its grain and vines is something which each and every one of us must realize and share. As yet, modern industrialism and commercialism have not affected California so sorely as they have many other states. Those characteristics which we have agreed upon as predominating in California, namely, its beauty, its romance, and its youth, are still unquenched and in the morning of their course. This is a state of natural health. It is the land of the great out of doors, a region where art may touch the life-giving bosom of Mother Earth once more, and be fructified anew; where it may put aside its dreary, tortuous intellectualism and the blighting madness of self-deification, and turn its eyes once again to the stars, to the great mountains, and to the sea, not merely for their own sakes, but because, real and actual as they are, they are but symbols of divine realities.

AMERICAN PAINTERS OTHER THAN
CALIFORNIAN



ENTRANCE TO THE SERAGLIO

By JULES GUERIN



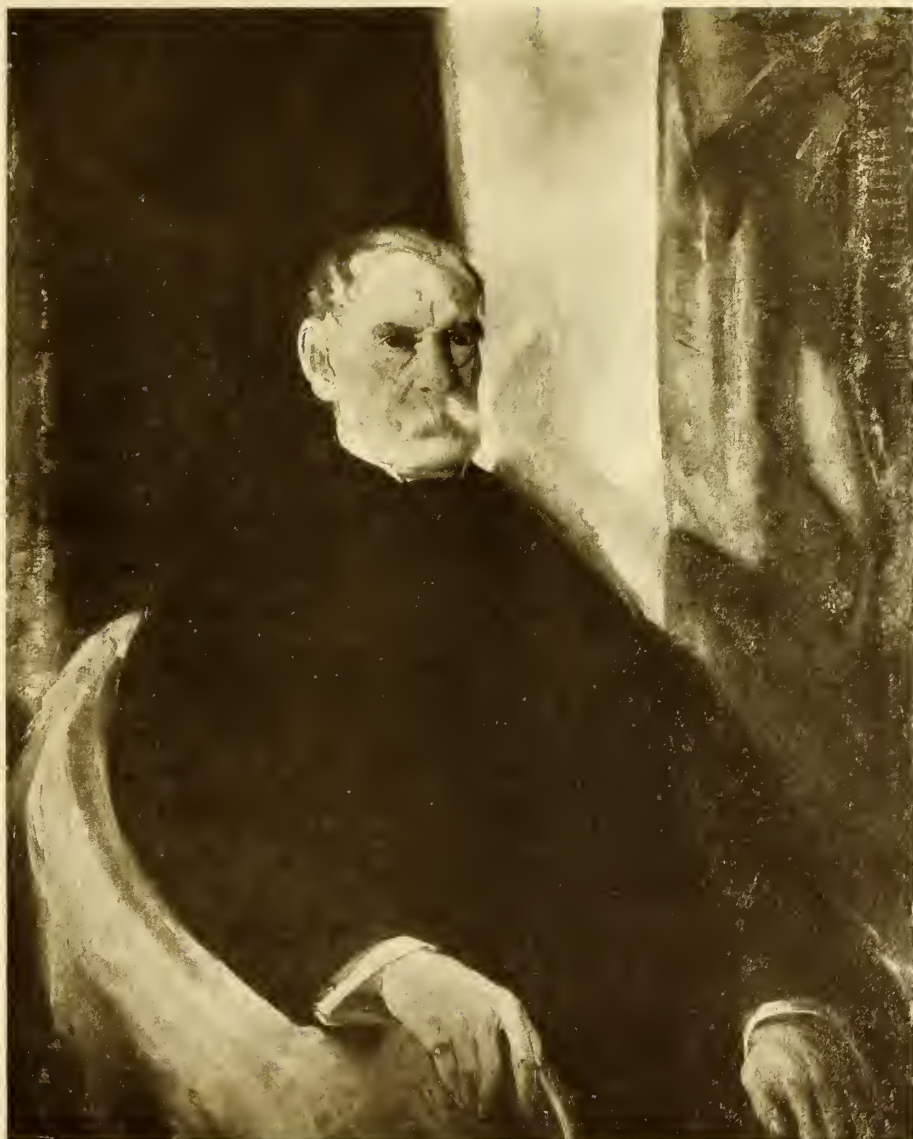
THE JAPANESE SCREEN

By ROBERT REID



THE RIDER

By JOHN C. JOHANSEN



PORTRAIT OF JUDGE PETER B. OLNEY

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FOX AND GEESE

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DEJEUNER

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COMING OF THE LINE STORM

By FREDERICK J. WAUGH



MISS M— AND A PARROT

By JOSEPHINE PADDOCK



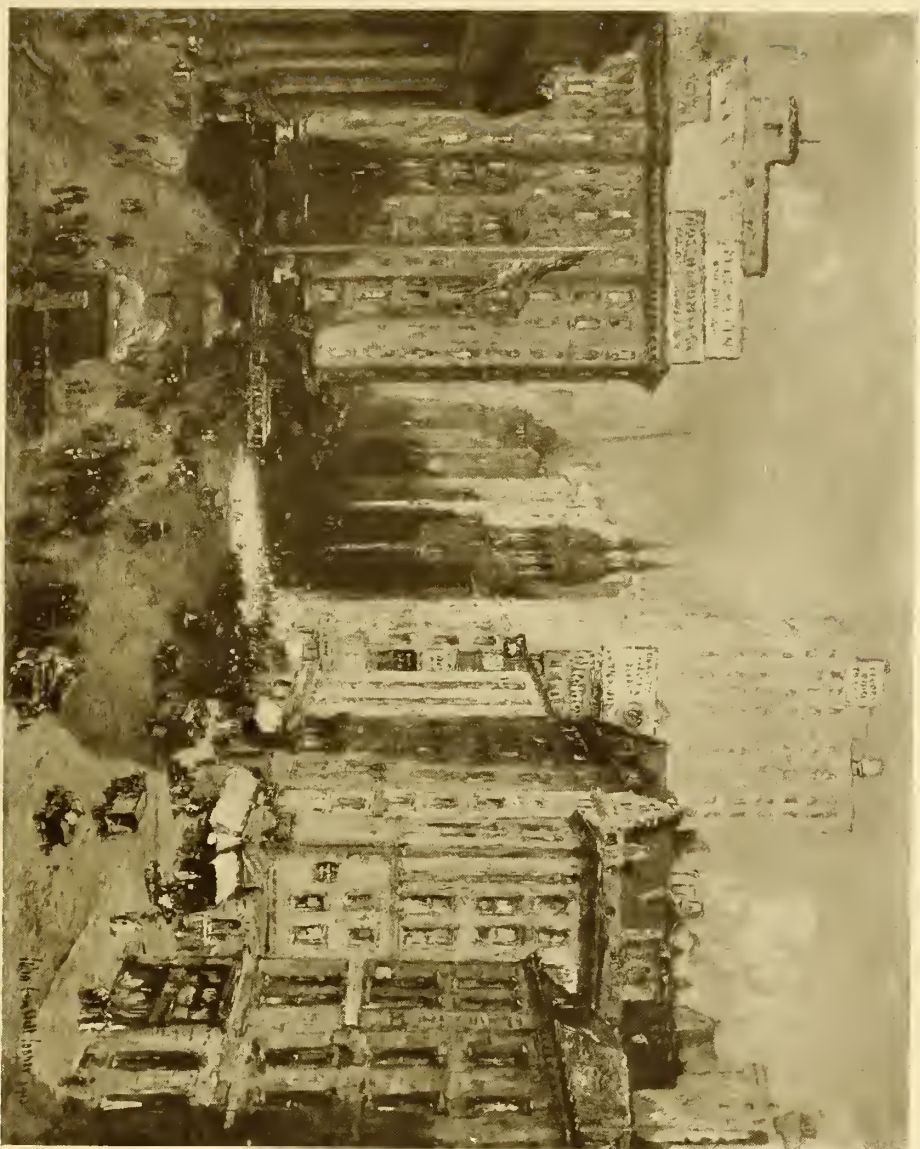
THE NAUTILUS

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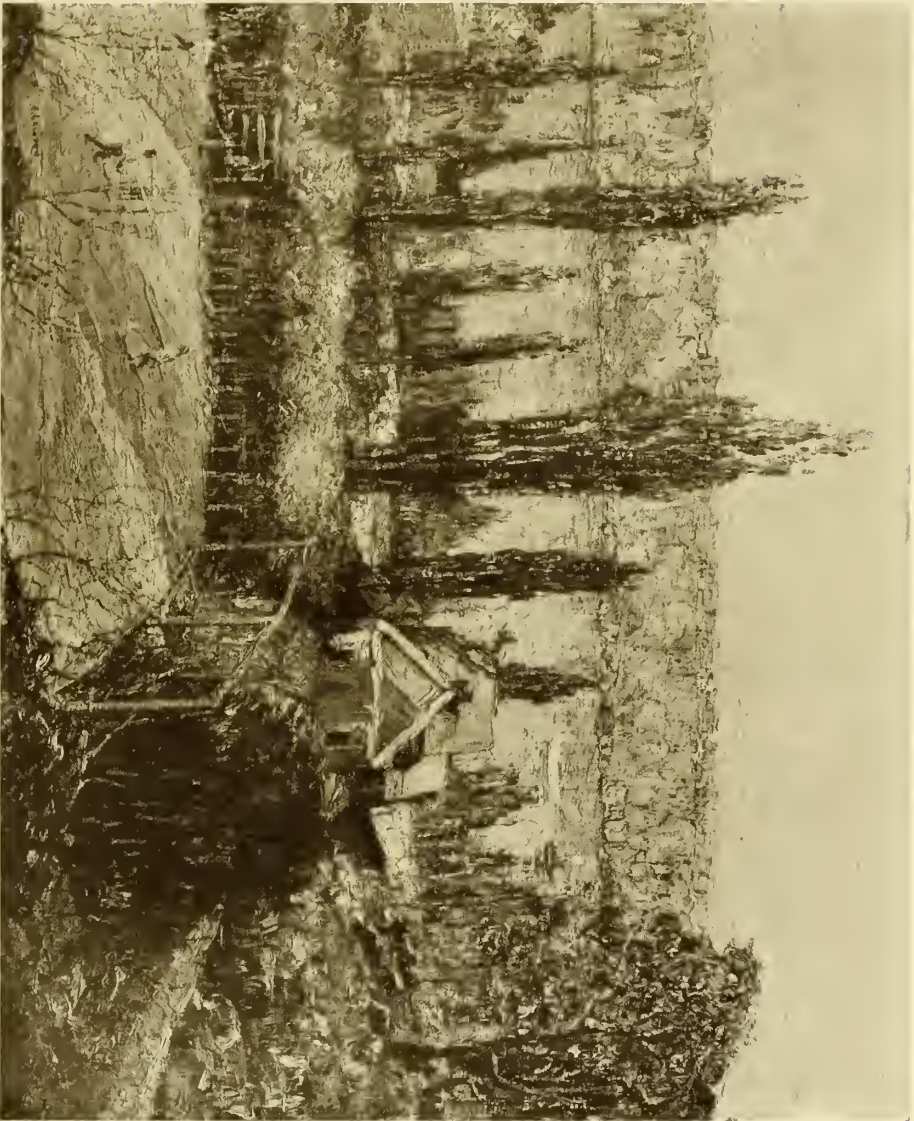
From a Copley print

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

By COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

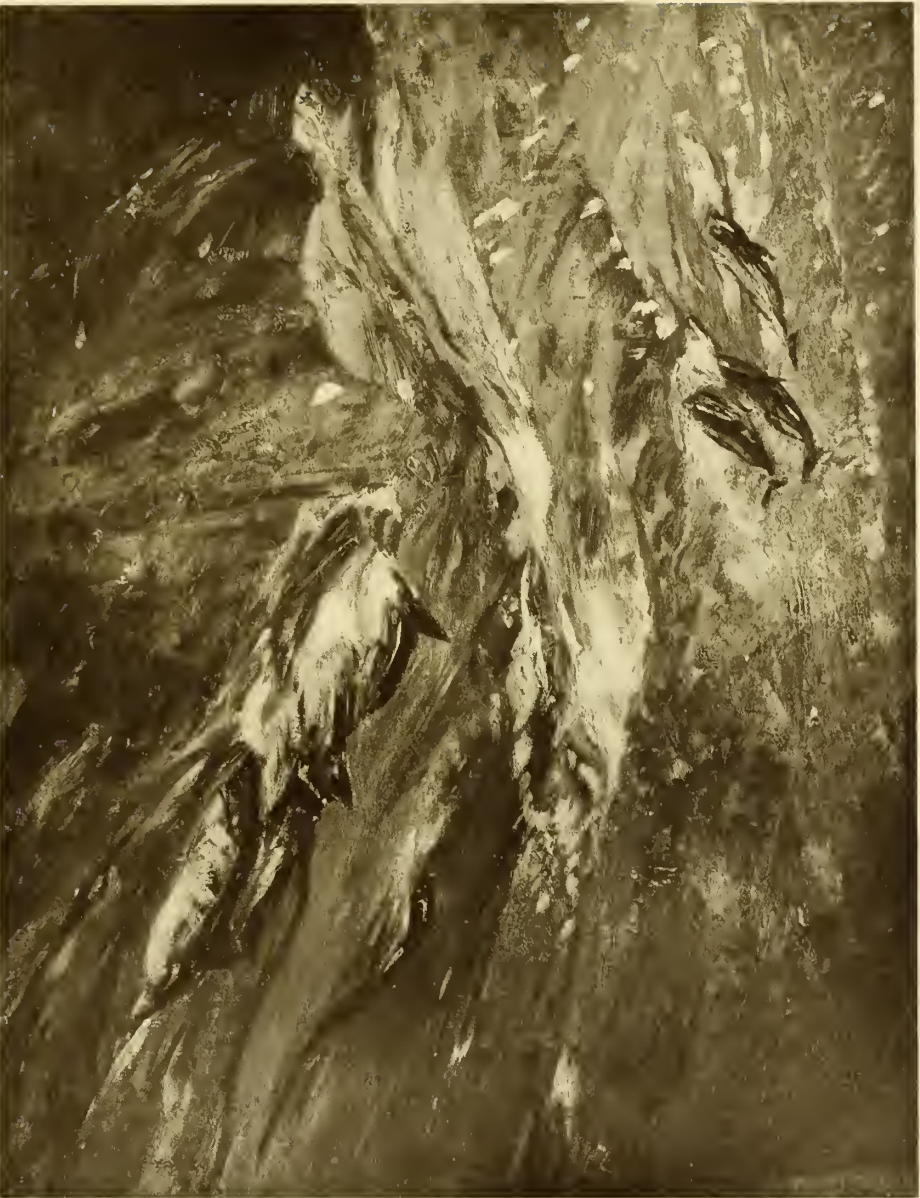


HUDSON RIVER AND PALISADES
By EDNEST LAWSON

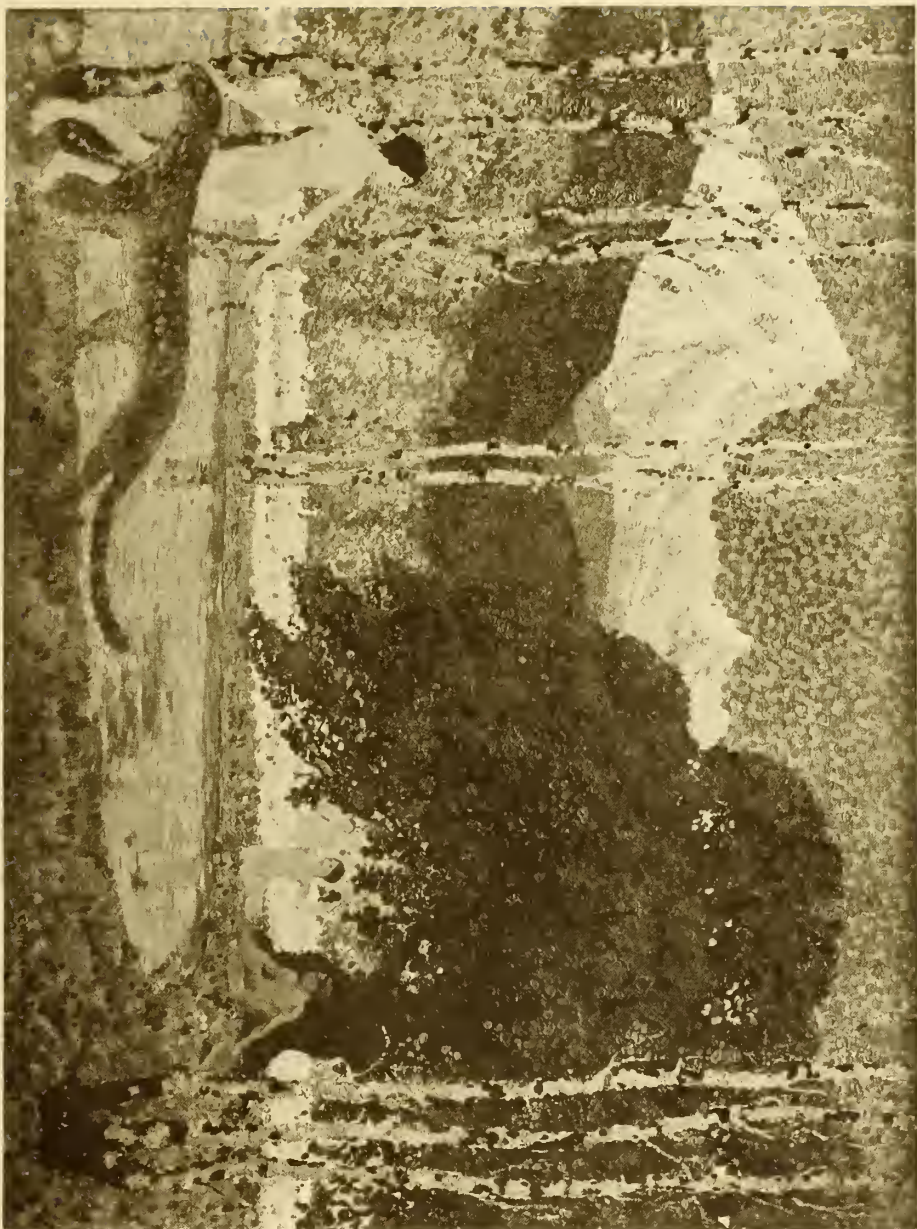


UNDER THE ROUGH

By ARTHUR B. DAVIES



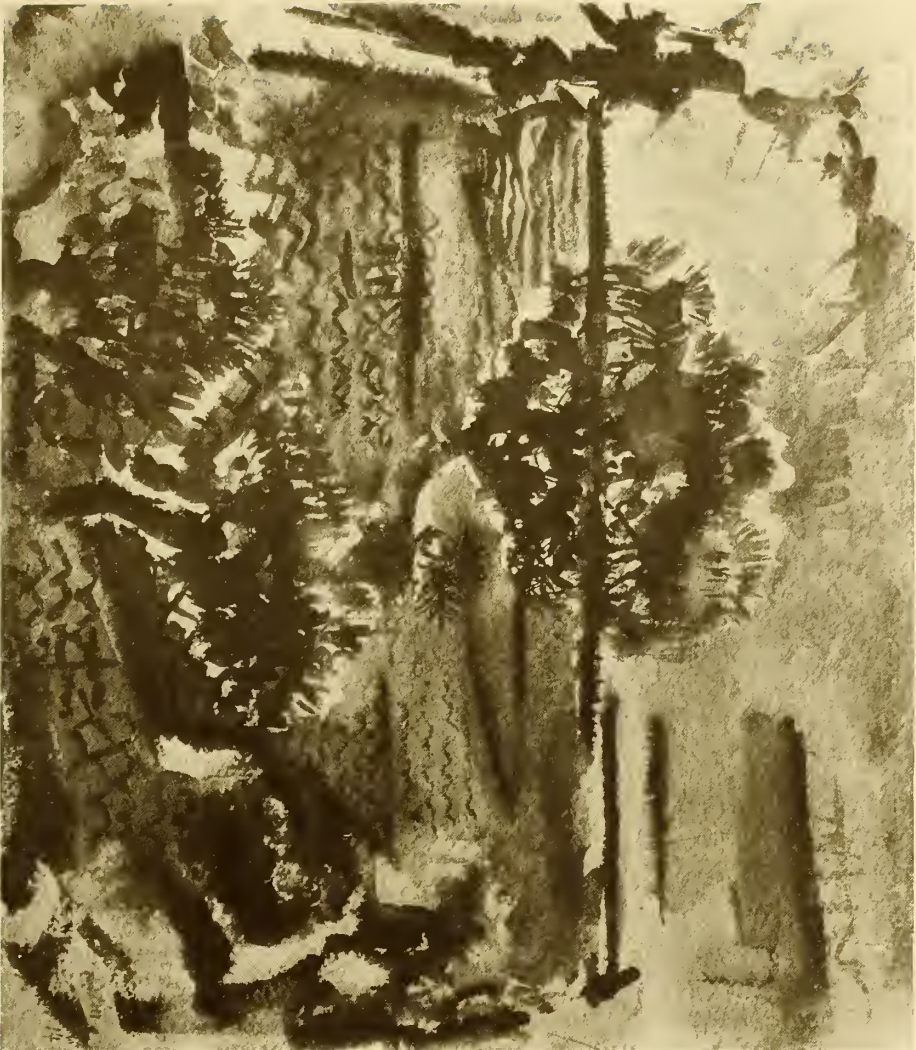
TEN PANELS OF THE
SEA—No. III
By CHARLES H. WOODBURY



AUTUMN
By C. BERTMAN HARTMAN



VALLEY OF THE ESSONNE—FRANCE
By WALTER GRIFFIN



PITCH PINE—CASCO BAY

By JOHN MARIN



SUMMER

By FREDERICK CARL FRUTKIN



PRIMAVERA

By WILLIAM J. BAER

Plate No. 118



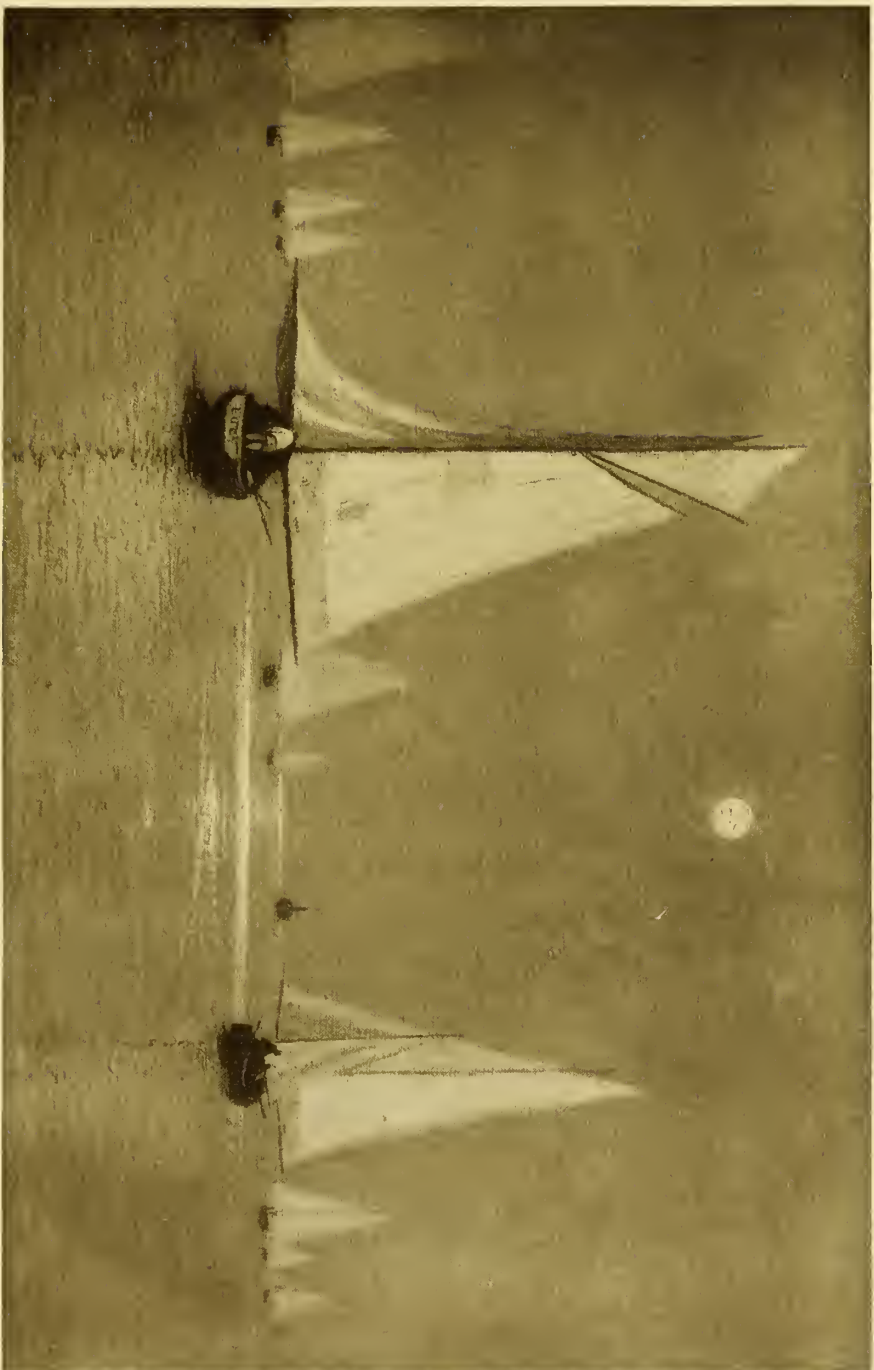
THE JOY OF LIFE

By ALEXANDER HARRISON



THE POTTER

By GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH



WHITE WINGS

By BIRGE HARRISON



MATERNITY

By GARI MELCHERS



PARESSE

By LAWTON S. PARKER



THE BREAKING OF WINTER

By EDWARD W. REDFIELD



BATHER

By CHARLES WALTER STETSON



PORTRAIT: MRS. HUTH

By JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER



NUDE STUDY *By* JOHN SINGER SARGENT



QUARRY: EVENING

By DANIEL GARBER



THE YACHTS: GLOUCESTER HARBOR

By CHILDE HASSAM



WATERFALL

By W. ELMER SCHOFIELD



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By WILLARD L. METCALF



ST. IVES FISHING BOATS

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SELF PORTRAIT

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By WILLIAM MCGREGOR PAXTON



PORTRAIT: DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

By ROBERT VONNOH



WOMAN WITH FORGET-ME-NOTS

By FRANK DUVECK



MOTHER AND CHILD

By JOHN H. TWACHTMAN



PORTRAIT OF FRANK DUVENECK

By JOSEPH DE CAMP



NUDE

By RICHARD E. MILLER



TO MARKET IN THE WEST INDIES

By JOHANNA K. WOODWELL HAILMAN



PHANTASMATA

By SERGEANT KENDALL



WOMAN WITH ROSES

By PHILIP LESLIE HALE



PEACE: HOPILAND

By ALBERT L. GROLL



MOTHER

By JOHN McLURE HAMILTON



THE CHECKERED DRESS

By WILLIAM H. K. YARROW



THE DREAMER

By EDMUND C. TARBELL



PORTRAIT

By CECILIA BEAUX

SIX LANDSCAPE PAINTERS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By ANTONY ANDERSON

EXACTLY what did Stewart Edward White mean when he said that "California is the graveyard of talent"? Did he intend to have the remark pass down to posterity as a *bon-mot* or as a proposition in philosophical thought? If the former, we may perhaps forgive him—even though we do not think the "*bon*" should go before the "*mot*." If the latter, we must demand demonstration and proof.

Mr. White, *in propria persona*, is the vigorous protest against the truth of his own statement. His particular talent for story-telling did not die when he brought it with him from Michigan to California. To the contrary, it stood the transplanting remarkably well, flourishing more hardily than ever in its present sunny environment, where it has hitherto suffered no "frost." It produced one good novel after another—and is still doing it, smiling benignly over its "graveyard" at Santa Barbara. Too, it appears to wear the smile that won't come off, despite the pessimism of the man behind the mask. And Mr. White's case may be multiplied by the hundreds. We may kick against the pricks of environment, out here in California; we may bemoan our distance from the "art centers," but neither we nor our talents die of inanition. Nor do we know the suffocating feeling of being buried alive. New York thinks we do, of course—but how should New York, always rather myopic, focus us clearly, four thousand miles away? Let us take care, then, that we do not see ourselves as the Gothamite sees us, for when we do we become smaller than the Lilliputians.

Right here, perhaps, lies the crux of the novelist's dire conclusions. He may feel, as many others have felt before him, that California is still too new, too absorbed in its mighty material progress, to offer any but the scantiest encouragement to the wondersmith in words and the alchemist in color. To the absorbed captain of industry, no doubt, the poet, his more than brother in the furthering of civilization, seems but "the idle singer of an empty day." But this tragic misunderstanding is not confined to California. It has flaunted its banner of disdain in all countries and all climes, and in every century. And everywhere and always the red rag of disbelief has not fluttered over graveyards of talent, but rather over innumerable manifestations of its indestructible life. Beauty is truth, truth beauty—and both, when joined together, make art, which therefore must rise when crushed to earth. I incline to the belief that Gray cited his mute inglorious Milton more through the stern exigencies of rhyme than the hard claims of reason.

Nor is it true that our native sons of genius have been compelled to emigrate to find recognition and emolument. Bret Harte was acclaimed in San Francisco and all the West at the very moment when he stepped forth and showed his paces in poetry and story, and William Keith, with his steady income of \$60,000 a year from the sale of his pictures to San Franciscans, might have bought outright every one of the innumerable live-oaks, with their surrounding green acres, that he painted so wonderfully. Neither the poet nor the painter found it necessary to search outside California for material, for here is "atmosphere" of the rarest, local color of the richest, on every side "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace." So it has been with many others among us, poets, painters, novelists, musicians—and how numerous they have been in the past twenty-five or thirty years! When they went "abroad," it was for study, not for fame. As to fortune—where should they look for it if not in the land of the fortunate Forty-niners, the land whose wide entrance gate bears the name "Golden"?

No, my masters, California has hitherto been the graveyard of nothing but imperishable nuggets of gold, and soon even the last of these may be suffered to lie unmolested, for the tiller of the soil has found greater treasure in the orange and the vine, surer returns, for his digging, in their ruddy gold and purple bloom. Which brings us to the second chapter of the wonderful romance of California, a chapter as replete with poetry as the first, and with a thousand—ten thousand—readers to the other's one. For California is the land of high hopes and higher achievements, and where achievement follows hope you will find a great man, and a great man begets noble sons and gifted daughters. It follows as the night the day.

Though we are still at the very beginning of the second chapter in the romance, each page, as we turn it eagerly, holds out for us glorious promises, and not the least glorious is California's sure progress in art accomplishment and art appreciation. We find advancement and understanding in all the arts, but I propose to speak more specifically of the art of landscape painting. Art was not dead among us, even in '49, when the melting-pot of humanity held much of the basest alloy with a very little of the purest gold, but the vigor of its life and growth in the past decade tinges the future with the glory of a new renaissance, the renaissance of the Twentieth century and the Far West. Prophets have foretold it, and the signs are coming true.

The glory of that renaissance, I doubt not, will be equally divided between the North and the South. I believe that in landscape it will be the South which will take the most tremendous forward strides. My faith is founded on the past performance of the painters of Southern California, and even more on the "environment"—a dangerous but inevitable word. It is true that our "perpetual sunshine" has become a pet stock phrase with us in the South, but it is also true that the phrase is true—almost. Take it with an occasional dash of rain, and you are safe. For we do have sunshine so nearly perpetual that clouds may be

considered negligible in a description of the country and the climate. And who questions the desirability of clear skies for the man compelled to work out of doors? Not you, not I, and therefore we opine that figure and portrait painting will advance to efflorescence in Northern California, pure landscape painting in the South.

Already, indeed, has the gentle coercive spirit of landscape invaded the studios of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Diego, coaxing their occupants into the open and urging them to dismiss the human models. The most of them, weary enough of four imprisoning blank walls, a tiny cage set in this vast crystal ball of opal and turquoise and gold, have listened and obeyed—and have thus strayed forever from the cool haunts of the north light. The seductions of landscape, once yielded to, ever after seem to become as irresistible as the loveliness of the Lorelei. Of the six landscape painters I am about to bring to your notice, painters already happily familiar to you, I make no doubt, only two—William Wendt and Elmer Wachtel—have never toyed with academic traditions of form; three of the others, once good painters of the figure, now neglect it absolutely; and only one, Warren E. Rollins, paints both figures and landscapes. Mr. Rollins was formerly instructor of figure painting and drawing in a San Francisco art school, which may account for his reluctance to be off with his old love. His faithfulness is to be commended, in view of the fact that he expresses it so well.

The six painters I have in mind are thoroughly representative. Their number might be doubled—even trebled—for, as I have tried to point out, Southern California is preëminently the land of the landscapist. But as I must dwell, however briefly, on the work of each of the chosen painters, the longer list would extend my space beyond its fixed boundaries without in any way increasing my scope. The others have not been left out through any invidious separation in talent, but because they do not enter, so neatly as the six, into what the artists themselves would call my "scheme." They would spoil the composition—if they will pardon the pun. An embarrassment of riches forces me to seem niggardly in expenditure.

We have many good woman painters in Los Angeles, but, for the reason already made clear, Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel is the only one I shall mention. It may be said, too, that by right of talent and performance she leads them all. Mrs. Wachtel came to Southern California from Milwaukee more than a dozen years ago. She was born to art as the sparks fly upward, for her English mother and her Irish grandfather were both painters, and others in the family have been and are musicians and workers in literature. She began her artistic career with portraits and figures, which I hope she will some day hark back to, if only for pastime and "a change," for she does them exceedingly well. In California, however, she turned instinctively and at once to landscape, and chose water-color as her medium of expression. She has not wavered in her allegiance to this wise choice, but has clung to it so wholeheartedly and so intelligently that I do not hesitate to say

that she is now one of the most brilliant aquarellists to be found anywhere.

This high distinction has not been won without labor, for she is a tireless student of nature, painting the mountains and hills and valleys of Southern California in all their phases and in every season. No touch of opaque color is permitted to pollute the big broad washes that flow so perfectly from her brush, and the result is a marvelous strength joined to an exquisite purity of tint. She and her husband, Elmer Wachtel, make many brief sketching pilgrimages together, every year, and of late have even included the snow-clad High Sierras in their itinerary, for their little car seems to be able to climb anything. Mrs. Wachtel is a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the New York Water-Color Society, and her pictures find ready sale among art lovers in Chicago and New York and San Francisco—not to mention Los Angeles.

None but nature has been William Wendt's fostering mother in art, and this is almost as true of Elmer Wachtel, who joined the Art Students' League of New York, didn't like it, and quit after two irksome weeks. Both men preferred the freedom of the trackless woods—and neither has lost his way. Each very soon found his own peculiar "trail," and bravely trudged along till it led him to the very heights of artistic success. And each found it in Southern California, while both came from Illinois. Mr. Wendt was born and "brought up" in Chicago. When I was a student in the Art Institute, perhaps fifteen years ago, his first exhibition of California landscapes was held there. It created a sensation among us students, and our enthusiasm was shared by the rest of Chicago. Here was a new and ringing note—

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

Chicago's pet son had "made good" in no uncertain manner, and we were all exceedingly proud and pleased. A second favorite son, Gardner Symons, William Wendt's running mate and close friend, was destined to do likewise in New York and London only a year or two later. Mr. Wendt, for six years president of the flourishing California Art Club, was made an associate member of the New York Academy three years ago, and on this occasion Jean Mannheim, himself a good landscapist, painted his portrait for the gallery of immortals. Another signal honor for Mr. Wendt was the purchase of one of his splendid California pictures for the permanent collection of the Art Institute, and of course he is represented in many other galleries, public and private. He is a masterly technician, a painter of light and air. Many of his soberly poetic compositions show us that mystic and enchanted time of day when

"The tender broom
Of morning mist has hardly swept the air
Clean of night's lingering sorrow."

Elmer Wachtel's preferred hour, on the other hand, is that which lays its brief coronal of gold and rose on the highest of the mountain peaks and flings its rich carpet of shadow at the monarch's feet. His loveliest lyrical note is that of late afternoon, and he utters it in as faultless a gamut of values as can be found in any American painter. Mr. Wachtel's technical dexterity, indeed, is an element of danger to himself, and he once confessed to me that he dropped water-color when he found he was getting to be "too good" in it. His present medium is oil, and has been for the past fifteen years. His color is full and harmonious, his composition rhythmical and dignified. His brush-work, as I have intimated, is something to marvel at, but I am glad to add that it has not yet become too sophisticated for either him or us. Mr. Wachtel's devotion to Southern California has brought its own exceeding great reward—he has been eminently successful, both as a painter and a "best seller," but his popularity has not induced him to lower his standards. His recent pictures of the snow-crowned High Sierras have the pure, cold, unearthly beauty of much of Shelley's poetry, and many of them were painted in his "preferred hour."

Most present-day French painting, in landscape no less than in the figure, has been brought by Gallic temperament and academic training to a monotonous level of icy regularity, splendid nullity, and dead perfection. The world is too much with it, and it moves us not. Fortunately, our young American artists, permeated with Paris, escape in time to a freer air and a breezier field. Benjamin Chambers Brown, a prize pupil from St. Louis, was coached in all the traditions, but his twenty years in Pasadena have induced him to drop all hampering impedimenta of prejudice, and cling only to the things he found good—a fine and sufficient technique, a capacity for weighing and judging, an interest in many forms of artistic expression. You can't live for twenty summers on the hem of Sierra Madre's magnificent purple garment and still keep up your Parisian ideals of seeing and doing. You're bound to start new fashions of your own that are absolutely in keeping with your environment. For here is nature at its biggest and best, bigger and better than all the ateliers put together, and more needful to art. Mr. Brown handles his paint with a full brush—one might almost say with a full heart—and his canvases have a sort of impassioned energy, especially his later ones. His talent is alert and experimental. Last year he conceived and started the Print Makers, a club of etchers and lithographers whose accomplishment is already astonishingly high. He is president of the Print Makers, and has recently been elected president of the California Art Club. But Mr. Brown carries presidential and exhibition honors easily, being too intent on work, and yet more work, to let them weigh him down.

After studying art in Denver, Hanson Puthuff came on to Los Angeles in search of fresh woods and new pastures—in short, opportunity. This was ten or twelve years ago, and he has grown with our growth, so that today he ranks among the very strongest of our landscape painters.

But even in that day—which now seems strangely remote—he was no weakling. I remember well his first exhibition of pictures. I said then that the young artist was of the stuff of which painters are made, and that his future would be one of interesting progress. His steadily increasing technical excellence has more than sustained my opinion and prophecy. With the technique has come a larger vision, a deeper insight. Mr. Puthuff has a genius for composition, as he amply shows in the eight mural decorative panels, embodying “The Spirit of California,” that he recently painted for a theater at Long Beach. His mountains have weight and volume, his undulating hills and lush valleys seem to throb with the quick warm vitality of the South. He paints with a full brush and a free hand, producing pictures that hold an almost classic bigness of effect. Nowadays no portraits of representative men or pictures of charming women come from him, though in past years we were wont to look for them in every exhibition of the California Art Club. But his landscapes have become so fine that we dare not cavil, for we are assured that he has found his *metier*.

The desert, even more than the sown, has claimed Warren E. Rollins, whose numerous studies of Indian life have a poetic quality, a searching and sympathetic truth, that makes them peculiarly attractive to the lover of life and art. Mr. Rollins has lived for many years, off and on, among the communal tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, and on every return to his studio at San Gabriel has brought with him pictures of great documentary and artistic worth. He recently planned, and has already executed in part, a series of pictures depicting the every-day life of the Indian from primitive times to the present. These are conceived in a large spirit, and all their details are authentic. Many of the redmen are seen in landscape surroundings and under the yellow-gray walls of the crumbling pueblos, but Mr. Rollins has also painted much pure landscape—the desert at dawn and dusk, under the brilliant sunlight of day and under the tender radiance of the harvest moon—the desert asleep in the sun and awake in the storm—a vividly truthful and beautiful panorama, the picture gallery of the West, and of the Western Indian as he was and is, and even as he shall be, for the true artist unrolls the scroll of Fate.

California the graveyard of talent? It does not seem so to me. Rather, here lies talent's richest and most nourishing soil, below its brightest sun and its clearest skies. That soil is no longer fallow—it has begun to germinate—and oh, the signs of spring!

WHAT ART MEANS TO CALIFORNIA

By ALMA MAY COOK

IF, AS HERODOTUS TELLS US, Egypt, mother-land of the civilized world, cradle of the arts, the Alpha of Western civilization, is "the gift of the Nile," then, surely, California, daughter-land of the enlightened centuries, Athena of the arts, Omega of "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is the gift of the God of Beauty, the Master Artist, who has painted it in the glowing, glistening colors of the Western sun and made of it truly a "Land of Heart's Desire."

Today California, with the gentle voice of the siren of old, with all the gifts of the hoary ages of the past and the promise of ages yet unborn, stands in this year of our Lord with outstretched arms to the world with accomplishment as a background and yet further accomplishment in the future. Great in the nation she stands, virgin soil for architect, sculptor, and painter to build, to carve, and to adorn.

Unique in her growth, attracting as a magnet the civilization of the older world, art is to California as the sun which colors the flower—with a beautiful Elysian field extending from the borderland where Oregon begins to that other border of the land of mañana. And in the days to come California will give to the world yet another gift of gold—a golden diadem for the world-art, and one day, when she herself shall be old with the passing of the years, the people of the morrow will look back to the art of California as we of today look back to the priceless gift of Greece, to the Renaissance in Italy, and the more modern contributions to the art of the world.

If ever the hand of Destiny pointed to a land of resources, a land of attraction, and a land of beauty, surely that land lies along the Pacific Coast—California. Eight hundred miles in length, with a coast line of over a thousand miles from the rugged north to the semi-tropical southland, with 158,360 square miles within its borders, with 100,000,000 acres of land, California is in area equal to the territory from Cape Cod to Charleston in South Carolina—an area larger than all of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania combined. Yet again, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland could be placed on the map of California with a goodly border to spare.

California has the highest mountain in the United States. It has the greatest depth in desert land. Eternal snows and perpetual sunshine—height with its mountain grandeur, depth with its barren desert which is being made to blossom as the rose, California is, more than all that, a land of great future resources. Beside that which is yet to be taken from the earth itself, the state has 44,700 square miles of forests, an area

larger than the combined states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, and Maryland.

And this litany of gifts, this *Te Deum* of praise to a God of abundance, is but a brief recitation of that which, fifty years after Columbus sailed the ocean blue, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo found when he, the first white man to set foot on the soil of Alta California, claimed it in the name of his God and His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. Up the coast he sailed in his Spanish galleon until he ended his voyage with Death as the pilot in the unknown harbor of Eternity. Homeward sailed his ships, and an earthly king had added to his kingdom a vast domain far beyond the borders of old Castile. Quiet once again reigned throughout the Californias, and for the years twice reckoned by the century mark the domain was practically untouched. But infrequently did the most intrepid mariner venture along the coast. The struggles of a nation in its birth on the Atlantic did not so much as find a dim echo—unknown was the East in the West. The year that a half-starved, half-frozen army passed in Valley Forge, fighting for the independence of the then little Union, found the brown-robed Franciscan padres, followers of St. Francis, beginning their long journey up and down the coast to civilize and Christianize the native Indians. And thus began the romantic life of California in the days of old, long before the days of gold, when a glistening chain of twenty-one missions dotted the King's Highway, each a day's journey from the other—buildings which today, in their ruins, give California its romance and a distinctive architecture, a rich heritage from the past, beloved of artists and laymen alike.

With the high ministry of the art of architecture, beautiful paintings and impressive chants brought from the old world, did the padres civilize and Christianize their Indian charges. The sons of St. Francis carried out the admonition of St. Augustine that art is the text book of the unlearned. Today, a little more than a century and a half later, we go back to what is left of these monuments of the past and turn a few more pages in the same text book and find a message of art for this day and generation for religion, music, and art held high the torch of service that lighted the first pages of California history.

Thus slowly did the mills of the gods grind, but exceeding fine, the pathway over which Destiny brought later thousands and hundreds of thousands of the new Promised Land—El Dorado of the nineteenth century. California until the famous year of '49 was but a sleeping possibility. Indeed, that year found but fifty houses in San Francisco and yet fifty years later \$1,200,000,000 had been added to the wealth of the world through gold from California hills.

Forth from this background fares the golden state, thirty-first sovereign commonwealth of the Union which welcomed it in the seventy-fourth year of its independence—golden in its past, doubly golden in its present, and thrice golden in its future. Young, with all the virile strength and enthusiasm of youth, despite the opening of the great war, it has in these months just closed given the world a new idea and ideal

of the practicability of art, a new application of that inspiring definition of art, "applying the science of the beautiful." Half a century ago San Francisco was but a mining town, the Pueblo Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles de Portiuncula was but a name on the maps yet-to-be, and San Diego was but a quiet haven. The crime of extreme youth, of newness, has been charged against the state by the older civilizations. Guilty then, if guilt it be, but through its very youth, through this self-same newness does it today offer to the thinkers and the workers of the world the greatest opportunity since the days when Pericles and Phidias gave to Greece the most perfect building builded by human hands, the greatest opportunity since Ghiberti, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo created those masterpieces to which all the world does homage.

Greece was not hoary with age when she became the crown jewel in the diadem of art. Material and national growth preceded her art. The material prosperity of her princely houses made possible the golden age of art in Italy. Commercialism preceded art, as it ever does. Man must have a habitation before he can or will think of adornment for it.

It is said that the coming half century will see America virtually completed as regards her great buildings. As a nation we have been too busy with the necessary pioneer work of a new people in a new country. Today as we stand one of the great peoples of the civilized globe, to whom all the world looks with respect, the chief exponent of the great cause of liberty of mind, soul, and body, it is all but impossible to realize that less than a century and a half ago America had but a few isolated communities, struggling at a disadvantage. Buildings were first and foremost places for habitation or for the transaction of necessary business. The utilitarian aspect was a necessity. But, as in the ages of the past, once housed, man looks about to better his condition materially and mentally. We have reached our material growth, come into the full stature of manhood and womanhood as a people and as a commercial unit in the commerce of the world. Today the United States is building the buildings which shall go down to posterity for good or for ill, as the people and the cities follow either the vision of the beautiful or bend the knee before the altar of Mammon. Not alone is California young in the arts, for, although it is difficult to realize the fact, it was but forty years ago that La Farge gave to America its first real mural painting in Trinity Church of Boston. But as the arts have always flourished after a period of development and blossomed into an independent vigor, we as a people stand at the opening door of opportunity—the opportunity of a great and prosperous nation ready to take up the arts as they have been handed down, a sacred legacy, and in turn to hand them on to generations yet to come, strengthened and refined because of America's contribution to art.

If this is the message of the age to America as a whole, it comes a clear and clarion call to California, and as a still small voice to the soul of every Californian. Geographically, California stands in the pathway of

a kind fate. Materially it has been blessed with all the gifts of "time's noblest offspring."

It is said that America, through the guiding hand of Providence, remained undiscovered until the civilization of the old world had reached a high pinnacle, that the world might have yet another opportunity and a virgin land in which to develop its highest and best art and civilization. As the old world gave all its gifts to the new, so the civilization of the new world gives the gifts of the ages to California, for the last frontier of Western civilization in a land where the West faces the East.

California faces the east both ways. Looking toward the Atlantic it faces the east and looking toward the Orient it faces the east. Just so it is facing a glorious dawn in its art and architecture which is but the first rung on the ladder of fame that it will ascend in the years to come, which shall be as a veritable Jacob's ladder come true.

"But California is so isolated, so far from the center of the art world," comes the wail of the last few years. Isolated, yes; far away from the great salons, yes—but have you who scan these words not in your own life come to realize that that which seemed an insurmountable obstacle was, in reality, a blessing in disguise? We are in a way isolated, we are far distant from the older centers of art, but that will prove a blessing for which we should thank a kind, but unappreciated fate. Because of our distance we are more self-dependent, and therefore more self-reliant. We but hear of the latest "style" in art. The newest "ists" and "isms" are but names to us. We are not even exposed to the contagion. But let a great truth come, even in the most remote part of the earth, and its very truth gives it vitality to cross ocean and continent, so that only that which is really worth while finds its way to our golden shores to remain and become a part of the growing art. Yet another reason for thankfulness: we lack the "atmosphere" which attracts the dilettante. We are as yet something of pioneers and it is only the true artist in heart and soul who is willing to help build up the art to come. It is the worth-while men and women who come to our shores to call them home.

But greater than these: we have the great opportunity—an opportunity that comes but seldom to a people and which should be welcomed with a prayer for guidance, that we of today may not be weighed in the balance of the years to come and be found wanting. For if the coming half century means the completion of America architecturally, each day, each year means not only that much toward the completion of California, but rather that much toward the beginning. For, as we face the glorious dawn, not only do we in California contemplate the completion of our great buildings, but rather the beginning.

As a state we have but few of the great structures—state, county, municipal, and individual—which will one day mark our sunny acres. We have the hard pioneer days as a background, we have the necessary material wealth, we have the growing public interest and appreciation, and a virile cosmopolitan population. It is because of all these that art

means perhaps more to California than to any other part of the land—California a beautiful flower, awaiting its crowning glory—for as the sun colors the flower, so does art color life.

The Chicago World's Fair taught the desirableness and commercial value of beauty and demonstrated the mutual inter-dependence of the art of construction and design. But the California expositions have done more than this, far more, for they have brought a lasting knowledge not only to those within the borders of the state, but to all the world, of the artistic possibilities of the state and a realization of what art may mean to California.

In that fairy-land come true, in that vision of the dreams of the centuries visualized in buildings which in color and design caught the very breath in one's throat, and, sobbing, held it there until involuntary tribute had been paid to those who build for the God of the things as they are; in that achievement was sounded the forward march to the great army of Californians with the inspiration voiced so long ago by the great Da Vinci: "the conquest of glory is greater than the glory of conquest" emblazoned on California's virgin white banner as it faces the dawn of all the morrows.

To every man and woman, nay, even to the little child, comes the call of opportunity, comes the call of service, comes, mayhap, even the call of sacrifice. Personal ambitions, personal gain, the glorification of the individual must come second to the welfare of the whole. Commercialism, as merely the glorification of the dollar, must not be allowed to gain a foothold; for with the call to service before the open door of opportunity, comes also the call that the stronger help the weaker. And with it comes also that old, old query first voiced in that land which the world calls holy: "Am I my brother's keeper?" In answer echoes the age-old command of personal responsibility, the command that each one live up to the best that lies within him, giving and guiding, for as in the distribution of the talents, those with the greater number have the greater responsibility. But each one has something, whether it be the building of a dream-like miracle in stone, a Palace of Fine Arts, or the blending of the colors in an humble garden spot.

It will take courage—red, red courage of love; it will take a background of loyal and royal blue, and it will take the twinkling white stars of purity of purpose and purity of self. But with these, California, the wonder-land, will unfurl a flag worthy its sovereign starry banner and what California means to art will be emblazoned in the high heavens revealing that we were true to the great opportunity, true stewards of the talents entrusted to us, that we will have given back to the world an art enriched with a new contribution and a new vision. The Koran proclaims that God has granted to every people a prophet in its own tongue. Then 1915 has proclaimed beauty and art, the prophet of the land where sets the sun.

The Japanese say "truth to self," the French say "personal interpretation," but in Anglo-Saxon we say "Individuality" is the greatest gift

of the artist. What California Means to Art will be a gift of individuality that we may become strongly and thoroughly American, true to our country and true to ourselves. This is the gift which California will give in the years to come.

We have the God-given warp, one of the most beautiful stretches of land in all the world, hills and valleys, cities and towns, awaiting the greatest gift which man may make to nature, the application of the science of the beautiful. The gift of the ages comes to us in the great opportunity, a new land which has grown so rapidly that it has not had time to make many architectural and artistic mistakes to be unmade in the future years. A new land with the vision of the beautiful comes to us with the shuttle of stone and paint to weave the woof. To the Californians of today is given the opportunity to weave that design over hill and valley, city and town, which shall give to all the world, so long as time shall endure, the message of What Art Means to California and What California Means to Art.

Comes California facing the dawn with a song on her lips, a song in her heart, a song to gladden all the world with her gift of beauty, for she is calling, calling still in the words of John S. McGroarty:

“Thus hath she called with her lips of song
Of old, with her breath of musk;
From the hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk.
And so, from her heart’s unwearied love,
Rings her voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above
She is calling, calling still.”

A BRILLIANT FUTURE FOR AMERICAN ART

By WILLIS POLK

SAN FRANCISCO, through the Exposition, has had a taste, a glimpse of art. She has been taught the value of beauty. She will not in the future willingly forego any opportunity to gratify the taste thus acquired.

We already have education, perhaps in a higher degree than elsewhere, and a consequent yearning for better things; throughout the country vague discontent with public work prevails, the sort of discontent that with our people always precedes improvement. Now the millions that have seen our Exposition have understood at once what is needed to effect a change. They have seen that though a pool, a grassy bank, or a building might of itself be beautiful, each alone may appear ugly in the midst of inharmonious surroundings, and, moreover, that no one of them by itself can be as beautiful as a union of them all. The Exposition Fine Arts Palace, its lagoon, and gardens have proved this, the people at large have discovered it, and are delighted.

A comprehensive survey of American art, its past and present, can not be made without including some consideration of its future. A comprehensive survey can not be made at all unless minute attention be given to its evolution in detail; this could only be done in a series of articles carefully prepared by a number of especially competent observers.

The present tendency in American art presages a brilliant future; for the past two decades we have been content to worship at the shrine of the past and to accept with eagerness replicas of different epochs. This is particularly true of architecture. We have had endless beautiful reproductions from the hands of our best architects, some so exquisitely done that no doubt they will in the future be referred to as examples of twentieth-century renaissance; but the true renaissance of our day, the true expression of our ideals, will crystallize only after our architects, with proper consideration for precedent, become bold enough to assert an individuality of their own.

California is supremely endowed by nature for the development of art in all its phases. Here are the Rome and Athens of the new world. This gorgeous land has a broadness and wholesomeness of spirit that make it a field for the cultivation of the arts. It is an ideal field for the painter. The spirit of the air is exemplified in the freedom of the artist's touch. Here where nature displays herself in her most artistic mood, there is a life and virility that the painter feels each time he puts his brush to the canvas. Here among the poppy-covered hills, where purplish shadows cast their tinge upon the eucalyptus aisles, where palm

and cypress stand out upon the ocean cliffs, a new art springs into blossom.

Here at the Golden Gate has been revealed as never before the vigor of American art. And I feel that the influence which is so favorable to the painter is undoubtedly equally favorable to the architect. The climate on these Western shores permits the architect to give his structures a setting of flowers, shrubbery, and trees not possible in a more rigorous zone. The brilliant sunlight permits of the widespread use of color on the structures; the sea, the hills, and the endless vistas call for majesty of outline, and inspire the architect to meet nature, which has challenged him by reason of the sublimity of her settings; here he must fashion his designs to scale with and fit into the majestic surroundings that nature has provided.

How very real is the influence of environment upon the architecture of a given country and how vividly is the spirit of a people reflected in the architecture of their native land may be suggested by recalling the situation of Athens and of Rome, with their people free-spirited, imaginative, in touch with the lofty mountains, and with the Mediterranean so that from their very history and from the land they sprang, they drew those inspiring conceptions, those prodigious works of architecture, those exquisite sculptures which have been patterned by the world for more than two thousand years. As we of California increase in artistic appreciation, in artistic vigor, in sentiment, and in the love of beauty, so, too, from this civilization on the shores of the Pacific Ocean there will arise architectural standards that will be regarded by the world for all time, and will serve to enlighten and uplift the generations to come. As we grow in daring, and with due regard to the lessons of the past are enabled to express our own ideals, so will America more nearly approach the desired renaissance.

CALIFORNIAN SCULPTORS



PUMA

By ARTHUR PUTNAM



DANCING BACCHANTE

By ROBERT AITKEN



BEYOND

By CHESTER BEACH



ARCADIA

By EDGAR WALTER



POPPY NYMPH

By JOSEPH J. MORA



APOLLO HUNTING

By HAIG PATIGIAN



HEAD OF LOUIS SLOSS, JR.

By RALPH STACKPOLE



THE NYMPH

By JULIA BRACKEN WENDT



TRAUMEREI

By J. McQUARRIE



WALL FOUNTAIN

By MAUD DAGGETT

Bronze replica in the garden of Mrs. F. L. Loring, Pasadena, Cal.



MECHANICS' FOUNTAIN

By DOUGLAS TILDEN



WOMAN WITH RABBIT

By ELIZABETH EDMOND

ENCHANTMENT
By EARL CUMMINGS



THE DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

By JOHN E. D. TRASK

PART I

“**F**AR FROM BELIEVING that the social mission of art is at an end, or drawing near that end, I think it will play a greater part in the twentieth century than ever, and I think—or at least hope—that greater importance than ever will be attached to the study of art as a branch of culture. This study is one which no civilized man, whatever his profession, should ignore in these days.” These are the concluding words of M. Salomon Reinach’s “Apollo,” perhaps the most widely read book on the history of art throughout the ages which has been published since the twentieth century began.

If the social mission of art be destined to play throughout the world in the twentieth century a more important part in civilized life than ever before, surely there is no part of the world where its effect will be of more potent influence than it will be upon the Pacific Coast of the United States, a land rich in material wealth, both developed and undeveloped, populated by a great and growing people whose own temperament is essentially artistic.

While necessarily the appeal of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was to a world-wide audience, in the organization of the Department of Fine Arts of that Exposition, it was borne constantly in mind that the highest privilege and the paramount duty of the department was service to the people of the West, a service which perhaps for many years would be without appreciation and which might well be expected during the course of the Exposition itself to have no apparent effect. It seemed, therefore, necessary in order that the department might fulfill its highest function, that the exhibition arranged by it should be something more than a collection of art treasures, not necessarily co-related, but should be such a collection as would make possible to the serious student an understanding of the relationship now existing among the artists of the various nations of the world, and especially the position and importance in the world of the artists of America, with some logical presentation of the development of the Fine Arts of America from colonial and revolutionary times down to the present, and at least some suggestion of the various foreign influences which have affected that development. This then became the purpose of the department, and without thought of whether its mission has been feebly or well executed, without consideration of the question of what might have happened had not a world war cast its shadow over civilization while the exhibition

was in a formative period, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the response of the people of the West, their understanding and appreciation of, and their sympathy for work heretofore comparatively unknown to them, has been such as to convince many that the next great forward movement in the Fine Arts will center about the Golden Gate.

The United States section of the exhibition necessarily is of first importance, and perhaps no portion of the United States section plays greater part in explanation of what our artists are now doing than does the Historical Section.

Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley are usually mentioned as the first American painters, though both of them reached their highest development abroad. Beginning then with them, Copley represented by a single portrait, and West by a "Portrait of Miss Peel" and a typical figure composition of "Mary Magdalene Anointing the Feet of Christ," we find presented in the series of galleries devoted to this section a fairly comprehensive historical sequence of painting in the United States. More important than either West or Copley, if performance be the test of importance, was Gilbert Stuart, the first really great painter of America. Contemporary with the great British portraitists of the eighteenth century, he is considered by many as being the equal of the best of them. Returning to this country from London before his powers had reached their fullest development Stuart never had opportunity for the execution of important portrait compositions. It is not known that he ever executed a single life size portrait group, and the number of full length portraits which came from his talented brush are very few. It is, therefore, by his portrait busts and half length canvases that he must be judged. It is fortunate that such typical examples of his work as the "Portrait of General Dearborn" and the "Portrait of President Madison," together with three other examples are found in this exhibition. Stuart was a pupil of West in London, and of West's other pupils, perhaps the most important here represented are Charles Willson Peale, Washington Allston, Joseph Wright, whose interesting canvas, "Joseph Wright and Family," comes to the Exposition from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the richest storehouse of early American paintings which we have, and Samuel F. B. Morse, known to thousands as the inventor of the electric telegraph who have never before known that he was a portrait painter of great distinction. Such works as his "Portrait of William Cullen Bryant" and his "Portrait of Mrs. Olyphant" would have entitled him to a high place in history had his inventive genius not otherwise added to the wealth of the world.

"The Fourth of July in Center Square," painted in 1811 by John Lewis Krimmiell, is an epitome of the life and fashion in Philadelphia of that time, while the beginning of landscape painting in America is represented by the works of Thomas Doughty, Asher B. Durand, and Thomas Cole. The first American sculptors, William Rush and John Frazee, show the beginnings of their art in this country in self portraits of each. Such pictures as "Militia Training," by James G. Clonney, and "War News from Mexico," by R. Caton Woodville, and the famous "Drummer Boy,"

by Eastman Johnson, show the development of the anecdotal school until it reaches its highest American development in such canvases as "Breaking Home Ties," by Thomas Hovenden, and in rather more distinguished manner in the "Penance of Eleanor," by Edwin A. Abbey. It is interesting to note that "Breaking Home Ties," by Hovenden, which was the most talked of picture in Chicago in 1893, has here attracted no especial consideration except as an excellent example of one of the phases of the art of painting in America which has been left behind.

To index the influence of other schools of painting upon our own, the Loan Collection in the United States Section has its chronological beginning in a single canvas by Guido of Siena, produced in the thirteenth century. Timoteo Viti, Luini, represented by a superb piece of fresco from the collection of Mr. Platt of Englewood, N. J.; Bassano, Ribera, Tintoretto, and Cornelius Engelbrechtsen from The Netherlands, are drawn upon to further show these influences. Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and a superb example of Troyon represent the Barbizon School. Hogarth, Gainsborough, Romney, Reynolds, Raeburn, and Lawrence, among others, show from what source American portrait painting had its precise beginnings, while examples of Valasquez, Goya, and Courbet suggest various forces which the student can not neglect. So, too, a single example of Turner marks the great climax of the romantic school of landscape.

An entire gallery is given to the French impressionists, in which a group of seven variously dated canvases by Claude Monet endeavor to suggest the whole arc of the development of that illustrious painter as typical of his school.

From such sources as these have developed the American artist of yesterday and today. An effort has been made adequately to represent such leaders of the generation which just preceded our own as Inness, Wyant, Homer Martin, William Morris Hunt, the illustrious John La Fargé, Edwin A. Abbey, Charles Walter Stetson, Theodore Robinson, and Winslow Homer, and so the student comes into the field of those who are today creating or who have but recently died.

In the United States Section there are over forty-five hundred catalogued works, and it is manifestly impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to more than suggest the wealth and variety of this collection. Geographically, as well as artistically, the entire country is represented, and for the catholicity of the exhibition the public is indebted to Advisory Committees of artists covering various sections of the country. In the selection of works from the vast number submitted (only about 20 per cent of those submitted to juries were accepted) the service was required of artist-juries meeting in London, Paris, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The standard for acceptance at these various meeting points was kept at the same approximate level through a system of interlocking membership in the various juries, and one of the great surprises of the exhibition is the very large number of California artists represented. These number no less than eighty-eight painters, nine sculptors, and

eighteen artists whose works are shown in the Department of Prints, the total number of works shown by them being four hundred and twenty, which is a considerable exhibition in itself. It is also interesting to note that twelve painters who are Californians, now resident elsewhere, show thirty-two works; three sculptors similarly removed show eleven works, and two etchers show eight works, so that it may be said that the total number of works by Californians is four hundred and seventy-one, and the general quality of these is such that the future of the Fine Arts in California, from the creative point of view, is extremely bright.

As has been noted, the hope of the exhibition has been that it would make its strongest appeal to the serious student, and with this thought in mind the Department of Fine Arts especially arranged for a series of "one man" exhibitions in the United States Section. A thorough understanding of the work of any painter can not be had from observation of but one or two of his works, and a thorough understanding of the point of view and accomplishment of any painter who has widely influenced his fellow professionals assists to an understanding of others working more or less in the same vein, whose representation, by reason of lack of space, is less large. In the selection of those American painters to be in this way honored by the department, and who would themselves in this way honor the exhibition, the effort was made to find the smallest number who would index the various directions in which painting in the United States has signally advanced, and to give a somewhat geographical representation, as well as a proper balance, between the different schools of painting. Perhaps the most important feature of the United States Section is these "one man" galleries, and, while it is no doubt true that other men might have been selected who would have made strong showing, could collective groups of their works have been gathered together, the general feeling prevails that no one of the men who were selected has failed in establishing the wisdom of his choice.

The galleries devoted to the work of the late James McNeill Whistler contain sixty-three examples, including paintings in oil, water colors, pastels, etchings, and lithographs, the prints being segregated in a little room apart from the gallery in which are shown his more important paintings which include the famous "Falling Rocket," the identical canvas which brought about the Whistler-Ruskin engagement, a number of canvases never before seen in this country together with a very generous contribution from the famous Freer collection. John Singer Sargent, resident in London, is represented by thirteen canvases, among them being the "Portrait of Henry James," which perhaps has attracted more attention by reason of its being slashed by suffragettes in London than it has had in tribute to its own splendid qualities. Gari Melchers, born in Detroit, and recently resident in Weimar, Saxony, shows twenty-one canvases which give to the visitor opportunity for understanding the genius which has made him the recipient of most of the honors which Europe has to bestow. Childe Hassam of New York fills a gallery in such a manner as worthily to uphold his position as perhaps the

leading performer in his own particular vein, while William M. Chase of New York and Frank Duveneck of Cincinnati, each in a gallery of his own, show in varied manner the tradition of the Munich School brought by them to this country in the seventies and, in the case of Chase, at least, the personal development which has grown out of that tradition. To Duveneck was given, at the suggestion of every foreign member of the International Jury of Award, the signal honor of a Special Commemorative Medal.

The late John H. Twachtman, Edward W. Redfield of Pennsylvania, and the late William Keith of California have devoted to the works of each an entire gallery, in which will be found full expression of the heights to which landscape painting can soar in various directions; while Edmund C. Tarbell of Boston has been selected as typical of the group of painters of whom he has long been the leader. In his own especial metric, no man has exceeded Tarbell in accomplishment.

A full gallery is divided between two California painters, Francis McComas and Arthur F. Mathews, who worthily uphold their tradition. Eighteen landscapes painted in the Panama Canal Zone represent Alson Skinner Clark. Two galleries are devoted to the works of the late Howard Pyle of Delaware, one devoted to illustrations in color, the other to black and white, and there are small galleries given over to pastel drawings by John McLure Hamilton, and to lithographs and etchings by Joseph Pennell.

All of these special "one man" groups aid in the understanding and appreciation of the hundreds of painters who have placed their profession upon as high a plane in America as it occupies in any other part of the world. Indeed, there are many of the opinion that the average standard of accomplishment is higher today in America than in any other land.

It must not be understood that the various fields of water color painting, miniature painting, and illustration have been neglected—all are well represented—and the Department of Prints seems especially noteworthy. To it in the United States Section a half dozen galleries are devoted, in which may be traced the development of etching, engraving, and lithography in America, beginning with John Foster's portrait of the Reverend Richard Mather, the first print to be made in America, and including nearly two thousand representative works of the most distinguished contemporary American workers in their fascinating media.

One of the features of the exhibition which differentiates it sharply from any preceding exhibition held in America is the installation of sculpture out of doors. The Fine Arts Building, itself an artistic creation of amazing beauty, has afforded opportunity for the happy placing of much sculpture within the colonnade which extends along its entire front, and the peculiar and delightful climatic conditions of San Francisco have rendered this installation practicable.

The great circular sweep of the colonnade is adorned with fountain figures and groups which accent and adorn its architectural majesty. Such works as Berge's "Wildflower," fountains by Janet Scudder, the

beautiful bronze "Piping Pan," by Louis St. Gaudens, the marble "L'Amour," by Evelyn Beatrice Longman, and the bronze "Maiden of the Roman Campagna," by Albin Polasek, each serves to enhance the beauty of its surroundings, and is in turn by them most charmingly presented.

The entrance to the colonnade at the south end is flanked on either side by the "Seated Lincoln" of Augustus St. Gaudens, and the standing figure of Henry Ward Beecher, by J. Q. A. Ward. Between these two heroic monuments one gets a vista, the focus of which is the marble "Muse Finding the Head of Orpheus," by Edward Berge, which is perhaps the most beautiful single piece of installation in the whole exhibit. "Buffalo," by Proctor; the heroic equestrian "The Scout" of Cyrus Dallin; and "Diana," by Haig Patigian of San Francisco, and scores of other works adorn the gardens which surround the lagoon, which day and night reflects the Fine Arts Building.

Beneath the great dome of the rotunda, in front of the main building, sits in majesty the "Lafayette" of Paul Bartlett, made as a gift from the school children of America to the Republic of France. This is perhaps the most successful, as it certainly is the most important, work ever executed by an American sculptor. Various works of Daniel Chester French, Karl Bitter, Herbert Adams, and others adorn the arches and recesses to the great rotunda, while between it and the main entrance to the building proper there stands the dignified and forceful "Pioneer Mother," by Charles Grafly, which, at the close of the Exposition, is to find its permanent home in San Francisco's Civic Center.

Within the building the sculpture, generally speaking, smaller in scale than that which is shown out of doors, is as far as possible shown in groups following the same general plan as has been pursued with the paintings. It is interesting to note, too, that the sculpture and paintings are shown together, each helping the other in æsthetic effect, even in the large central gallery or patio devoted largely to the showing of sculpture, paintings by Alexander Harrison, Robert Vonnoh, Howard Gardiner Cushing, and Charles J. Dickman are installed with good decorative effect.

Twelve foreign nations, Japan, France, Uruguay, Cuba, Italy, China, the Philippine Islands, Sweden, Portugal, Argentine Republic, Holland, and Norway, are each represented by a distinctly national section, each under the control of its own commission, and each adequately presenting the contemporary work of the artists of that country.

It is extremely interesting to trace in these various national sections something of the varying national characteristics and traditions, to study the artistic manifestations of different racial traits, and to reform from their artistic manifestations the characters and lives of the different peoples of the world. Did one possess supreme knowledge of painting one could gain from this exhibition an almost universal insight into the mind of man.

The International Section contains works from artists of Great Britain, Spain, Austria, and Hungary, nations not represented at the Exposition

by special art commissions, together with the first presentation of the works of the Italian Futurists ever seen in America; a collective exhibition of the work of Axel Gallen-Kallela, the eminent Finnish painter, now for the first time seen in this country; a series of East Indian pictures by Albert Besnard, the eminent Frenchman, and a wide diversity of other works. The showing of Hungarian artists is in every way worthy of being classed as a separate national section were it not for the fact that there is no Hungarian art commission to the Exposition. In the International Section, beside the works of the Italian Futurists already referred to, there is much that is generally referred to as "modern." Exactly what this term means it is hard to define, but there is here to be found a multiplicity of proof that the painters throughout the world are today interesting themselves in the emotional side of their art rather more than in the purely intellectual side. The Department of Fine Arts holds no brief for this school of painting nor for that; it has aimed to gather together for the people of the United States, but primarily for the people of the West, a representative collection showing what the artists of all the world are doing today, as well as to presage and to influence an intelligent development among the artists of tomorrow.

The International Jury of Award in the Department of Fine Arts was good enough to say in filing its final report, "that in its opinion this exhibition of sculpture, painting, and engraving is the best ever held in the United States (even though there is absence by reason of the European War of many foreign works which would have added to its completeness) and that it should have a far reaching effect upon the appreciation and understanding of art. Moreover, it is its opinion that the Department of Fine Arts deserves the warmest congratulations for its achievement which has been performed under the most trying and unexpected conditions," and many expressions from professional artists and the lay public would seem to support its view. Many of the works of contemporary artists have, by purchase from this exhibition, found permanent place in both public and private collections, but the final test of the success or failure of the Department of Fine Arts will not be had during the continuance of the Exposition. If successful it must necessarily lead to a wider appreciation of the Fine Arts in the West, and if there be a growing appreciation, the opportunity for establishing in San Francisco a permanent art institute worthy of the city and State will not be lost. San Francisco and California have today an opportunity to build for the future, which for years to come they may not have again. The success of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition as a whole has been due, more than to any other single cause, to the æsthetic lessons which it has taught. Its influence will continue to be felt for years to come, but the opportunity for crystallizing and preserving that influence may be lost if it be not immediately embraced.

Let it be hoped that, as the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia awakened the æsthetic sense of the East, as the Chicago Exposition of 1893 revived the artistic life of the Middle West, that the San Francisco Exposition of 1915 may prove to be the real starting point of a growth

of the love of beauty in the West, where every element of beauty now exists, needing only the fusing influence of man's endeavor to make it man's servant for better and higher things in social life.

PART II

IN THE Department of Fine Arts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the work shown by California artists is sufficiently varied and extensive to make an exhibition about the size of the leading annual exhibitions of the East, and the average of this work is of such quality as to offer splendid encouragement to those who are interested in the development of the fine arts in California. Its variety also encourages optimism. Perhaps the worst that can be said for this work, considered as a whole, is that the California landscape painters, with a few notable exceptions, have based their creative work upon the ideas and ideals of others, and have not derived their inspiration from their native landscape. This is the more surprising because the California landscape itself, in variety, in color, in structural form, and in atmospheric conditions, lends itself peculiarly to the painter's purpose.

In considering landscape paintings in California one necessarily thinks of Francis McComas, the water colorist, who is one of the most distinguished workers in that medium to be found anywhere in the country. He is given in the Exposition the honor of a special gallery in conjunction with Arthur F. Mathews and shows of his work ten representative examples. Of these, the "Oaks of the Monte" is perhaps as characteristic as any and this canvas alone would show him to be a master of design and an expert handler of his medium, yet his work does not especially reflect California, and he must be classed as an imaginative painter rather than as a realist. Of the men who have made successful effort in the direction of realism, H. J. Breuer, represented by four mountain subjects, is perhaps the most noteworthy if one except the work of William Ritschel, who does not yet class himself as a Californian, although he has reached his greatest accomplishment at Carmel-by-the-Sea and produced along the California coast marines which have won him honors everywhere. William Wendt of Los Angeles is another of the landscape painters whose recognition in the East has perhaps exceeded that which he has received in his own home, but here again one finds charming powers of design and a thoroughly decorative instinct leading the painter away from pictorial realism. The landscapes shown by Florence Lundborg, charming as they are and talented as this painter is, are not of California subjects, nor is she distinctly a landscape painter. Her greatest contribution to the art of the Exposition has been a delightful and distinguished series of decorations which she has made for the Woman's Board, which adorn one of the large rooms in the California Building. These are so admirably adapted to their purpose, so distinguished in intention, and so altogether successful in execution, as to make them worthy of the highest praise. The tempera paintings of Eugen Neuhaus can not be overlooked, even in the briefest mention of the accomplishment of Californians, nor can the work of Bruce Nelson,

Hanson Puthuff, and Granville Redmond, whose two tender landscapes here shown make up in sympathetic handling for what they may perhaps lack in strength. Piazzoni and Fernand Lungren are other names which remain in memory after one has passed through the galleries, although the single example by the last-named painter exhibits somewhat the impossibility of grasping the Grand Canyon in its entirety as a paintable subject, while in water color Lucia K. Mathews has, with a single example, made real impression upon the exhibition.

Among those who may be classed distinctly as portrait painters, one man and one woman, each with an international reputation, seem to lead the profession here. They are Mary Curtis Richardson and Herman Herkomer. The latter's "Portrait of Sir Hubert Herkomer, R. A.," is a canvas which ought to find permanent home in some great public collection, while such a canvas as Mrs. Richardson's "Young Mother" exhibits a happy combination of strength and tenderness which is rare, indeed. In this, as in her "Sleeping Child" and her "Portrait of Professor Paget," she shows herself a technician of high order, and at the same time a sympathetic appreciator of philosophic truth. E. Charlton Fortune exhibits such a variety of more than promising work that it is hard to classify this talented young painter, and there are a score of other names which one endeavors to fix in memory in expectation of presently meeting with accomplishment of the highest order. Nor is the so-called "modern" movement without its followers in California. Anne Bremer and Henry V. Poor, in widely differing manner, show the effect of those movements which have led painting in search of heretofore rather too-little-understood truths, and show also a growing understanding of them, while the "Portrait of Miss Isabelle P." by Betty de Jong is a delightfully unconventional portrait somewhat in the same vein. Of California painters the late William Keith was for many years the accepted leader, and to him has been given a "one-man" gallery. That his place among American landscape painters is high is an accepted fact. That his contribution to his fellow painters is less than it might have been seems to be demonstrated by his collected showing here. The Barbizon painters made their great contribution to the world three-quarters of a century ago. The place of the Forest of Fontainebleau is placed for all time, and while no doubt the individual works of Keith possess both beauty and charm, his attitude and accomplishment (if one is to judge by the works shown at the Exposition) are too much an echo of the past to place him among those who have been the great leaders in his profession. A man of widely different talent, upon whom the mantle of Keith as the most distinguished of California painters seems to have fallen, is Arthur F. Mathews, whose real understanding of color, of composition, and of draftsmanship places him among the great painters of the country, and whose taste gives to each of his canvases the quality known as distinction, while his controlled imagination and his ingenious pictorial and painter-like devices give to his works the enduring quality of charm. To a certain extent the work of Mathews is doing and will continue to do for the artists of California, and let it be

hoped for a wider audience, what the work of Whistler did for the world.

Of the sculptors, J. J. Mora, with his delightful Indian subjects, and Haig Patigian must have especial mention, while no one who has seen it is likely to forget the little group entitled "Mrs. Sloss and Children" by Ralph W. Stackpole.

Of the marble "Vanity" by Haig Patigian, Paul W. Bartlett, himself the greatest of American sculptors, has spoken in highest praise, referring to it as one of the most beautiful marbles in the entire Exposition.

However, the California sculptor whose work reaches the very highest level is Arthur Putnam, who shows fourteen small bronzes of animal subjects of such power and such personal force, and such technical ability, as to insure for him a position of high standing among the animal sculptors of the world.

In the Department of Prints, Piazzoni, mentioned among the painters, here makes deeper impress, while the works of Perham Nahl, Robert B. Harshe, Clark Hobart, and Louis Mullgardt entitle each of these artists to fuller comment than is here possible.

Summed up in its entirety, the contribution of California artists to the Department of Fine Arts is such as to make a real impress upon the exhibition, which is drawn widely from the leading creative artists of the world.

PART III

In the last days of November, 1915, after the preceding short chapters had been written, the board of directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, in response to a very large public demand, decided to continue an exhibition of painting and sculpture in the Palace of Fine Arts until May 1, 1916, although the Exposition as a whole was to close December 4.

It seems likely that neither the public which requested this exhibition nor the board of directors which ordered it fully understood the complexity of the problem presented. Thanks, however, to the public-spirited attitude of the board of directors, to the immediate and prompt co-operation of artists all over this country, to the sympathetic attitude of several of the foreign commissioners, and especially to the efficient co-operation and able assistance of the president of the Society of San Francisco Artists, the proposed extended exhibition has become a reality.

Of the foreign works in the Exposition there has been retained intact the Norwegian section and the section of the Philippine Islands, together with those portions of the international section which included works by Hungarian and Austrian artists, works by the Italian Futurists, and the representative collection of works by Axel Gallen-Kallela, the famous Finnish painter. The works by British artists, too, have been retained, and while a number of works from the Holland section have (because of previous engagement) been withdrawn, this section is perhaps stronger now than during the Exposition proper, through the activity of Mr. G. E. De Vries, the manager of the section, who made an especial trip to

Holland and returned with a selected group of paintings of great interest and importance.

Through the co-operation of the American Federation of Arts a score of important paintings representing various European schools have been added to the collection and there has been installed two galleries of paintings forwarded by the Chilean national government, representing the artists of that country and received in San Francisco too late to have been previously installed in the Palace of Fine Arts.

The United States section, depleted by sales, has been built up again through replacements by the artists whose works were sold and by additions of great importance from artists who, for one reason or another, were not represented in the Exposition proper.

Among these latter Joseph De Camp and Frank W. Benson have made valuable contributions. An entire gallery representing the work of Arthur B. Davies shows the recent development of one of the most interesting seekers after æsthetic truth that America has yet produced, and an entire gallery devoted to the works by John Marin introduce to the West a water-color painter who is destined to high place in the art history of this country. Men somewhat represented in the Exposition, especial collections of whose works are shown in separate galleries, are Walter Griffin, George Bellows, and Charles H. Woodbury. Ernest Lawson, Arthur B. Carles, Walt Kuhn, Henry L. McFee, and C. Bertram Hartman are among those who have greatly strengthened the showing originally made by them with works of extraordinary interest in various directions. A gallery has been devoted to the recent etchings of Mr. Frank W. Benson, who is better known as a painter than as an etcher, which may also be said of Childe Hassam, who, like Benson, has recently made fascinating use of the etcher's needle and a group of whose works is also added to the print collection.

To sum up: The entire one hundred and twenty galleries of the Palace of Fine Arts were rehung and with the possibility of a less crowded hanging, the effect of the galleries as a whole is, in the opinion of many, more agreeable than it was before. Something over six thousand works are now presented to the people of San Francisco as a temporary art exhibition.

Size is by no means the measure of the value of an art exhibition, but the number of living American artists whose work is of pre-eminent importance who are not represented is extremely small, and the effort has been made with some success to preserve a standard as high or higher than that of the United States section of the Exposition, and, at the same time, the exhibition is about fifteen times as large as the usual annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, and more than ten times as large as the usual annual exhibition of any one of the leading art institutions of the East. Without the generous co-operation of the artists themselves such a result would have been impossible, and it is greatly to be hoped that the public, which called for this extension, may not neglect the opportunity of profiting by it.

THE EXPOSITION: AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTIC POWER

By JOHN McLURE HAMILTON

CITIES, like men, allow their opportunities to pass them by. I still have reason to remember a day at Christy's, in London, twenty years ago, when I saw with amazement six or seven paintings by Degas knocked down at prices not exceeding three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Such an opportunity has never recurred for acquiring a group of masterpieces, and I look back upon that time with an ever-increasing regret, and an omnipresent sense of an irreparable loss.

So, with Chicago, the city that had the then unique privilege of possessing upon its lake shore a sham white stucco city which surpassed in beauty and grandeur anything that had been seen upon this continent. The contrast between this beautiful unreal thing and the hideous reality where the citizens pursued their commercial and social life, was so striking that I asked the Chicagoans whom I met if the sham city could not be made real and the real one obliterated. The answer came that there was not enough civic enterprise, or sufficient money to accomplish such a gigantic feat.

Chicago's bricks and mortar remain—the water-front, once so classically adorned by temples and colonnades, by fountains and lagoons—has been disfigured by the smoke and steam of commercial enterprise.

A similar opportunity has now presented itself to San Francisco. On the shores of a beautiful bay, which probably has not a rival in the world, another wonderful sham city has been built. From the heights it glimmers opalescent, suggesting an Oriental dream of fairy palaces. Down in the gardens among the palaces, the pavilion in which stands Paul Bartlett's statue of Lafayette, the trees, the hedges, and the lagoon, peopled by myriads of water-fowl, suggest the idea of permanence, of stability, even of age. Through the arches of the colonnades, glimpses of the recently built white and gray houses of San Francisco give an impression of the domestic architecture of Europe in the Middle Ages. The water-front of a city is always potentially its most attractive feature, but, unfortunately, this is oftentimes not recognized until almost too late, as in London, where it has not been many years since the embankment, which now runs from the Houses of Parliament to Black Friars, was built. The stranger entering London from the south is met by a spectacle of unusual splendor. From the Houses of Parliament in the west to the dome of St. Paul's, arising majestically in the east, the architecture is enhanced by the high stone wall which forms a rampart to the swiftly flowing tides of the Thames. On the south side of the river, on the contrary, warehouses, wharves, and ugly shot-towers, which at night

present a splendid field for blatant advertisement, still disfigure the river. Whistler may not have agreed with me—he frequently selected the wharves, the barges, the lightermen for the subject of some of his most masterly etchings, but we are now dealing with that branch of art known as architecture, not etching. It is the ambition of architects, and always has been, to enrich their cities with majestic buildings and massive bridges. A prosperous town aims to sweep away the evidence of the means of its prosperity.

There is but one city where commerce seems to mingle naturally and appropriately with the general design and character of the architecture. That city is Amsterdam. Its commercial waterways wind in and out among the houses of the wealthy, barges laden with the produce of the East, glide to and fro all day long, in complete harmony with the old brick residences of the burghers, who can watch from their front windows their cargoes reflected in the waters of the canal. In a somewhat similar way, Venice combines its social and commercial life, but Venice has the Piazza San Marco and the Doges' Palace. When the citizens of Paris decided to hold their last international exposition, they commenced to build in ample time and in solid stone, with a view to permanency, the Trocadero, the Palais des Beaux Arts, and Palais de L'Industrie. This bespoke the enterprise and the foresight of a clear-thinking people. With the exception of these buildings, the fair, and it was a real fair, having all the ephemeral characteristics of such, suggested nothing permanent. When the tawdry imitative domes and minarets were cleared away Paris gained. This can not be said of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of San Francisco. When the buildings and the courts are removed from the Marina, San Francisco will lose something which it may never be able to regain, and I feel the importance of insisting upon the opportunity now presented to beautify the waterfront. The best place for an art gallery is as near the center of a city as possible. The best patronized gallery of pictures is the Royal Academy of London, which stands easy of access in the most frequented thoroughfare of the metropolis. The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is also well attended, but the South Kensington Museum, owing to its comparative remoteness, and in spite of its extensive and rich collections of every kind of artistic treasure, is shamefully neglected. But as San Francisco is to have a permanent art gallery, and as there is already a Fine Arts Palace, most fortunately placed in a setting of unusual attractiveness, it would behoove the architects of this great city to consider seriously the advantages of the present site, before finally deciding upon another.

The latent talent and genius which California possessed, were stirred into action by the call of the creators of the Exposition, and men who might otherwise have continued to live unfruitful lives, some have realized, as if by magic, the extent of their artistic powers, solely through the awakening influence of the demand for an expression of beauty. Would it not be regrettable to allow so great an architectural achievement to melt away like a house of snow?

ART IDEALS IN CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITIES

By ARTHUR B. CLARK

THE ART-MIND of a people consists in their habitual state of artistic emotion, the response they give to constant environment. Manufactured surroundings, human products, are an expression of that state of mind. The total amount of art in the world is always the same, the quality varies from good to bad. We always dress in taste, either good taste or poor taste. We eat, talk, act, and build in the same way, expressing an harmonious spiritual or artistic condition, or one which is disorganized, ugly, and careless. As every atom of the universe is constantly acted upon by the constant and inexorable force of gravitation, so is every article of human production a reaction upon human spirit, affecting it favorably in good art, or unfavorably in bad art. The proverb of the art world might be, "As a man materializes so is he." One's dress, furniture, pictures, office, and house express his personality, himself. They do this either negatively by what they are not or positively by what they are.

Unightly factories or bill-boards or waste city lots piled with rubbish betoken unlovely artistic states of civic mind; while care and pride taken in these matters, as well as in nobly conceived public parks and buildings, betoken a city of spiritual richness.

And yet art wealth consists not in the isolated masterpieces which a city or state may possess, either of painting, sculpture or of architecture; for these may be foreign to its spirit, their possession an accident of chance, or a circumstance of thrifty avarice. Properly to possess a work of art, a people must feel the deep emotion which it embodies. For example, the mere possession of the mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library does not give the Bostonians the art wealth of Puvis de Chavannes. Mentally to possess those masterpieces, the Bostonians must, through habitual conditions of artistic perception, through experiences of contemplation in the open fields and sky and on the street, arrive at the peaceful calm of the great master; then his message of infinite tranquillity can be received.

Again, if a great artist of Gothic times should waken from the dead and direct the building of a great Gothic cathedral in San Francisco, neither San Francisco nor any other American city, in such circumstances, could possess the art of that cathedral because the spiritual state of the modern mind is not that of Gothic times.

These illustrations indicate why it is that a style of art is a product of national growth and why art can only live truly in being an expression of an habitual state of mind, and also why art must be an integral part of education.

Thought, or soul, grows by expression. If there is no expression there is no soul. Art is the only language by which the finest conceptions of perfection and the noblest passions which identify human beings from other animals can be developed and put forth. No amount of physical good health and exercise, nor of agreeable clothing, nor of appetizing food, nor the satisfaction which results from successful achievement in commercial, social, or political enterprise, fine and essential though these things are, can take the place of the particular spiritual growth which comes to the soul through the realization of art.

The language of art is obscure only to those who keep aloof from its best forms. Michael Angelo's "Pieta" and Rodin's "Saint John the Baptist" are as clear in the expression of human passion as any human expression can be. It is only to the boor that the "ridiculous is dangerously near to the sublime."

It is the task of art education in the public schools, from the kindergarten to the university, to see that children are not stupid boors in art, who see only the weak and ridiculous, but rather acquainted with art's language and responsive spirits appreciative of the sublime. And this not alone in isolated places like art museums, but in the faces, the carriage, and the clothing of the people whom one sees daily, and in the contour of hills, buildings, and trees which are silhouetted in one's daily view against the sky.

The character of a city can grow only as its people express civic pride through civic art.

The character of a city like Paris consists in the expression of individuality given to its many avenues, squares, and public buildings. Its monuments put forth by sculpture, in proper mood, the sentiment and human emotion of each place. Sometimes the emotion is of past tragedy, as in the Place de la Concorde; again of proud exaltation, as in the Arc du Triomphe de L'Etoile, or of geographic wealth of the earth, as in the Trocadero. A walk or drive in Paris can never be monotonous because each place has its character made manifest in the language of art. Mere signboards might indicate the bare facts of history, but only art can record its significance in terms of human emotion. The streets meander and join at many angles, fulfilling human needs, hence being human streets. Not at once was Paris built, but through centuries of change adding and supplanting the less expressive by the more fit and expressive, a process which still goes on, for the city is not yet finished.

The universities have among their resources in art instruction reproductions of the European masterpieces of art, so that great artists of the Renaissance, who were but names (or even less) to most Americans two generations ago, are now known, in part at least, to every school child. Great buildings are likewise available for study. This study of the world's masterpieces can not fail to arouse the desire for emulation. But more than this is essential for adequate art instruction. One learns to do by doing. Intimate acquaintance with live artists who are meeting today's requirements in art is essential to the production of vital passion

for the development of national art. The university atmosphere must be so charged with art ideas, past and present, that every graduate who goes into the world, whether as a school superintendent, teacher, city engineer, alderman, or merely as a householder, will be a force in promoting good national art.

To rebuild our cities into such orderly artistic forces as the recent Exposition attained—that is a worthy task. The response to the art of the Exposition was universal, the lives of all who saw it were incalculably enriched. Such art influences our cities may continually put forth in their permanent grounds and buildings, not only through harmonious lines and color, but through the highest expression of human energy and passion in paintings and sculpture.

The universities and colleges stand for symmetrical development of all forces essential to human perfection. Fortunately, California's institutions provide instruction in art, if not as generously as they provide instruction in sciences and letters, still as generously as art instruction is provided in similar institutions elsewhere. Sad, indeed, is a one-sided culture, either in science, letters, theology, or commerce; all are needed and with them the recognition of live energetic art as a fundamental essential of civilization.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS OTHER THAN
CALIFORNIAN



PIONEER MOTHER MONUMENT

By CHARLES GRAFLY



THE GENIUS OF CREATION

By DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH



SIGNING OF LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY

By KARL BITTER



LECTERN FOR CLARK MEMORIAL CHAPEL
PAMFRET SCHOOL, PAMFRET, CONN.

By A. A. WEINMAN



WOOD NYMPH

By ISIDORE KONTI



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

By HERBERT ADAMS



YOUNG MOTHER

By BELA L. PRATT



FLORA AND SONNY-BOY WHITNEY

By JAMES EARL FRASER



SEATED LINCOLN

By AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS



PRIMA MATER

By VICTOR S. HOLM

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



HENRY WARD BEECHER

By JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD



THE OUTCAST

By ATTILIO PICCIRILLI

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



THE BRONZE TURKEY

By ALBERT LAESSLE



L'AMOUR

By EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



CENTAUR AND DRYAD

By PAUL MANSHIP



THE SOLDIER OF MARATHON

By PAUL NOUQUET

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

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MUSE FINDING HEAD OF ORPHEUS

By EDWARD BERGE

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



THE MOTHER OF THE DEAD

By C. S. PIETRO

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



FRAGMENT OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME

By LORADO TAFT



THE SCALP

By EDWARD BERGE

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

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THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE CANDLESTICK MAKER

By FREDERICK G. R. ROTH



WASHINGTON
By SOLON H. BORGELUM



AMERICAN BISON
Big A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

THE SCOUT
By CYRUS E. DALLIN





DUCK BABY

By EDITH BARRETTO PARSONS

Photographed by Willard E. Worden
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YOUNG PAN

By JANET SCUDDER

Photographed by Willard E. Worden
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BOY WITH FISH

By BELA L. PRATT

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YOUNG DIANA

By JANET SCUDDER

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



WILD FLOWER

By EDWARD BERGE

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BOY PAN WITH FROG

By CLEMENT J. BARNHORN

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



BOY AND FROG

By EDWARD BERGE

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



THE GIRL WITH THE DOLPHIN

By HARRIET W. FRISHMUTH

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION

By JOHN I. WALTER

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION, which conducts the San Francisco Institute of Art, and its School of Design, was organized on March 28, 1871, for the promotion and encouragement of art in the community.

It is an interesting fact—one in which San Francisco may take just pride—that this city thus organized its art work as early as did New York or Boston—a striking testimony to the artistic energy of California. For the last forty-one years the Association has pursued its ends unceasingly, holding exhibitions and lectures, maintaining a large and important school, and interesting itself in every art movement in the city and state.

After occupying the Museum Room of the Mercantile Library for the first year of its existence, the Association rented apartments at 313 Pine Street, where it remained until 1876, and then moved to 430 Pine Street. On March 4, 1893, it entered into possession of what was thereafter known as the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

This important change in its housing was brought about through the munificence of Mr. Edward F. Searles of Methuen, Massachusetts, the owner of the property referred to, and who deeded the buildings and grounds to the regents of the State University in trust for the uses of the Art Association, under its commemorative title.

Superbly and most picturesquely located, this magnificent edifice was originally designed for a residence by the pioneer citizen whose name it bore. Well adapted primarily to the purposes for which it was used, the place through the further generosity of Mr. Searles underwent many changes, increasing its advantages as an art institute. Most notable of these was the transformation of one of the buildings into a home for the School, and the addition to the house proper of a spacious hall for the exhibition of pictures, known as the Mary Frances Searles Gallery.

The School of Design was founded by the Association February 8, 1874. It was equipped at the outset with a most admirable collection of casts, presented by the French government in recognition of San Francisco's contribution to the fund for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Franco-Prussian war. To these were added by gift and purchase many other casts, together with all the paraphernalia necessary for a school of art. From the beginning the School won for itself an excellent name, being at one time publicly commended by Benjamin Constant before his class in Paris. When the School was established in the Mark Hopkins Institute with an able corps of instructors, the spacious buildings, beautiful grounds, and adjacent art museum with its library and

galleries, served to increase the attendance, and added to its field of usefulness during the next thirteen years.

Then came the great catastrophe of 1906, when fire following upon an earthquake devastated the city and laid the greater part of it in ashes. The Art Institute, museum, and school buildings were destroyed, together with nearly all their contents; pictures, statuary, library, school equipment, the accumulations of nearly thirty-five years, were almost entirely swept out of existence. Owing to the isolated position of the Institute, and the precautions taken against any ordinary fire, very little insurance was carried, so that the monetary loss, as well as loss in objects of art which can never be replaced, was appalling.

Nevertheless, in spite of lack of means and the broken and disordered condition of the city following the catastrophe, the Association succeeded in erecting a building on the foundations of the former Institute and reopening the School with all its departments within little more than a year after its destruction. Such pictures and statuary as were saved were installed in suitable rooms and a new library begun. In view of the fact that the memorial buildings of the Mark Hopkins Institute were obliterated it was decided to call the Institute thereafter the San Francisco Institute of Art.

Notwithstanding that for many months the new Institute stood almost alone in a wilderness of ruins and was difficult of access, the attendance at the School steadily increased until today, when the city has once more resumed its prosperous condition, the School is reëstablished on its former well known efficient basis, and with the largest enrollment in its history. Although the building is temporary in character it is well constructed and with a special regard to the needs of the School and is exceedingly well adapted to its purposes. The rooms are large, well lighted, ventilated and heated, and the equipment of all the classes is very complete.

The following is a partial list of painters, sculptors, illustrators and teachers who have been students in the School, comprising names many of them well known in America, and some of them in Europe as well: Albertine Randall Wheelan, Illustrator and Designer; Theodore Wores, Painter and Instructor; Robert I. Aitken, Sculptor; Ernest C. Peixotto, Painter, Author and Illustrator; Harry M. Seawell, Painter and Instructor; Charles J. Dickman, Painter; James Swinnerton, Cartoonist; Guy Rose, Painter; Edward Cucueil, Painter and Illustrator (Germany); Alice B. Chittenden, Painter and Instructor; Lucia K. Mathews, Painter and Instructor; Matilda Lotz, Painter; Amedee Joullin, Painter; M. Earl Cummings, Sculptor and Instructor; Charles Rollo Peters, Painter; Alexander Harrison, Painter (Paris); Carlos J. Hittell, Painter and Designer for Scientific Work; Maurice Del Mue, Painter and Newspaper Illustrator; E. Almond Withrow, Painter; Maren M. Froelich, Painter and Instructor; John Guston Borglum, Sculptor; Harold Sickal, Illustrator and Designer; Bertha Boye, Sculptor; Homer Davenport, Cartoonist; Isabel Percy, Instructor; Joseph Greenbaum, Painter; Gertrude

Morin Withers, Illustrator and Instructor; John M. Gamble, Painter; Henry Raleigh, Illustrator for Magazines and Periodicals; G. F. P. Piazoni, Painter and Instructor; Chris Jorgensen, Painter; C. Chapel Judson, Painter and Instructor; Granville Redmond, Painter; G. Cadenasso, Painter and Instructor; George Dannenberg, Painter and Illustrator; Florence Manor, Sculptor; Theodore J. Keene, Dean Chicago Art Institute; Lorenzo P. Latimer, Painter and Instructor; Evelyn M. McCormick, Painter; Pedro J. Lemos, Illustrator and Instructor; Maynard Dixon, Painter and Illustrator; Xavier Martinez, Painter and Instructor; M. De Neale Morgan, Painter; Mabel Shively, Instructor; Bertha Stringer Lee, Painter; John T. Lemos, Designer and Instructor; Mary T. Menton, Painter; Percy T. Ivory, Illustrator; Florence Lundborg, Painter; John A. Stanton, Painter and Instructor; Percy Grey, Painter and Instructor; Ralph Stackpole, Sculptor; Perham Nahl, Painter and Instructor; Edgar Walter, Sculptor; Cyrus Cuneo, Illustrator; Joseph Raphael, Painter; Eric Pape, Painter, Illustrator and Instructor; Blanche Letcher, Painter and Illustrator; Sarah Bender de Wolff, Painter; Clara McChesney, Painter; Adrian Maschfer, Illustrator; Adolph Triedler, Illustrator; Henry Raschen, Painter; Charles Carlson, Painter.

Among the many teachers and supervisors of art whose work has been identified with the public schools of California and other states are the following: Edith M. Bushnell, Grace Stewart, Zinie Kidder, Cora M. Boone, Fanny Edgerton, Gladys M. Chase, Calthea Vivian, Hilda Cooke, Grace Dawson, Martha Kuck, Henrietta White, Ethel H. Martin, Amy B. Dewing, Cornelia Deneen, Nellie Bryant, Dora Jacobs, Leone Kays, Victoria Stewart, Gertrude Byron, Violet Brown, Fannie McGlashan Williams, Juanita Nicholson, Florence M. Nutting, Elizabeth Ferrea, Rosa Murdoch, A. Altmann, Loretta Best, Mrs. Dal Piaz, Goldie Powell, Marie Reeves, Marie Gleeson, Louise Tessin, Marietta Diggs, Clifford Neil, Haidee Tobriner, Mrs. W. Y. Phelps, Lydia F. Fuller, and Hazel Watrous; while in the State University of California are C. Chapel Judson, Harry W. Seawell, M. Earl Cummings, Perham Nahl and H. B. Monges.

It is generally conceded by art educators and those qualified to judge that the California School of Design conducted by the San Francisco Institute of Art is the largest, best equipped, and the superior art school of the West.

Of the thousands who have studied in the School of Design a large proportion have achieved success in the profession of art, some having become distinguished, while many hundreds have become self-supporting in various art industries.

The Art Institute has a superior reputation, not only throughout the United States but in Europe as well.

In open competition entered into by all of the art schools of the United States and Canada for the scholarships awarded by the Art Students' League of New York, the San Francisco Art Institute has led during the past three years. During the year 1913 five awards out of eleven were

won by students of the San Francisco Institute of Art. During the year 1914 five awards out of seventeen were won, more than was granted to any other one school. During the year 1915 the greatest number of awards was again received.

The School's exhibition in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was awarded a gold and a silver medal for its excellence.

Several scholarships and cash prizes are awarded to students at the end of each year for the best work, enabling ambitious students further opportunities of free tuition.

Every effort is used by the School to secure employment for those students who are prepared and desire to enter the art industries.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, not long ago, supplied a typical instance of the esteem in which the School of Design is held in the world of art, when it published the following news item:

"'Our hats are off to them,' said Robert Aitken, instructor in sculpture in the Art Students' League of New York. Aitken formerly was instructor in the same department of art at the San Francisco institution when it was known as 'Mark Hopkins.' He is here on a short vacation.

"'Not only do Western students win the larger share of the scholarships, but immediately on entrance for their year's free study, almost invariably they take No. 1 positions in their classes. Any other city than San Francisco would boast inordinately about this, but you seem to take it as a matter of course, and indeed it happens so frequently that the New York faculty of the Art Students' League is beginning to accept Western superiority as a matter of course, too.'"

Realizing that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has created the most profound and widespread public interest in art, the directors of the Association knew it to be their duty to so strengthen the membership and financial resources of the Association as to bring about the establishment of a permanent and thoroughly equipped museum and school of art.

That which had sufficed for San Francisco up to the magical year of 1915 had suddenly become altogether inadequate. The Exposition had literally created tens of thousands of lovers and students of art.

Therefore, the Association invited the coöperation and affiliation of the San Francisco Society of Artists, an organization which in little more than a year had built up a membership of nearly four hundred, which included many of the most celebrated artists of the day in America. It was to the influence and energy of Arthur F. Mathews and Francis McComas that this great success of the young society was mainly due, but it would be far from just not to recognize the very vital part played by the Sketch Club, an organization of women artists which had done very fruitful work indeed in San Francisco, and which formed the nucleus around which the San Francisco Society of Artists was formed.

The San Francisco Society of Artists responded with sincere and characteristic zeal. Committees representing both bodies held a series of

conferences which finally and most happily resulted in the amalgamation of the two organizations.

At the same time, some fifteen to twenty of the most representative of the women's organizations formed an executive committee pledged to an active campaign to assist the San Francisco Art Association to enlarge its membership. As a matter of historical record, and one which redounds with great credit to the women's organizations of San Francisco, it seems proper to write down the names of those who form that committee. They are as follows: Mrs. Joseph Fife, Chairman; Mrs. Edwin Stadtmuller, Chairman of Art for San Francisco District of Federated Clubs; Mrs. Alice A. Fredericks, Mrs. E. D. Knight, Mrs. Paul Goodloe, Mrs. C. E. Grunsky, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Caroline Rixford Johnson, and Miss Anne M. Bremer.

As soon as the general public understood the significance of the new movement they set the seal of their approval and support upon it, so that in a very short time the San Francisco Art Association had gained more than a thousand members. As these lines are being written only a short time after the start of the campaign, it seems quite safe to prophesy that the time is not far distant when the San Francisco Art Association will have a membership of at least three thousand, and will possess ample funds for the great work which it has undertaken.

THE OAKLAND PUBLIC MUSEUM

By ROBERT B. HARSHE

THE EXPOSITION is over. Compounded of illusion and reality, of evanescence and immutability, its effect will nevertheless be more tangible than is imagined. Chiefly this effect will find, as it always has found, its most concrete expression in the field of the arts. Just as the Centennial meant the beginning of manual training and of impressionistic painting in the United States, just as the Columbian Exposition connoted better architecture and a stride away from the cast-iron age of sculpture, just as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition gave us an insight into the meaning of applied arts, so will the Panama-Pacific Exposition leave behind it, quite aside from its national or international results, a local legacy of an importance not yet realized.

That the San Francisco Bay region will in a few years become one of the art centers of America is inevitable. Already on every hand societies are springing up for preservation of what has been left of exposition architecture, painting, and sculpture. The artists of San Francisco have buried each their several hatchets to work in unison for better things and movements are on foot not only to conserve the best fruits of the past, but to plan constructively for the future.

Not least among the results of the Exposition has been its influence upon the Oakland Public Museum. Devoting itself chiefly to natural history, to ethnology, and to Colonial and Pacific Coast history, it opened for the first time on February 1, 1916, its art galleries to the public. Housed, as these are, in the new Municipal Auditorium, they overlook Lake Merritt, and enjoy the advantage of a site which is perhaps not surpassed by that of any civic building in America. The works of California artists (this article is written early in the year) in a series of monthly one-man shows will be exhibited free to the public and in addition there will be an annual exhibition of national importance. Just how important will depend on time, tide, and subscriptions from members of the Alameda County Art Association.

The attitude of most museums is moribund or, at least, non-progressive. When exhibits have been installed, when shows have been hung, the work of the director is thought to be finished and the lay public is left to find out as best it may what it is all about. Labels are sketchy, information scarce, the remarks of the janitor are not illuminating, and the curator is occupied in producing a monograph which when finished will give to a waiting world the noteworthy information that the antennæ of the Madagascar lepidopteræ go wiggle waggle while those of other bugs are inclined toward the Swedish school of gymnastics.

Our City of Oakland is more aggressive. She will, with educational moving pictures, with docent service, with stereopticon lectures bait a trail to the museum, and she will, with her public school extension work, actually carry the museum into the schools.

Just at present, the museum is suffering from an embarrassment of riches. Foreign and state commissioners and the National Government itself have been so generous that we have thousands of dollars' worth of exhibits and exhibit cases and no adequate space in which to display them. It is to be hoped that ere long there may arise from the roster of Oakland's prominent men one who will support this movement, who is broad and catholic in his tastes, inspired by a desire to serve his fellow men and to hand down to posterity a name worthy to rank with that of Field and Albright, with that of Harris or Hackley.

WILLIAM KEITH AND HIS TIMES

By MABEL URMY SEARES

THE PLACE of William Keith in California's art is distinct and important, for the record of his artistic development is the story of California's entrance into the history of art.

When in the days of forty-nine the Argonauts came swinging down the western slope of the Sierra, what esthetical ideas they entertained were centered in the "East" to be fulfilled when golden piles should send the wanderers home again. Art then held no very important place even on the Atlantic border. But international expositions, in England in 1851, in France in 1856, and in America in 1876, were soon to awaken the world to its better appreciation. During this artistic renaissance San Francisco gained, in three decades, full five hundred times its early population. Gold easily obtained was freely spent. Millionaires were in the making and soon began to lavish wealth on sumptuous homes in California. Only the best was then considered good enough for those who had deliberately left the civilization of the East or the genial, ideal life of their war-swept Southern homes to make new fortunes while they helped to found an empire on this distant El Dorado's shore.

In New York, American art was soon to show new life in the impulse given it by that group of younger men who returned from their studies in Munich and Paris, organized the Society of American Artists, and introduced into this country the methods of French studios and of the Fontainebleau painters. Opulent San Francisco, following this lead, sought with a lavish hand her art in European stores and brought it home to decorate the walls of Nob Hill palaces. Here in the closing years of the nineteenth century its remnants and the very palaces themselves fostered and furnished inspiration for the budding local art.

Meanwhile William Keith was advancing from his discarded woodcuts and early water-colors to become the foremost landscape painter of the Coast. Studying for years from nature under beneficent skies, he solved for himself the current problems of the school of Barbizon and gained a loyal and devoted following.

No group of contemporary painters surrounds him to hide from the mind of the student his unique office of relating the early history of California art to that definite period represented in France by the works of Daubigny and Corot. When Mr. Keith came to California in 1859 most of the men and women who are now the leaders of American art in the East as well as in the West were in their earliest childhood and had yet to enjoy those long years of study in Paris, which, collectively, have had so great an influence in this country. It is not with the work of these painters that the art of William Keith should be placed.

But, rather, as the flowering in California of the Hudson River impulse must his paintings be grouped with those of his contemporaries, who, breaking away from the academical principles so long encrusting art, gave to the world the ideas of individual liberty in subject and treatment which vitalized Impressionism.

On his first visit to Mr. Keith in 1890, when the Californian had developed his mastery of technique, George Inness, the elder, spent his whole two months' vacation discussing art with his sympathetic host, and the latter summed up his estimate of one phase of Mr. Keith's genius in the following significant words, "Not one of us (including the great French men of his own date) can carry a picture so far by the first intention, except, perhaps, Rousseau." As illustrative of the harmony in spirit in common between the two artists, we have taken the liberty of quoting the following recent comment by Mr. A. J. Philpott, published in the *Boston Globe*:

"William Keith was famous on the Pacific Coast as the 'California Inness.'

"Certainly these two American painters were very much alike in their attitude toward nature. Both were of the poetic temperament and were not only impressed by the grandeur of nature in a panoramic way, but were also sensitive in the charm of the glimpses of nature where merely a pool of water, a clump of trees, a bit of silvery sky, and the quietness of the moment impressed them.

"This shows a wide range of sympathy, but the bigness of the artist in both cases lay in the fact that they could compress any scene into a picture in which two simple facts stand out prominently—a broad shadow and a broad light. In the soft veil of shadow were all the color and detail necessary and in the light there always seemed to be the full luminosity of color. It is complexity reduced to simplicity and it shows always the great artist."

And the spirit and mastery of the "California Inness" find expression in all its poetry and charm in the three canvases here reproduced.

"Revelation" is a rare example of lights and shadows. The sky is typical of Keith's best. Shadowy trees are reflected in a stream and alongside there leads a path in which stands a figure enraptured before the light in the heavens. This work symbolizes the spiritual nature of Keith. "Symphony of Peace" is one of a group of three, two of which were purchased by Jacob Schiff in 1907. He presented one to the Frankfurt Gallery in Germany. "Symphony of Peace" and "Revelation" are owned by Keith's daughter, Mrs. E. N. Harmon, who has reserved for her personal collection a number of his best works, many of which were loaned for exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. "Spirit of Music" is one of the artist's notable "gong series" and the one especially requested by him to be retained for a permanent collection. It reveals that innate love of the mystic with which Keith's wonderful art was steeped. This picture is owned by Mrs. William Keith.

If we remember that in 1856, when young Keith was engraving wood blocks in New York, Rousseau had just been worthily recognized in Paris at the Exposition Universelle, where all his rejected pictures of the previous twenty years had been gathered in one of the finest of the many splendid groups there hung, we shall realize the point to which the art of modern painting had developed when William Keith began to work. It was ten years later that Manet and Monet, Sisley and Cezanne formed the group of plein air painters who broke away even more forcibly from the academic manner than did Corot and his friends.

Meanwhile Mr. Keith had settled in California and was revelling in her out-of-doors, trying by every means in his power to attain to self-expression and working out through years of isolation and unending study the new problems of light and air. Whatever of help Mr. Keith had from older painters lay rather in the state to which they had raised their art than in any direct instruction. One year he had in Duesseldorf. A few portraits, with the blackness of bitumen which now shows in paintings of that period, may be credited to that European trip. In 1893 a fleeting glimpse of Paris and Madrid showed him what European painters had done and were doing and gave him new inspirations for those multiple experiments which occupied his time.

As an individual painter Mr. Keith charms and holds us by the spirituality and fertile imagination shown in his interpretations of California landscape and in the sure mastery with which he records on canvas some inner vision Nature has evoked. But the just historian must do more than merely place him and his work in the list of California's art contributions to the world. In its efforts toward art expression the Pacific Coast is found to be singularly fortunate in the man himself and in the firm position which his art achieved. Born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, of a strong line in which the name of Bruce is mingled with that of Keith, the artist had in his nature unbounded energy and that tenacity of purpose which enabled him to sacrifice everything else to his art. In the hard school of the wood engraver he was drilled in a draughtsmanship without which the painter is forever handicapped. Upon this severe training he built up his art, and as he sat in his studio or sketched in the open country of Marin, the Sierra forests, or among his beloved live oaks, what of artistic loss he might have suffered from his isolation was in a way made up to him by many near and notable friends. These bought his first water colors, wisely seeing the promise which needed but a helping hand. No offer of aid was despised and the little oval paintings set in the early ferry boats upon San Francisco Bay for years attested to his first determination to paint in oils.

On the side of science, destined to play so large a part in the painter's knowledge of nature, Mr. Keith was not without comrades and opportunities. John Muir, the mountain lover, accompanied him on Sierra sketching tours, and under Berkeley's academic oak he talked with John and Joseph Le Conte.

At this time of earnest, untiring study when in France the Japanese

print was having its effect on the simplification of color and tone in the painting of the early Impressionists, and when in England Whistler expressed in current art the same Oriental power to subordinate detail, there was coming constantly to the California coast a treasure trove of art from China and Japan. We can not as yet estimate the effect which this Oriental heritage in art ideals may have upon our Western ways of work. But it is certain that it gives to all who study it a subtler sense of decoration and a strong desire for simplicity of scene. To William Keith it must have spoken in many unrecorded ways and there are stories of his sitting in the twilight listening to the waves of sound which circled out from a great Chinese gong or vase and in his fancy seeing compositions full of beauty which in the years of his best work he embodied in the notable "gong series" now in the gallery of Doctor Hugh Tevis, who gave him the melodious piece of bronze. Out of such informing circumstances and surrounded by such friends Mr. Keith evolved his vigorous art through a lifetime of enthusiastic labor. Studying always some new method of using pigment and brush he nevertheless stopped not by the technical wayside but pushed on through the perfecting of that representation of nature by which the spirit speaks.

Having mastered the delineation of the California live oak so that the ramification of its branches, the beauty of its boll, and the rich colors of its foliage were his to conjure with, he used groups of these gnome-haunted trees bathed in sunlight or deep in shadow to express the emotions of his sensitive mind. The effect of reading one of Poe's weird stories, the tender feeling for her father expressed in a girl friend's book of poems, and at last the full force of his deeply religious nature are found enshrined in his best canvases.

Most potent of all his aids in this endeavor to draw upon the activities of the spirit for inspiration was the friendship of his boon companion of thirty years, Joseph Worcester, who, as builder of the Swedenborgian church, minister, editor, and friend of art, has done more than any other one man to place the foundations of art in San Francisco on the rock of sincerity in its broadest and deepest sense.

The nineteenth century saw many well-trained men and women painting in San Francisco. Amateurs and artists alike frequently went back and forth between Paris, New York, and San Francisco. In the well-established Art Institute with its roster of names now eminent, Arthur Mathews was teaching and developing a group of men and women who form our distinctive school of Western art. And while there was little interchange of painting between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts there was well-defined knowledge of the value of a good picture, and many excellent collections of local art were being formed.

Not only did the children of "the splendid idle forties" maintain a high standard of taste but by their patronage they enabled so discriminating a connoisseur and friend of the artist as William Vickery to set the best of Mr. Keith's increasingly good canvases before the com-

munity and to help establish his position in England and the Atlantic states.

If the story of Mr. Keith's early struggles is the history of art in pioneer California, so the record of his relation to the great fire is the tale of San Francisco's superb meeting of that terrible ordeal as related by Mr. Keith's constant companion, the Reverend Joseph Worcester.

While on his rounds among his parishioners, the pastor stopped at his friend's studio, entered with his own key, and saw the pictures as they lay tumbled on the floor. As no danger from the fire seemed at that time to threaten that part of the city he locked the door again, preferring to leave the studio as it was for Mr. Keith to see. On the second day, from the window of his hill house, Mr. Worcester saw the fire sweep strongly northward and with another friend went down to find what had been done to save the paintings. Again he found them undisturbed upon the floor. Mr. Keith had not been there. Selecting those he knew were most important Mr. Worcester and his helpers carried twenty-six home with them. Everything else in the studio, though later hurried to a place of seeming safety, perished in the fire. In the words of E. N. Harmon, the son-in-law of Mr. Keith, the incalculable loss art suffered may be inferred from the fact that 1000 of Mr. Keith's finished paintings and 1250 sketches or studies were destroyed. Mr. Keith informed Mr. Harmon that included in the loss were forty paintings of the high Sierras and a complete set of all the Missions of California.

Meanwhile the artist had come on that fateful day in April from his Berkeley home, had met at the foot of Market Street all the frightened fliers from the threatened city, saw that the flames were mounting high between him and his studio, and turning, went back to his home across the bay, where, with a borrowed palette and a make-shift easel, he painted "California in Spring," now treasured in the home of one to whom he gave it in appreciation of her care for Mr. Worcester during his illness following the fire.

Many times in preceding years had Mr. Keith been urged to abandon his wooden studio in the old Latin Quarter and move his paintings to a fireproof building. But always he answered: "If they should all burn up what a time I should have painting! How I would paint!" So now, striving with his perfected powers to make a complete record of the glorious visions with which his fertile brain was crowded he forgot the work of years the fire had taken and began as though upon a new, clean canvas to express the beauties of his later spiritual discernment. Up to within a few weeks of his death in 1911 he worked, saying with an artist's regret as he saw his strength had failed him: "Oh, I see such beautiful pictures. I wish that I might paint them."

When through the Golden Gate great ships came streaming and down the steep Sierra cautious trains brought their world treasures to the Fair, towering above it all on Russian Hill's tri-gabled peak the little home of Joseph Worcester formed a shrine for those who wished to see the best of San Francisco's early art. It was his dearest wish to gather

in some permanent place the work which William Keith had counted best among his paintings. One of which he spoke was in the home of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and others had been promised from the Tevis gallery.

And the heirs of William Keith have retained many of his masterpieces, repeatedly refusing to part with them, prompted by the sentiment that these shall form the nucleus of a memorial to him in San Francisco, the artist's city by adoption.

When this memorial is made it will not only commemorate William Keith and all his sympathetic friends, but in it there will be retained for California's posterity that finer spirit of the pioneers which dominates a country cognizant of the best the present holds but still untrammelled by the past.

CALIFORNIAN ETCHERS



CARMEL MISSION

Courtesy Hill Tolerton

Lithograph by LOUIS CHRISTIAN MULLGARDT



FISHING DAY

By PEDRO J. LEMOS



AT GREEN-BRAE

By GOTTARDO F. P. PIAZZONI



SEVEN SOLITUDES

Courtesy Hill Tolerton

Lithograph by WORTH RYDER



COURT OF THE AGES

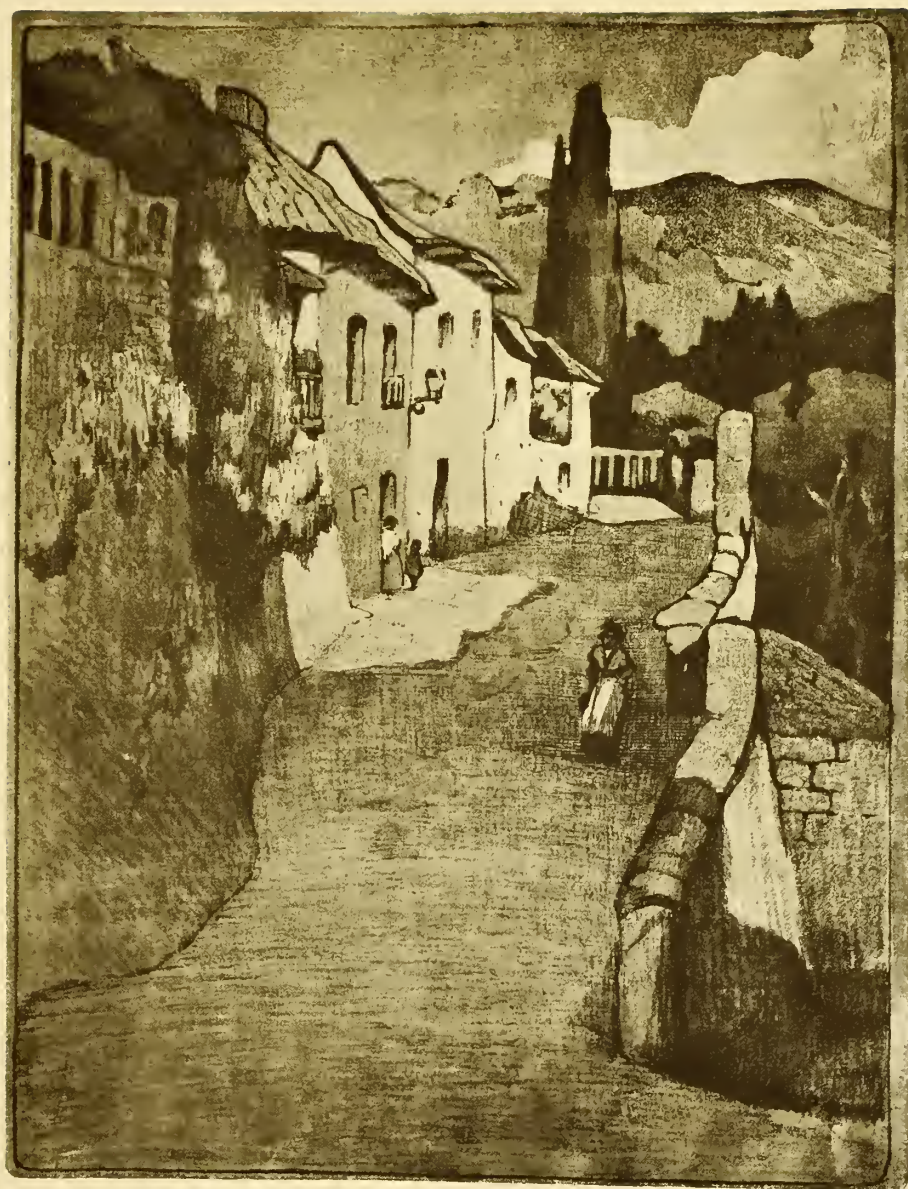
By GERTRUDE PARTINGTON

Panama-Pacific International Exposition



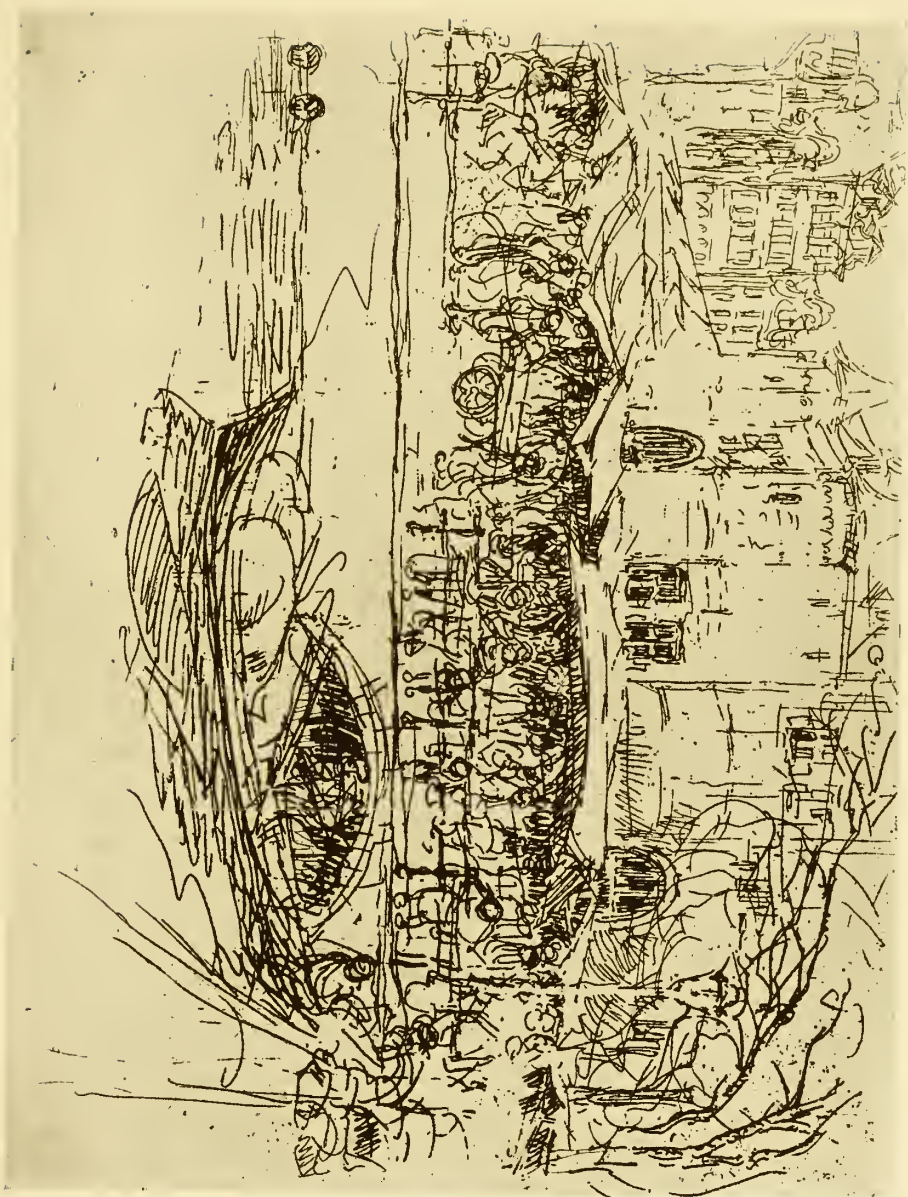
TOWARD THE BAY

By WILLIAM H. WILKE



GRANADA—SPAIN

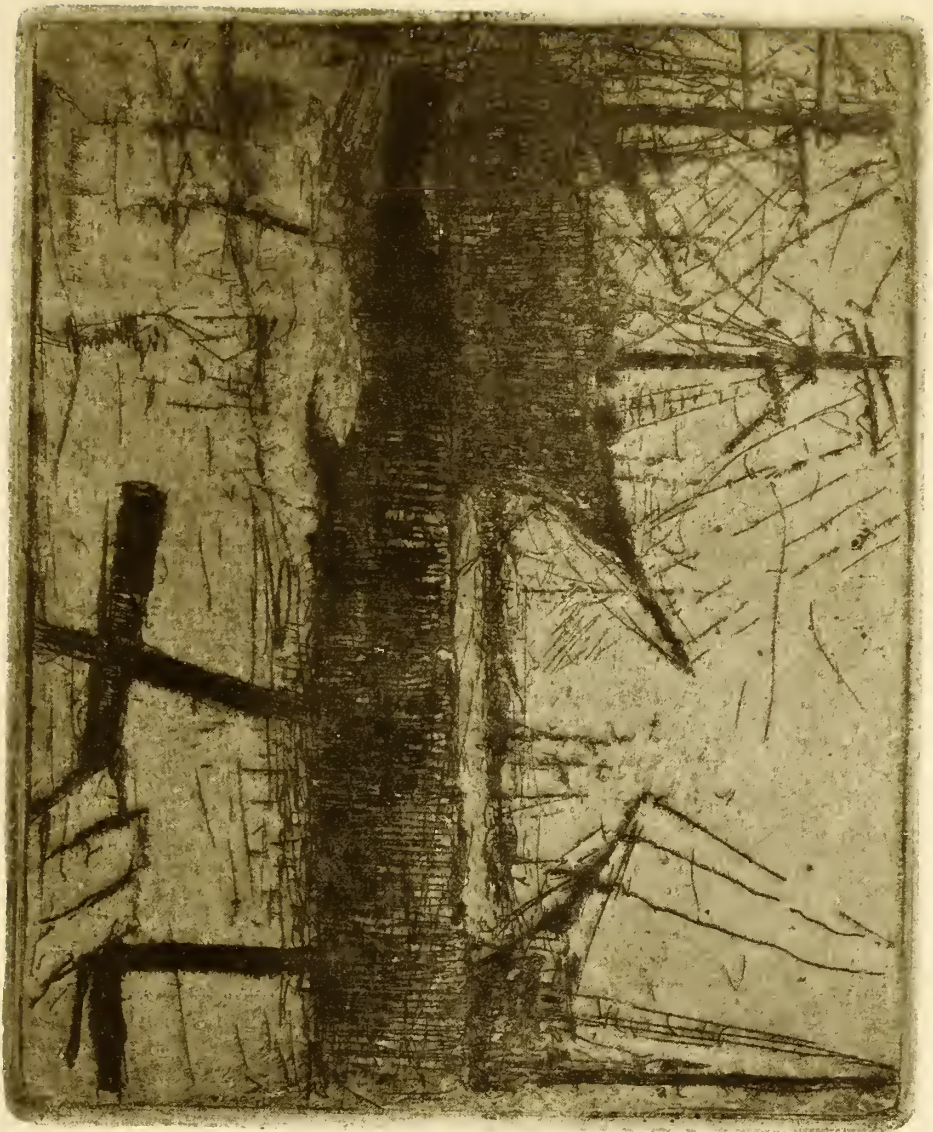
By ISABELLE C. PERCY



ON THE CANAL.
By JOSEPH RAPHAEL.



THE LADY GUINIEVE
A Monotype
By CLARK HOBART



LAI D UP
By ARMIN HANSEN



MONTEREY CYPRESS
By L. F. RANDOLPH



PONT NEUF—PARIS

By CARL OSCAR BORG

CALIFORNIA AND ITS ETCHERS—WHAT THEY MEAN TO EACH OTHER

By PEDRO J. LEMOS

ONCE UPON A TIME a fraternal organization wishing to secure a mural painting appropriated a few score dollars and appointed a committee to see that the mural was properly secured—which was all good and legitimate, excepting that this committee forthwith set about inquiring from various artists just how many yards of mural they would be willing to produce for so many dollars.

The Muse of Art helps the community where the patron of art goes to the market to bargain for art by the yard or paint by the pound! When appreciation consists of open-mouthed awe because a canvas is "as big as the side of a house," or because it took the artist's eyesight or ten years of life to produce the creation, then must genius actually return to the garret as well as into the scenario plot and the short story.

But this is no insinuation that the Californian is bickering over art by the yard. The "wild and woolly West" is coming into its own again. California is buying etchings. Buying small prints, and without color. And there is no greater indication of the rise of art, and that California will become the art center of the West than this fact.

Etching is the essence of art, it is the abbreviation of artistic impressions; and it requires a mighty good knowledge of the whole thing properly to abbreviate it. Just a few years ago it was impossible to find many people in California who could identify an etching. In fact, many artists thought it was a kind of pen drawing. A few minutes previous to a lecture given on etching a young woman said to me that she was so glad to attend the lecture as she had made etchings in her high school days, and inwardly I admired the progressive high school art teacher, whoever she was. My admiration, however, was shattered when my informer confessed later that what she thought was etching was simply copying etchings in ink and washing in the tones with other shades, and they were told as a class that they were producing etchings!

This only illustrates the condition which the Society of Etchers in California have gradually overcome, and which the splendid display and publicity of etchings and prints at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has made impossible again in this generation for California.

Now that the public has become interested and cognizant of the beauties of etchings—"the autographic art"—through the fine setting given the art at the Exposition for so many months, it really behooves the California etcher to keep the fires burning.

It is easy enough for the artistic public to fall into old views and ways of thinking about art unless there are constantly refreshing themes and methods of art technique, compositions, etc., being presented. The etchings can best and easiest furnish this requirement. Through the spontaneity and means of quick expression afforded by the plate, needle, and acid, the etcher can record bits of impressions much more rapidly than his brother of the palette and brush.

Again the collector of art, the man who wishes to have a private collection of art by California artists, possibly can not always buy the expensive canvases, but he can always buy original prints. The purchaser of limited means can secure a personal, individual signed print from the best artists of California, and such a collection is a stimulus to greater purchases, until such a nucleus formed from the "lyric of art," the "sonnet of art," will be a guiding compass to the proper appreciation of the other arts. It is gratifying to know that already in California, clerks, teachers, libraries and art lovers, have commenced such collections. May their tribe, like Abou Ben Adham's greatly increase.

It depends largely upon the etchers of California that this indication be cultivated, that this forerunner of art appreciation be coaxed. It means much to California that California has its own Society of Etchers to serve up to its print lovers subjects of local interest, as well as subjects done abroad, but produced by Californians through Western "mindsight."

So much for what the etcher means to California. Now for what California means to the etcher—which is a great deal if properly taken advantage of.

California to a large extent is geographically isolated from the usual art centers. The California etcher who has studied abroad or in Eastern cities has almost come to believe that only street scenes, cathedrals, bridges, and more bridges are etchible subjects. Arriving in California, he possibly finds very little similar material. Excepting our old missions, our buildings do not have the artistic oldness that is so inspiring to the etcher, and in looking around for such material, if there is any, it is overshadowed by nature's edifices. Thus the Californian finds in time that he is etching the old, gnarled, twisted, seaside cypresses, or the mighty sequoias, the Corot-poised eucalyptus, or the hundred-and-one other typical California subjects.

After all, California is persistently coaxing the etcher to new paths, newer scenes, away from the acres and acres of monotonous buildings and stereotyped subjects.

Again, the California etcher has been obliged, through his isolation, to experiment for results, and many delightful effects, individual in treatment, have been produced. Either the subject or the etchers' aroused interest in other print mediums has led etchers to cut subjects in wood, to draw them on stone, to make monotypes. Thus all print methods are at the present time being successfully used as mediums of expression by California artists.

A prophet is seldom received in his own country and the native always thinks that somewhere else is the "beautiful beyond." Eastern artists coming to California drop off at the first stopping point and seldom go any further for subjects. A prominent Eastern etcher a short while ago stated that he had come to California to ramble around the state and etch, but said that he found all he wanted for his six weeks' stay "right on Telegraph Hill." So California, with its six hundred miles length of changing scenery, from the land of the palm to the snow-clad mountains, furnishes a vast kaleidoscope to the California etcher. He finds that all he needs is but to choose; for California landscape violates Whistler's rule that "Nature seldom composes."

I have heard it remarked that people expect something different from California. California etchers can furnish it in etchings. They have the environment, the climatic conditions conducive to artistic pursuits. "Why, man," as a New Yorker stated, "A Californian goes out and picks armfuls of poppies just because they grow in California."

Etching has just commenced in California. Art is budding to a new spring. California means much to the etcher, because it offers every inducement for etching. California has given its quota in drama and letters. Music and art will follow, and who can deny that etching will be one of the methods of creating for California a distinctive, interesting position in the art world?

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

By ROBERT B. HARSHE

FOUR YEARS AGO the California Society of Etchers was formed, modestly as befits the inception of institutions which are to live and endure; enthusiastically, to be in keeping with this particular society; indeed, almost casually, which was entirely in harmony with the group of institution builders present. There was Lemos, now Director of the San Francisco Institute of Art; Piazzoni, the painter of subtle tonal landscapes, and Stackpole, whose direct modelling and fuzzy hair are the envy of his brother sculptors. There was present also a college professor whose functions and claim to fame were negligible. He paid for the dinner, however, and in ribald moment they elected him president. Afterward they apportioned the remaining offices, always among those present, in exactly the same manner that the wedges of pie were cut and passed around, so that coffee and cigars found the new society off the ways and fairly launched. I do not remember that it ever had a set of by-laws containing what was mete and proper for the various officers to do, and when to bring in unfinished business, and when to address the chair, and all the fuss and parliamentary feathers that go with seconding motions and the use of the orotund; but perhaps we did have one. I believe it is customary. At any rate, other societies have them—most formidable affairs whose tangled and legal phraseology bewilders and renders dumb those children of nature who think in terms of clay or pigment.

Our first exhibition was held at Vickery's, and it was a good one—most educational to the public, who learned to distinguish a drawing in pen and ink from an etching, but who, since Whistler, Meryon & Company were not members of our society, refrained in large numbers from purchasing prints. The following year we blossomed out with an illustrated catalogue with, we blush to say, advertisements in the back which—we do not blush to say—covered the expenses of the entire show. Then there was a poster by Worth Ryder, hand carved, so to speak—a jack-knife poster that was to give the final touch of distinction. Unfortunately, however, the janitor or the committee (we were always a little vague about committees) overslept or went out of town or something, and most of the posters were not placed until the exhibition had closed.

The next year saw the inception of the travelling exhibit idea. We sent shows to Los Angeles, to Sacramento, where the State Library bought a representative group of prints, and on a tour of twelve cities in the Northwest. In the galleries of the Sketch Club we showed how etchings were printed with actual demonstrations on the etching press,

Piazzoni, Lemos, and Randolph acting as demons. I might have said "printer's devils," but the connotation is not so definite and, in addition, it is inadequate. It was an inky and a lurid scene, and its educational effect was enormous. It was unanimously agreed by the throngs of club women who gathered about the arena that an art which required such self-sacrifice, such immolation into unbelievable regions of dirt and ink and grime was indeed worth while. Solemnly and with conviction, I declare that this was the real beginning of interest in prints on the Pacific Coast. When that most fastidious animal, the artist, can not be distinguished from a coal-heaver and is willing to appear in public with nothing but his accent and that subtle something which is thought to hover, halo-like, about his kind, to differentiate him from the non-creative group, it gives the layman pause. "There is something in this, mates, something inexplicable, something worth looking into," he says, and from that time forth, though he does not know it, he is ours. He has been bitten by the etching bug and the acid, not iron, of that unclassified bacillus has entered into his mind. If he proves worthy, if, like Sterne's atom, our bacillus has found a comfortable abiding place and nourishing pabulum, the layman soon becomes print collector and, in time, full-fledged connoisseur.

How different is the progress of the average collector of pictures! His purse is longer, he knows what he likes, and what he likes is something that takes him back to the old farm, something of the dark brown school with a rail fence or a melancholy cow; or perchance a little old red school house in the middle distance. And after dinner, in a somewhat mellow mood, he is fond of standing before it and of flattering his *amour propre* by thinking on the heights to which he has risen. Other pictures follow; and dependent on soil, atmosphere, and candid friends, our stock-broking hero may in time learn something about paintings. His progress has been from the outside in. He learns from his mistakes and after, long after, his purchases have been made. Prints, on the other hand, make no appeal to the general, and they lack for the most part the lure of color. So that your print collector is, in fact, a print collector before he buys a print. He must needs possess a certain discrimination, a certain innate taste or the "art of suggestion" would, in the first place, have made no appeal to him. In this fair land of ours there are many collectors of pictures, who buy as they buy fat cattle or gilt furniture or dummy sets of books, and whose homes are a Walpurgis riot of Louis Quinze and rococo. But I know of no print collector, however humble his circumstances, who is not also a man of culture and whose self-constructed environment does not also breathe refinement.

With the election of Louis Mullgardt to the presidency of the California Society of Etchers, the organization advanced as did the Society of British Artists under Whistler's presidency. This distinguished architect, who is a no less distinguished lithographer, happily possesses great executive ability. It was during his tenure of office that our bi-monthly dinners were inaugurated. It seems incredible that some of us are still

living and still going to these dinners. Perhaps it is Perham Nahl's oratory, perhaps it is the California climate that enables us to go blithely on facing various gastronomic horrors and surviving them. I do not know why we go to these places where no one knows what the menu means—when there is a menu; nor why we attempt bird's-nest soup, and ravioli, and squid patties, and snail on the half-shell, and rubbery abalone, instead of real food. No doubt the visiting celebrity—and we welcome always a brother burin-wielder—wonders also.

Among the great men of our craft who have visited San Francisco during the Exposition year are Alden Weir, president of the National Academy of Design; Frank Duveneck, the friend of Whistler; Arthur Covey, president of the New York Society of Etchers; Thomas Wood Stevens, former president of the Chicago Society, and Joseph Pennell, president of the Senefelder Club of London. It was under our auspices, indeed, that Mr. Pennell was presented with a bronze plaque by Frank L. Brown of the Exposition directorate. Placing the index finger of his right hand carefully in his waistcoat pocket and burying his chin deep in his collar, Mr. Pennell spoke oracularly of his connection with the Exposition and of the bird's-eye and other views which he had made when the Exposition area was a swamp and the Towel of "Jools" a hole in the ground. It seemed quite generally understood that an Exposition could not begin without bird's-eye views, and the great American etcher and lithographer admitted that he had, in this instance, controlled the visual ornithology.

When in 1913 the doors of the Society were opened to non-Californians, a decision was made which immediately enlarged our horizon. The response on the part of those American etchers who were invited to membership was most enthusiastic. At once we became national, our insularity was sloughed off, and we, who had expended our energies in an educational campaign, were, in turn, influenced by contact with the work of the greatest American technicians. It was inevitable that our standards of accomplishment should have been raised; that we, when our work was placed alongside the best of contemporary prints, should not feel the impetus of emulation.

Among the earlier non-residents who were quick to affiliate with us was Helen Hyde, who sent us from Japan rolled about bamboo sticks the most charming color prints of Japanese children, of Hiroshigi landscapes and gracious Utamaro ladies. But Helen Hyde was always closely affiliated with California art; it was the Coast that in this country first appreciated the subtle charm of the Ukiyoye school so that we scarcely counted her an acquisition. She simply was not a charter member and an officer of the Society because she did not happen to be present at that first dinner. In the same way we like to think of Fred Yates, who lives in England, and George Plowman, who is teaching etching classes in Boston and New York. It was Plowman, pupil of Sir Frank Short at South Kensington, who showed us first the mysteries of tonal printing, who knew the traditional methods of "pulling a proof," and

who understood the necromancy of a "fat" rag. When Armin Hansen came back from eight years in Belgium, he brought with him the methods of Baertzoen and Rassenfosse, and Worth Ryder acquired and was glad to transmit to us the best that Munich could offer in lithography. Lee Randolph, whose prints are exhibited in the Petit Palais, had much to say of the French printers who live near St. Germain du Pre and of the queer, dark shops where plates are hammered and re-ground. Randall Borough worked in the classes of Vojtek Preissig, the Austrian master of aquatint, and he passed along to us the details of "dusting a plate," of the "crackle-ground," and of the perchloride of iron bath. And, as I have said, we learned from our own exhibitions, from the prints themselves. Geo. Senseney sent us from Paris color prints which were marvels of technical achievement, each proof necessitating many consecutive printings, so involved that we do not yet know just how they were made. From Paris, also, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armington sent us etchings of French architecture, of Alt Nurnberg and of Algerian streets. Monotypes of rural England came to us from Edward Ertz in Sussex, and carefully worked, delicate etchings of London buildings from Henry Winslow. Architectural also were Celia Steuver's prints from far-off Prague and Roy Partridge's impressionistic façades of Notre Dame. This brilliant technician, always searching new methods of expression, fitting new technique to new subjects, is at once among the most versatile and the most accomplished of our members. Carl Oscar Borg returned from Italy with a group of soft-ground etchings which have not been surpassed by the best of the Austrians or the Germans, and William Wilke, the energetic secretary of the Society, has also chosen this medium for his beautiful drawings of California trees.

In the United States, since the time of Bass Otis, lithography has been so hedged about by trade secrets and so much a medium for the crudest forms of commercial posters that artists have been slow to realize its possibilities. It is then with a certain sense of pride that we have exhibited the work of Miss Isabel Percy, who is one of the half-dozen artists in this country who have done notable work in color lithography. Our New York members include E. D. Roth, one of the best contemporary etchers; William Levy, whose consummate skill in character rendition gives him high place, and A. C. Learned, a man who has carried dry point figure work in tonality and in finish as far as it can well go. Sears Gallagher is our Boston representative; Frederick Harer, with his blotchy technique and "foul biting," sends each year from Philadelphia. In the Middle West, we count as members Ralph Pearson, vice president of the Chicago Society of Etchers, Bertha M. Jacques, its devoted secretary, and Earl H. Reed, its former president, whose book on etching has just been published, Thomas Tallmadge of Evanston, Gustav Goetsch of the Minneapolis Art Institute, and Edward Hurley of the Cincinnati Art Academy. Further west still Dean Babcock of Estes Park, Colorado, and George Burr of Denver, and Carlos Vierra of Santa Fe, New Mexico, are identified with us.

Of Californians who have not been mentioned, the monotypes of Perham Nahl, of Gottardo Piazzoni, of H. C. Hammerstrom, and of Clark Hobart call for especial mention. Nahl is occupied chiefly with California redwoods and Monterey cypresses. Piazzoni's work is extremely subtle, reminding us of a lithotint by Whistler. Hammerstrom goes in for marines, while Hobart succeeds in full color effects, most daring and unusual in quality. Frank van Sloun's dry points, in point of view, recall John Sloan's etchings, while Miss Gertrude Partington has followed in the footsteps of Helleu. Among younger members of the society from whom we expect much in the future are Nellie Gere, Harry Marvin French, the book-plate engraver; Betty de Jong and William Rauschnabel, who cut wood blocks; H. C. Brown, the color etcher, and Hannah Thompson, Chester Bonestell, Helen Forbes, and Mrs. Louise MacDougal, who content themselves with pure line.

Among our membership are included silversmiths, painters, school teachers, sculptors, sign-card writers, architects, civil engineers, newspaper illustrators, settlement workers, museum curators, and at least one lighthouse tender. Few of us gain our livelihood primarily from the sale of our prints. Ordinarily etching and its sister graphic arts do not bring in returns commensurate with the time, the expenditure of effort and labor involved. Indeed, it is a labor of love for the most part, a most democratic art which enables the man of modest means to possess works that are in quality, if not in size, worthy of consideration with the best that has been done in painting or in sculpture.

What I would like to emphasize in this rambling narrative of the California Society of Etchers is the spirit of mutual helpfulness which from the beginning has animated us. A discovery, a new way of doing things, an improved form of procedure which is worked out by one of our members becomes at once common property. Those tireless experimenters, Pedro Lemos and Benjamin Brown of Pasadena, in particular, are constantly working out original methods and devices to be presently transmitted "*en bloc*" for the good of the order. None of the squabbles which mar the harmony of many of our art organizations, turning them into political clubs, have vexed our serenity. On the other hand, Bill's work has never been exhibited because "Bill is kind to his mother." Undoubtedly this is the secret of the success of our society, the absence of jealousy, the interchange of ideas and information, and the very real admiration and affection which exists among our membership.

ETCHING AND ETCHERS

By HILL TOLERTON

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a very strong and quite general propensity in human nature to be perpetually acquiring and collecting. This inclination is frequently found to be in active operation with no other object than the temporary pleasure derived from its indulgence. When the gratification ceases at this point and has no other object than the vanity of possessing that which another has not, the pursuit degenerates into an irrational craving, and is not much better than the yearning of a child for a new toy. But, when a higher and more worthy purpose is held in view, namely, when the collection is made with reference to a permanent pleasure, which is afterwards to be enjoyed on account of the intrinsic beauty or value of the objects collected, then the collecting of works of art, whether of painting, sculpture, etchings, or books, becomes not only a pleasurable but a rational pursuit. Unquestionably there is no form of art which so well repays the time of the collector as a well-considered and carefully selected collection of etchings—I mean etchings which possess real value.

An etching is not a cold, matter-of-fact, photographic reproduction of a given scene, but is, or rather should be, when properly executed, a very personal and intimate thing. The etching process, in the hands of an experienced master, is capable of many beautiful and subtle effects and as a means of artistic expression is entirely sufficient for the rendering of (almost) any of the ideas an artist may desire to convey.

To make an etching is not easy, and the technical difficulties attendant on the complete mastery of the process are such that many years of disappointments and strenuous endeavors are necessary before the artist may feel at home with his medium. In fact, it is one of the most difficult arts to master. It is well for the public to bear in mind that the number of proofs which can be printed from a finely etched plate is always extremely limited, as the tremendous pressure to which the copper or zinc plate is subjected soon wears down the delicate lines.

One of the peculiar charms of a properly executed etching is the fact that an artist is enabled in this manner to express in sure, swift lines the fleeting and transitory inspiration of the moment, and to give an interpretation of a given scene as it appears to him. Consequently you invariably see the scene through the artist's eyes. You see not only what he sees but as he saw it when the mood that suggested the picture was dominant.

Time was when the acquisition of fine proofs from the plates of Rembrandt, Piranesi, Callot, Goya, Van Dyck, and Meryon was a compara-

tively simple and inexpensive pastime, but now-a-days, it is only the collector with a long purse who can indulge himself in the possession of fine proofs from the old masters, not to mention the etchings of Whistler and Seymour-Haden which have risen to extravagant prices. Then, there are the undeniably beautiful and charming old line engravings by Nanteuil, Masson, and Les Drevets, and every lover of prints knows that engravings similar to these will never again, in all human probability, be made.

It is worthy of note in this connection, that fine impressions from the mezzotint plates of McArdell, John Raphael Smith, John Jones, and others of the eighteenth century school, now bring prices equal to, if not greater than, the original paintings which these engravings reproduce. Even today a rare and beautiful proof by Charles Jacque, Charles Daubigny, Felix Buhot, and others of the French school may occasionally be picked up for a reasonable sum, but this is mere chance, and the modern collector is perforce compelled to look to other fields to complete his portfolios. Certain it is that never before have original etchings had such a tremendous vogue, and never before have the etchings of certain contemporary men sold for such extravagant prices. I refer to the etchings and dry points of D. Y. Cameron, Anders Zorn, and Muirhead Bone, and to the rarer etchings of Auguste Lepère, which bring a rather prohibitive price. Nor can we deny that Frank Brangwyn is one of the greatest and most original contemporary artists, and his dramatic etchings are among the most noteworthy prints produced in modern times—in fact they are in a class by themselves. While in their technique defying all the accepted canons of the art of etching and engraving, yet their very robustness compels attention. Their deserved popularity, however, has made them scarce and while not exactly “dear,” according to some standards, they are not the most reasonably-priced prints a collector may acquire. However, it is not to discourage the collector of moderate means that these facts are given, but rather to emphasize the very remarkable development of The American School of etchings.

The New York Etching Club was organized in 1877, but it always led a more or less precarious existence, and not until the organization of the Chicago Society of Etchers, at present under the competent leadership of Bertha E. Jaques, was a definite and far-reaching effort made to foster and encourage among “American artists” a stimulating interest in prints.

While it is often said that a region of antiquity with its historic setting, ancient architecture, cathedrals and bridges, ordinarily affords the fullest repertoire of subjects for the etcher’s art, it is nevertheless equally true that art, to flourish, must always possess the inspiration of novelty to the artist.

The wonderful diversity of nature in California should arouse the etcher’s enthusiasm, and throughout California inspiring subjects are readily discoverable; the gnarled cypress of the Monterey cliffs, the historic California Missions (with the appearance of antiquity that the

etcher loves and in which he delights), the great sequoias with their massiveness and grandeur, the meadows with their giant white oaks, glimpses of Chinatown, all are fleeting impressions to be caught by the etcher's needle.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition, with its very comprehensive and diverse exhibition of paintings, engravings and etchings, has revealed not alone a great and rising appreciation of art throughout this country, but the patronage of the Palace of Fine Arts was such as to indicate a very genuine and widespread interest in art throughout the West.

The Californian exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts, to a very notable degree carried evidence of the influence which environment has exerted upon the artists and etchers of California.

Here is a region frequently compared to the Mediterranean, rich in scenic charm; yet, despite its many advantages, comparatively few of the etchers of America have awakened to a full comprehension of the opportunities offered by California to artists.

The recent organization of the California Society of Etchers is a very encouraging sign of the coming change, and under the competent leadership of such well-known artists as Louis C. Mullgardt, Robert B. Harshe, and others, the society will unquestionably do as much as any other organization on the Pacific Coast to assist the public in a love for and an appreciation of fine prints. In fact, it is not too much to say that many of our American etchers, during the last eight or ten years, have risen to international prominence; and unquestionably many of our American etchers will, in the not distant future, equal, if not surpass, the best efforts of their European predecessors and contemporaries.

Of course, the greatest of all American etchers, and one of the greatest etchers of all time is Whistler, and I must quote here what I consider a very interesting comment on his etchings by Mr. Howard Mansfield, the well-known collector and writer. He is speaking particularly about the result of the exhibitions which were given in London, in Paris, and in Boston, shortly after Whistler's death:

"These exhibitions were a clear demonstration that here was a marvelous artist, who had explored with signal achievement nearly every realm of art. He now stood revealed to the world as a painter who compelled technical mastery to serve the supreme purpose of beautiful expression. Thus he produced portraits which might take their places with the masterpieces of the century, delineations of figures that are enchanting through the blended charm of grace and color, 'nocturnes' unsurpassed in their rendering of the tranquil loveliness of the night, marines, wonderful in their interpretation of the changeful and entrancing moods of the sea. The extent of his work in lithography came as a revelation to the many, while the delightfulness of the lithographs became a joy to all. From a comprehensive view of his etchings, it became clear that in keenness of observation and range of appreciation, in faculty of selection and power of concentrative and concise expression,

in natural use of line and effective rendering of contrasts of light and shade, in boldness and strength and in delicacy and refinement as well, Whistler was not only an unsurpassed etcher, but a supreme artist."

And Mr. Frederick Wedmore has well said:

"If it is—as most men know it is—incontestably the right of Rembrandt to be given amongst etchers the first place, it is certain that at this time—and not, I think, less justly—the two masters who stand next to him in the esteem of connoisseurs, and the Criticism that counts are Meryon and Whistler. They stand next in part by reason of the extent and variety, but yet more because of the force and fascination of their work. . . . The touch, in the record of buildings, whatever they may be, is, in Whistler's Venetian period, a different touch from that of any earlier day. It can indicate the bare and the squalid; it can be of expressive richness. The Venetian pieces are so varied in their interests and objects, that it is not to be wondered at that Whistler—by that time, too, in his full mid-career, and master of so many means—made them sometimes of singular intricacy, and this by methods the most diverse."

Speaking more particularly of other Americans, I would say that among modern painter etchers, Mr. D. Shaw MacLaughlan holds a distinguished place, a place won by the marvelous quality of his prints, so original, so full of charm. Mr. MacLaughlan's etchings are unique, some of them, of course, in subject, but more often because of the peculiar sensibility of his "line," making each and every print a thing made by him and no one else.

Joseph Pennell, etcher, lithographer, author and illustrator, has been before the public as an artist for so many years that his name has become a household word wherever the arts of engraving and etching are valued and enjoyed. Mr. Pennell's work is never heavy, labored, nor overdone, nor is nervous fumbling over a thing already finished a fault that may be laid at his door. His prints sparkle and glow with light and color—they have incisiveness, brilliancy, dash. These characteristics of his proofs are undoubtedly due in large measure to the artist's customary method of work, which is very interesting. Choosing a place in some crowded street or in some industrial plant, he draws with the etching needle, swiftly and with practiced hand, upon the copper plate which he holds in the other hand. Apparently neither the noise of traffic nor the curiosity of the passers-by have power to move him from his concentration. Few artists have the audacity to work in this manner, but how he succeeds, and how much knowledge and experience go into the drawing of those crisp lines!

In the art of lithography, Mr. Pennell has attained a preëminence in no way inferior to his reputation as an etcher, but his work in this medium, until very recent years, has not been as extensive, and consequently not so generally known as his etchings.

Speaking of Mr. Pennell's repute as an artist who has done such noteworthy things in lithography, it may not be amiss to note especially those lithographs which are the product of the irresistible appeal Western

scenery made to his imaginative spirit. In his dramatic plates depicting the awe-inspiring cliffs of the Grand Canyon, and the shorter series revealing his interpretation of the softer beauty of the Yosemite Valley, we see a remarkable example of the wonderful effects which may be produced by a master, when inspired by the landscapes and mountains of California and the great West.

These Californian lithographs and the San Francisco etchings, as well as the Panama Canal series, have not only been widely seen, and admired, but have brought fresh laurels to one who, not content to rest on the achievements of the past, works on with vigor and vision undiminished.

Some of the best work of Ernest Haskell has been done in California quite recently, and as is the case with every sympathetic lover of trees, the Monterey cypresses have made a powerful appeal to him. In "The Dolphin," as in other prints of these subjects, he has succeeded in setting down something of the human quality which exists in these trees, the quality of the ancient unyielding struggle for the right to live and grow, of character forged in this warfare, until in the very tortured, dislocated shape comes a new victory of beauty.

Steeped in the atmosphere of old Mexico, an etcher of distinguished attainment, widely traveled and of ripe culture, Mr. Cadwallader Washburn has won on his merits an enviable place among modern artists.

With a few exceptions, notably the prints of the Borda Garden in Cuernavaca, the artist has chosen architectural subjects; public buildings and cathedrals in the City of Mexico, the several views of Templo Parroquial Taxco and the churches at Cuernavaca, Contreras, and Guanajuato. Displaying in their economy of line the hand of the skilled draftsman, these plates have all the interest of etchings beautifully executed, with the added charm of the exotic, for Mexico, while at our very doors, remains a sealed book to most Northerners; and then, in every print one feels that hard and brilliant sunlight, beating so fiercely on the façades of churches, shining into dark corners of old streets, and illuminating the groups of lazy natives.

During the present year, Mr. Washburn has executed a set of beautiful prints depicting the grounds and buildings of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which in the future will undoubtedly be treasured as one of the most artistic and comprehensive interpretations of the Exposition.

The art of landscape etching brought to perfection by Rembrandt and revived by Seymour-Haden, has today many devotees among the younger artists, of whom there is no one more enthusiastic nor more full of promise for the future, than J. Andre Smith, a young American architect residing in New York. Never a professional artist, Mr. Smith has etched for his own pleasure in times of relaxation from his professional work, and thus we see one reason why, in choosing his subjects, he has for the most part taken his sketch-book or his copper plate into the country. His newer plates are stronger in many ways, and show at once greater

confidence and a more thorough mastery. He would indeed be a bold critic who would venture to say that Mr. Smith will not be, in the near future, among our foremost painter-etchers.

The appreciation of Mr. Herman Webster's prints has been so widespread that many of his finer etchings have become exceedingly scarce, and some of them are at present almost beyond the possibility of obtaining. That the artist's future accomplishment, as well as his past performance, will materially assist in placing our American school of painter-etchers in a secure and well-recognized position, is the expectation of his admirers and of his critics.

It is impossible in this comparatively short article to do complete justice to all of the artists doing praiseworthy work in etching, but I should like particularly to mention the carefully wrought and beautifully printed etchings of Ernest Roth, and the very noteworthy and especially individual portrait etchings and dry-points of Auerbach Levy. Mr. Levy is one of the younger American etchers who in the last few years has attained a preëminence, due almost exclusively to his remarkable studies in portraiture. They are deservedly popular and have won him a secure place. Then, there are such artists as Lester G. Hornby, George C. Aid, George T. Plowman, and, among Californians particularly, Miss Helen Hyde (better known for her wood-block prints than for her etchings), Pedro J. Lemos, Worth Ryder, Robert B. Harshe, Louis C. Mullgardt, Gertrude Partington, Randall Borough, William H. Wilke, Perham W. Nahl, Joseph Raphael, Armin Hansen, and Gottardo Piazzoni. There are, also, Xavier Martinez and Clark Hobart, two distinguished artists of California who have not as yet made many essays in the field of etching, but whose monotypes in color are exceedingly clever and interesting.

The collector and art lover of moderate resources need not necessarily despair because of the inaccessibility of certain treasures that he covets. Let him but look about him and take heed of the truly remarkable and beautiful prints that are being produced at the present time. In fact, by a little judicious selection, he may discover in the carefully wrought gems of his sometimes but little heeded contemporaries what the connoisseurs of the future will eagerly vie with each other to obtain.

Unnumbered volumes have been and will be written concerning "Art," its history, and its meaning, but certain it is that the study and appreciation of true art refines, and that the possession of works of real artistic merit sweetens and enriches life.

AMERICAN ETCHERS OTHER THAN
CALIFORNIAN



THE BEGGARS

By JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

Courtesy Hill Tolerton



THE HALF DOME—YOSEMITE VALLEY

Lithograph by JOSEPH PENNELL

Courtesy Hill Tolerton



OR MICHELE—FLORENCE

Courtesy Hill Tolerton

By ERNEST D. ROTH



LA MAISON MELINE—PARIS

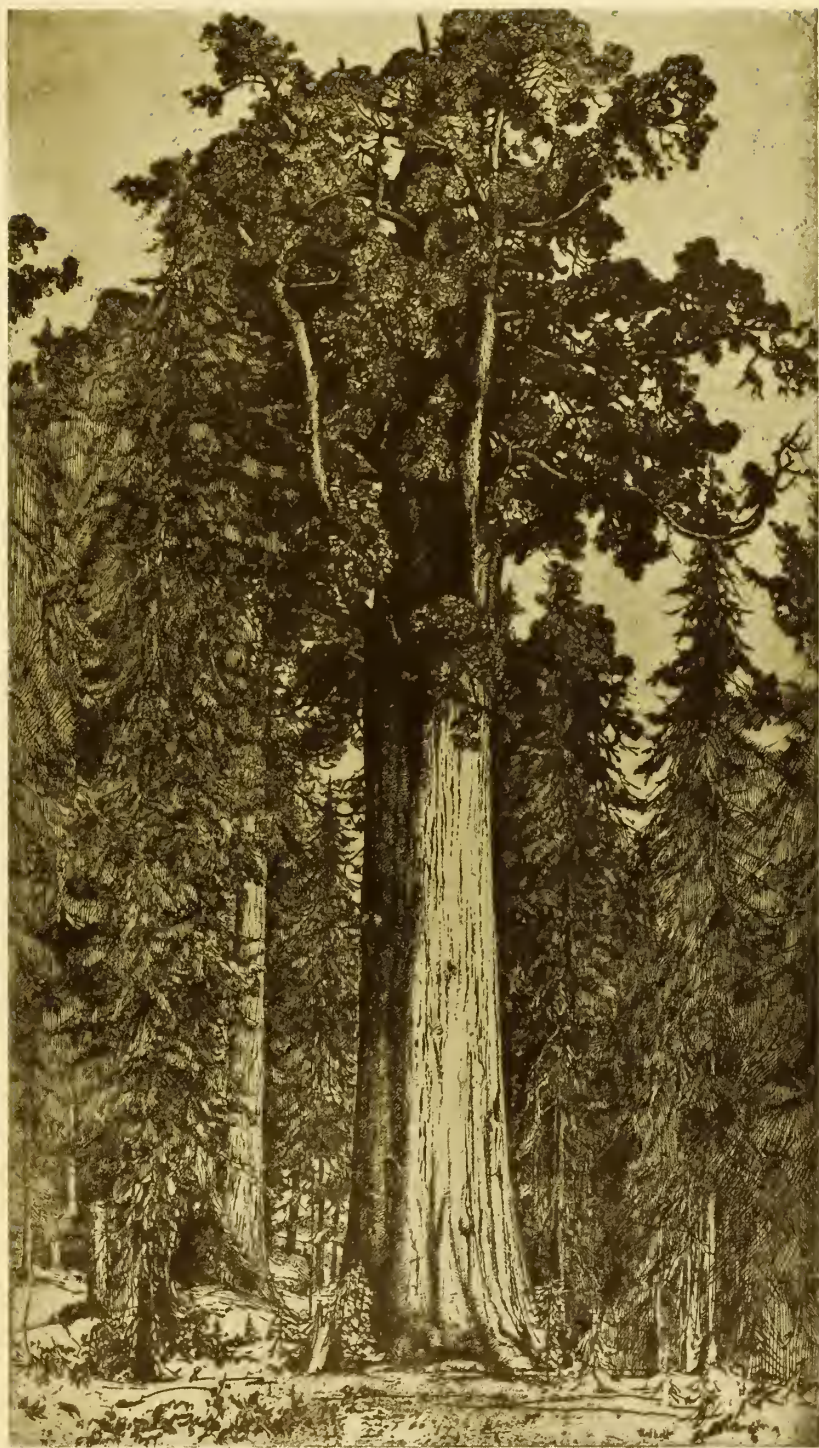
By HERMAN A. WEBSTER

Courtesy Hill Tolerton



THE NEW TALMUD
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

By WM. AUERBACH LEVY



GENERAL SHERMAN—SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

By ERNEST HASKELL



THE ARCH—ROME
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

By BERTHA JAKES



NOTRE DAME—PARIS
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

By GEORGE T. FLOWMAN

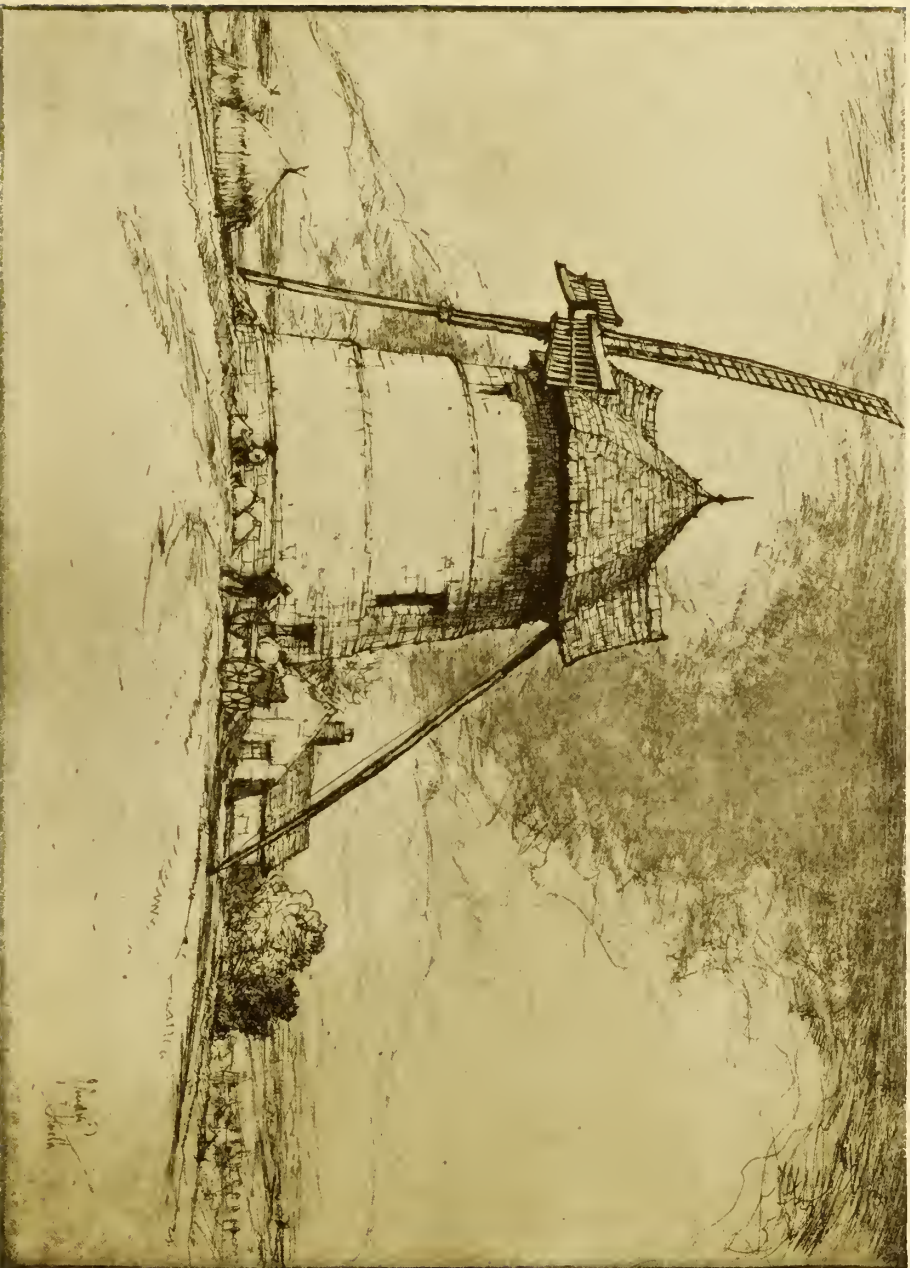


RAINY NIGHT
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

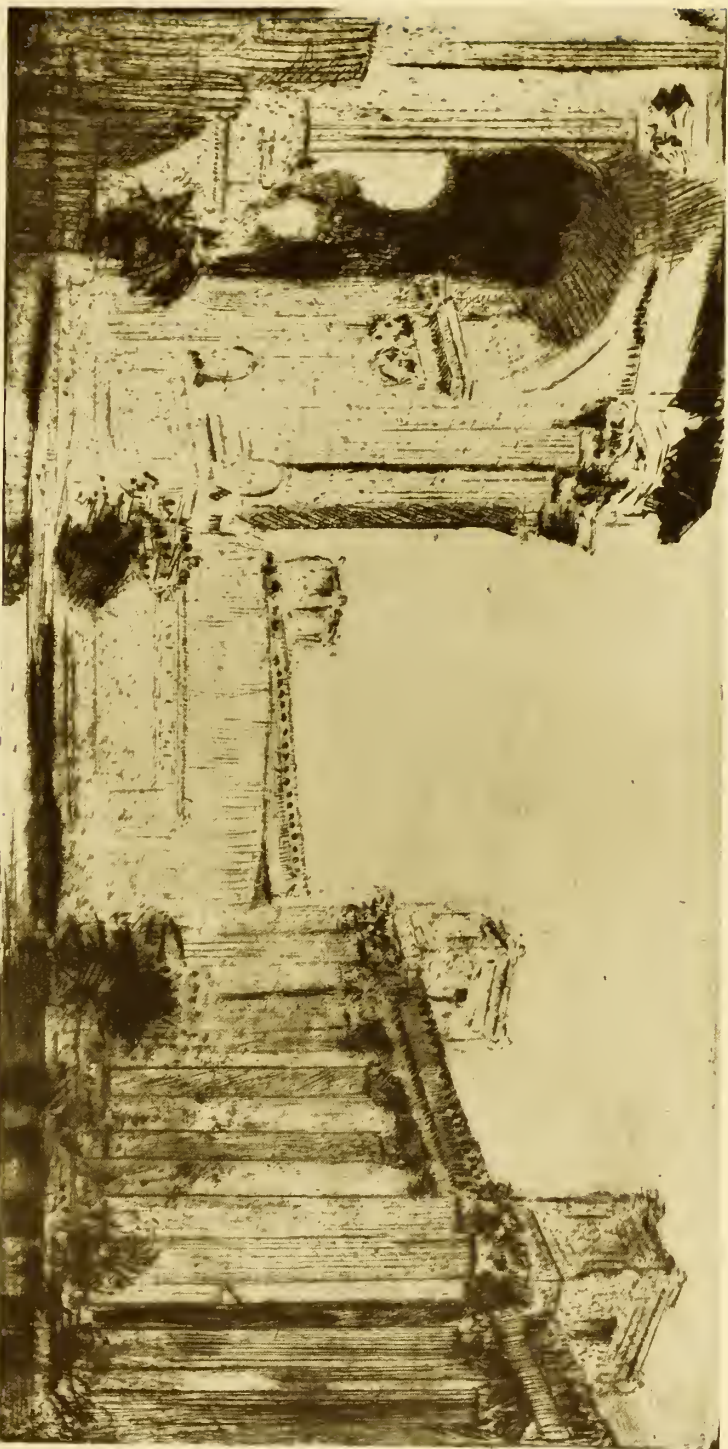
By HELEN HYDE



LAUTERBRUNNEN—SWITZERLAND
Courtesy Hill Toleron
By DONALD SHAW MACLAUGHLIN



ABBEVILLE
Courtesy Hill Tolerton
By J. ANDRE SMITH



PALACE OF FINE ARTS AND COLONNADE
Panama-Pacific International Exposition

By CADWALLADER WASHBURN
Courtesy Hill Tolerton

**MURAL DECORATIONS OF THE
EXPOSITION**



Reproduced from direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co., Official Photographers, P.-P. I. E.

DECORATION BY MILTON HERBERT BANCROFT
FOR THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS
DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

The panel is fourteen feet by eighteen feet, and represents "Art Crowned by Time"



Reproduced from direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co., Official Photographers, P.-P. L. E.

DECORATION BY W. DE LEFTWICH DODGE FOR THE TOWER GATE. CARRERE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS

This panel is twelve feet by ninety-six feet. The reproduction gives only the central section, entitled "Atlantic and Pacific." The left-hand section is entitled "Discovery," and the right-hand section is entitled "The Purchase."

Plate No. 282



From direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co.

DECORATION BY W. DE LEFTWICH DODGE FOR THE TOWER GATE. CARRERE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS

Part of the central panel entitled "Gateway of All Nations," and related to a corresponding panel entitled "Atlantic and Pacific"

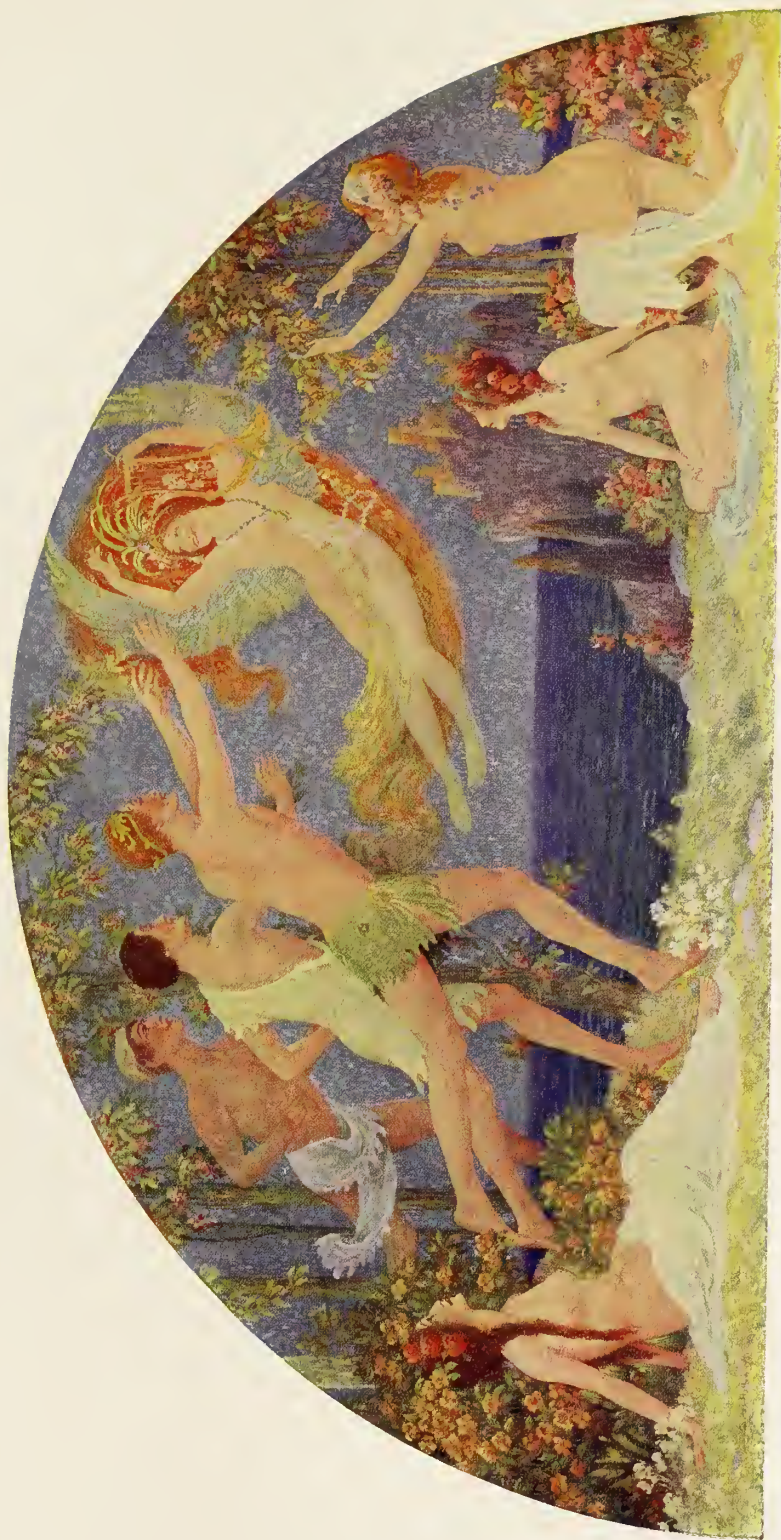
Plate No. 283



Reproduced from direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co., Official Photographers, P.-P. I. E.

DECORATION BY CHILDE HASSAM FOR THE COURT OF PALMS. GEORGE W. KELHAM, ARCHITECT

The panel is eleven feet by twenty-two feet, and represents "Fruits and Flowers"



From direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co.

DECORATION BY CHARLES W. HOLLOWAY FOR THE COURT OF PALMS. GEORGE W. KELHAM, ARCHITECT

The panel is eleven feet by twenty-two feet, and represents the "Pursuit of Pleasure"

Plate No. 285



From direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co.

DECORATION BY ROBERT REID FOR THE DOME OF THE ART BUILDING
BERNARD R. MAYBECK, ARCHITECT

The panel is twenty-three feet by twenty-seven feet, and represents "Ideals in Art"

DECORATION
BY EDWARD E.
SIMMONS FOR A
PANEL OF THE
TRIUMPHAL
ARCH. McKIM,
MEAD & WHITE,
ARCHITECTS

The entire panel is
twenty feet by
forty-six feet. The
figures of the cen-
tral group only are
reproduced, and
they represent the
forerunners of civili-
zation—Explora-
tion, Inspiration,
Truth and Beauty,
and Religion



From direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co.



From direct color plate by Cardinell Vincent Co.

DECORATION BY FRANK V. DeMOND FOR A PANEL OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH
McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS

The entire panel is twelve feet by forty-six feet, and represents a procession, "The Western March of Civilization, from the Atlantic, arriving on the Pacific Seaboard." There is reproduced here the right-hand section of the panel only, showing the Pacific group welcoming the procession



AIR—"THE WINDMILL"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

The eight Brangwyn murals were in the corners of the ambulatory, Court of Abundance, one of the elements represented by two panels in each corner

The sun-gilt windmill in the midst of the wind-blown golden grain, the mounting skies, the dark wind-clouds making way for the bright rainbow, the wind-tossed garments of the workers passing by—all make this dazzling picture seem to quiver with the life of the wind



AIR—"THE HUNTERS"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

The hunters, shielded from sight by the trees at the edge of the forest, let fly their arrows. The whole scene glows in the ruddy sunlight of late afternoon. The flight of the arrows and the flying birds emphasize the thought of the sustaining air

Plate No. 290



EARTH—"DANCING THE GRAPES"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

Under the generous vine, purple and green against a lustrous blue, the workers gather the great clusters and pass them down to those below. These trample out the rich juice in the great stone vat



EARTH—"THE FRUIT PICKERS"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

In this group so wonderfully composed is the very spirit of the earth's abundance. The fruit pickers on high ladders, those bending low above the fertile earth, or bearing the burdens of overflowing baskets, are all aglow with strength and health and the warm light of plentitude



FIRE—"PRIMITIVE FIRE"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

In the bite of an early autumn day, the workers gather for warmth about their goodly servant, a fire. See how alive and true the thin flame mounts in the air



FIRE—"INDUSTRIAL FIRE"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

About the kiln, the workers employ fire for industrial service. You can see the gases coming from the baking clay, in the metallic colors of the rising cloud of smoke. Study its contrast with the sky clouds behind it, to appreciate this artist's mastery

Plate No. 294



WATER—"THE FOUNTAIN"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

*Where the thin line of water juts in a graceful bow from the spring,
the people have come, with their bright vessels, for water*



WATER—"THE NET"

By FRANK BRANGWYN

See the muscular force of these hardy fishermen, standing in lush reeds, hauling the last catch of the afternoon

MURAL DECORATIONS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

By HAMILTON WRIGHT

MURAL PAINTINGS are essentially formal. They are designed to present a decorative effect. At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition they were employed to admirable advantage. In its decorative quality, a mural should possess that peculiar fitness to its surroundings, to the nearby architecture and color that may be observed in some magnificent tessellated doorway or in an exquisite portal reproducing the craftsmanship of ages gone. Yet for all its formalism, the mural should be a jewel, rich in color, shining and lustrous, expressing the mentality of its author and giving the spirit and feeling of the scene or design he presents without adhering too closely to any mathematical reproduction or formula. Paintings are not portraits. The camera, for example, records or should record a scene with absolute fidelity; and if absolute exactness, such as is secured by the camera, were the test of excellence or genius, we should need no paintings. The painter and his greater prototype, the artist, give us the idealism of the scene which they portray. In this portrayal of the ideal, we recognize genius, for genius reveals a subject as we ourselves would imagine it to be in our loftiest moments. So, too, the artist looks behind the canvas, searches into the depths of the scene, and portrays its nature and the spirit that shines from it.

Of all the murals at the Exposition, those of Frank Brangwyn were the most striking. Long before the visitor had grasped the details or the subject of the huge Brangwyn murals in the Court of Ages, and even at a distance of hundreds of feet, he had noted their marvelous combinations of colors and vivid outlines, and their sense of symmetry and proportion. This impression increased nearer at hand, and the Exposition visitor marveled at the wonderful ornamental quality and brilliance of these great friezes of color. The numerous combinations of blues, golds, and reds impressed even those who made no pretense to have been connoisseurs of art.

No exposition has ever emphasized mural paintings to the extent that these were brought out at the exquisite San Francisco Exposition. Here were shown the finest conceptions of the foremost formal decorative painters of the day. Huge panels 125 feet long and from ten to fifteen feet in width ornamented the vast inner recesses of the great triumphal arches, or were set in niches to lend a closing vista to a long avenue of stately colonnades. Or again they were placed above decorative portals, in corners of courts, presenting symbolical renditions of subjects in harmony with the surroundings. Sometimes, however, they carried no

especial significance, bearing only that message of art and beauty which is intended of a purely fanciful work.

Eight of the world's most famous mural painters contributed their best works to give the world, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the most beautiful exhibition of mural art for out-of-doors produced by contemporaneous decorators. It had hardly been expected that an effect so graphic, so striking, so formal and decorative would have been attained. Nowhere, perhaps, could have been better shown this most artistic phase of the poster art; yet the out-of-door Exposition murals in brilliancy and execution far excelled any contemporaneous works that have been shown in America or abroad in recent years. The value of the purpose for which they were used was enhanced because so many of them were peculiarly in accord with the spirit of the times and all bore relation to their setting.

The mural paintings of Frank Brangwyn in the Court of Ages were devoted to the elements, Air, Earth, Fire, Water, there being two panels for each subject. These paintings (which, though removed from their former positions at the Exposition, have, of course, been preserved), possess a wonderful dramatic and epic quality. They treat the elements in their relation to humanity, the service which they render to the human race. They have, indeed, that simple and direct impression that one gains from a great painting, for example, "The Man with the Hoe"; and yet, like all murals, they were essentially formal, component parts, almost, of the architecture of the palaces, features of a general decorative plan merging into and enriching their surroundings without calling undue attention to their own character.

In the subject of "Air," Mr. Brangwyn has two panels, "The Hunters" and "The Windmill." The latter is by far the most impressive, partly due to the fact that here is a single theme elaborately worked out; but its major note is apparent at first glance. Here, expressive of the service that air confers upon mankind, rises as the central figure of the composition a great windmill, comparable to those we are accustomed to have seen in landscapes of Holland, or to have read of in the adventurous annals of Don Quixote. It rises well from the center of the panel amid a field of yellow golden grain. Indeed, the gold and blues in Brangwyn's paintings are so luminous, vivid, and delicate that the beholder almost feels he is gazing upon some transparency behind and through which shines a diffused light, a light not directly visible but felt by its reflected rays. Here the dark wind clouds are making way for a bright rainbow. The wind-tossed garments of the workers passing by make a picture that seems to quiver with the life of the wind. Leaves are flying; garments are carried in the air by the kindly wind which turns the mill and grinds the harvest of the golden grain fields seen below. As in all of Brangwyn's paintings, here are the muscled men picturesquely draped, carrying in this case the burden of the harvest, with the more slender figures of youths and maidens following in the poppy colored fields.

The other Brangwyn panel coming under the head of "Air" is entitled "The Hunters," in which two hunters, screened from sight by the trees at the edge of a forest, are letting fly their arrows. The flight of the arrows and the progress of the flying birds emphasize the thought of the sustaining air. The whole scene glows in the ruddy sunlight of the late afternoon.

The elemental subject "Earth," also by Brangwyn, is done in two panels, of which one is entitled "The Grapes" and the other "The Fruit Pickers." The latter, a reproduction of which is presented with this article, portrays the spirit of the bounteousness of earth; the figures are beautifully produced, some clothed like Arabs, others as gypsies, or perhaps the peasants of primitive countries. The fruit pickers are upon high ladders gathering the golden harvest of the orange trees. Those below are gathering the vegetable harvest from the soil. The panel reflects graphically and vividly the prodigious wealth that a prodigal Nature bestows upon mankind. Mr. Brangwyn has portrayed Nature in her most bountiful aspect, lavishing her gifts with inconceivable generosity. But the wealth of Nature's gifts suggested by the distinguished Welsh muralist has an analogy in his prodigality of ideas, in his wealth of riotous, vivid colors, in the composition of this splendid mural which we consider as undoubtedly one of the finest mural paintings in the world. Compare this panel with the famed Gobelin tapestries of the fifteenth century and you will see how very far the decorative art as applied to flat color work has advanced.

In Mr. Brangwyn's discussion of the element "Water," there are shown great muscled fishermen pulling upon a net and hauling in their fish from the sea. Above are clouds lush with moisture as if about to precipitate their rain upon the earth, while upon the ground appear the figures of gigantic slaves bearing water bottles upon their heads. The fishermen stand in the lush reeds; the whole composition might have been taken from Sinbad, the Sailor. Mr. Brangwyn's companion mural portraying water is entitled "The Fountain." It shows people coming with their bright water receptacles to a spring from which a thin line of water juts in a graceful stream. Here the liquid beauty of the sky and water in the background and the wonderful gradations of color are much to be enjoyed.

But there are many other wonderful works which illustrate the pictorial, poetic, and decorative triumphs achieved in the mural paintings at the Exposition. The decorations were as carefully planned as any works of art shown upon the grounds, and the artists who executed them are known and acknowledged as masters. They have won in their fields of endeavor every distinction that the world could give. Those who comprise the distinguished group of Panama-Pacific International Exposition muralists are Frank Brangwyn, Robert Reid, William de Leftwich Dodge, Edward Simmons, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Childe Hassam, Milton Herbert Bancroft, Charles Holloway, and Arthur Mathews.

The largest and in many respects the most significant murals shown at the Exposition were those which more than any others expressed the motif of the giant celebration. These depict the romantic circumstances that led to the discovery of the Isthmian Canal and to its completion. They exalt and glorify the power of endurance and sacrifice of labor to give to the world and to civilization this consummate engineering work, and they interpret the history, spirit, and achievement of the Panama Canal and its lasting significance as a bond through which the Orient, rich in its splendors and seemingly entrenched in its traditions of thousands of years, meets the West, adventurous, pushing forward, and ready to exchange its arts and achievements for those of the mystic East. The Dodge panels devoted to the Panama Canal themes are 200 feet long by 16 feet in height. They are divided into three parts, the central panel being 96 feet long. On the west wall of the arch within the Tower of Jewels, the main panel is called the "Atlantic and Pacific." Between the spirits of the two great oceans, one appearing above the Eastern, and one above the Western land, stands a symbolical figure of Labor, uniting the oceans with the powerful arms that have just sundered the barriers between the East and West. The Western race is indicated by pioneers and laborers who have wrested civilization from the wilderness, a vigorous group; but while they have accomplished this result, in spite of his vain though courageous resistance, they have all but crowded the American Indian, whose figure is symbolized, from his native land. These, as well as all the magnificent murals within the Tower of Jewels by Wm. de Leftwich Dodge, were placed far above the visitor at the Exposition; indeed, they were placed more than 100 feet above the ground, but even at that distance did not lose perceptibly of their dramatic nature, so great was their size and so vivid their coloring.

Following the first of the panels, "The Atlantic and Pacific," came "Discovery," symbolizing that first vision by white men of the Panamanian isthmus; then followed "The Purchase," its subject being devoted to the sale by France to America of her control of the Panama Canal region; next the "Gateway of All Nations" exalted the laborers with work achieved, resting and made noble from their toil. "Achievement," a mural very similar in theme to the "Gateway of All Nations," came next, while "Labor Crowned" was the final panel by William de Leftwich Dodge.

These fine murals give one a feeling of the spiritual and racial significance of the Panama Canal. In the Dodge murals we find the Herculean effort involved in the construction of the Panama Canal with its record of disaster, death, strife against surpassing obstacles, spiritualized and almost immortalized. In the panel "Discovery," for example, the figure of Balboa, booted and holding high the flag of Spain, gazes toward a new ocean and from an eminence, confronts the figure of an Indian, who, in the stern and taut personality of the adventurer, foresees as with a touch of impending prophecy the doom of his own race. Adventurous Fortune, an angel hovering near, seems to lead

onward the daring Spanish soldier to carry out the imperative decrees of civilization and to guard his steps so that they may mark a path for millions yet to come. Behind appears a galleon of the Spanish Main.

In "Achievement," we see the impressive figure, Achievement, a deity as it were, seated upon a throne with a sphere, symbolizing the world, held in extended right hand, while upon his knees rests a volume disclosing the record of the human race. Laborers press toward the throne to receive their reward. The bared torsos, the mighty muscles, the huge picks reveal the great elemental qualities of strength and perseverance that necessarily underlie all achievement. The decorative qualities of this surpassing panel, which nevertheless tells a story, are very marked. Burning braziers rise on standards upon each side of the throne. The photograph here reproduced gives an idea of the contrasts in light evident in the mural, although it can not, of course, reveal the contrasts in color. And yet it seems as if Achievement, upon his flaming throne of light, an idealized figure, stern and useful, powerful and untiring, is a god from whom a divine radiance and effulgence flash.

With theme closely allied to the Dodge murals are those by Edward Simmons, within the eastern arch of the Court of the Universe, expressing the romance and invention of the Atlantic, and the companion panel by Frank Vincent Du Mond placed within the western arch upon the opposite side of the court. These treat of the adventurous march of the Anglo-Saxon civilization from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean across the vast spaces of America to the Pacific, where the West looks out upon the East.

Each of the four panels is 47 feet in length and 12 feet high. The first of the Simmons panels represents the "Call of Fortune." Here we behold the figures of those early explorers who crossed the ocean to find the new world: the half savage of the lost continent of the Atlantic, the Roman conqueror, the Spanish explorer typified by the figure representing Columbus, the American explorer suggesting Sir Walter Raleigh, a priest typifying the early Franciscan missionaries who carried the cross to America, the artist bringing the arts, and the workman immigrant of today, less spectacular but inspired by the same visions, hearing those same voices that called his earlier prototypes. Thus today the modern hearkens to the wealth of the new world, luring him with its possibilities of employment and wealth. In the background of the panel appear the ships of many decades, from the earliest vessel to the modern ocean greyhound.

The other Simmons panel on the north wall of the Arch of the Rising Sun is a companion to the one just mentioned. Here are depicted the hopes and ideals that have led men to cross the Atlantic. At the far left are figures symbolizing True Hope and Illusory Hope. Shattered pledges, false promises are being left in the trail of Illusory Hope, and the bold figure of Adventure vainly tries to pick them up. Then follow the true ideals, Commerce, Imagination, the Fine Arts, and Religion with wealth and family joys, a woman with babes, all representative of those more

dependable goals to which the onward struggler, bearing his heavy burdens, may well press forward. In the background are suggestions of a fabulous Oriental city and, by contrast, a city of modern times, illustrating the practical and ideal as motives for human enterprise.

Frank Vincent Du Mond's paintings within the Arch of the Setting Sun balance the themes of those in the opposite arch. Here the panel, "The Departure for the West," represents the pioneers of a stern New England village starting forth from their bleak coast with its bare rocks and drifting snows toward the Pacific Coast. Here are shown four groups of figures, two workmen and a woman holding a child, a symbolical figure of the Call to Fortune, a group portraying types of those who crossed the continent, the driver first, and then the preacher, the pioneer, the judge, and the school mistress, four children representing the family idea; and in the background an old Concord wagon filled with household goods, including an old-time clock, give evidence of the early methods of travel. This exquisite mural, despite its size, is like some fine bit of china, with light and luminous colors combined to a rare degree; its pictorial, poetic, and decorative qualities all are strong and masterful. And yet, as in the case of all murals, they harmonize with the setting.

The second of the Du Mond paintings is the "Arrival on the Pacific Coast," which represents the immigrants being welcomed after they reach California. The panel is filled with color representative of the joy and life and abundance to be found in the West, as contrasted with the rigors of the country from which the immigrants have departed. Here in the land, fertile in bounty, where Nature has lavished her wealth upon mankind and in her conquest sits enthroned amid fruits in abundance, the West, land of opportunity, awaits the newcomers. And at last, after many days, they have reached their goal. In this panel is a golden warmth, a radiance of color conveying an inexpressible feeling of exhilaration such as one experiences who awakes some morning to find the brilliant, golden morning sun streaming through the windows beside his bed, and realizes that a new day with its strange, unguessed adventures and its wealth of opportunity awaits. In this panel are shown four groups of figures, the first two being Spanish-American soldiers and a captain and a priest, typical of the days of Spanish rule in California and of the Mission period. Second, there is a symbolical figure, the Spirit of Enlightenment, while the third main group portrays the types of immigrant. Here come the artist, the scholar, the sculptor, the author, the scientist, the agriculturist, and the miner. Among them one may recognize Bret Harte, William Keith, the famous painter of California landscapes, and others. California's welcome is symbolized in the wealth it has to offer settlers, the orange tree, the sheaves of grain and fruits, the figures including the miner, the farmer, the fruit picker, and the California bear. These superb panels, aside from their decorative effect, are like exquisite brooches, rich in detail, coloring, finish, but upon a vast scale. One discovers a singular appro-

priateness to the theme which they represent. They carry out and sound the note of the prodigious sculptures, and aside from their effect as rich jeweled embellishments, carry forward the note of the Exposition.

In the Court of the Four Seasons, which is a balancing or pendant court to the Court of Ages, heretofore described, wherein you saw Frank Brangwyn's murals, you beheld the admirable murals of Milton Herbert Bancroft, portraying the joys of the seasons, their fruitfulness, the part which each renders to mankind. These panels were each set at the end of long corridors so that the visitor beheld them framed by colonnades. Their color prevails in warm, golden tones, that harmonized exquisitely with the pale ivory yellow of the walls of the exhibit palaces. Two big motives are expressed in these murals; one is the richness and vigor of an abundant Nature, the other is the celebration of the artistic achievements of men. The two larger panels in the court were entitled "Man Receiving Instruction in Nature's Laws" and "Art Crowned by Time." Each of these is fourteen feet wide and eighteen feet high. The panel "Man Receiving Instructions in Nature's Laws" was placed in a great half dome which forms the southern entrance to the court and which was seen as the main feature of the court upon entering it at its main entrance or forecourt that opens on San Francisco Harbor. In considering these paintings, one should always bear in mind that the artists were required to bring their murals into color harmony with the general color plan of the Exposition. With the exception of Frank Brangwyn's murals in the Court of Ages, they were all limited to a pallet of five colors in order that the panels should harmonize with the larger color scheme for the entire exhibition which had been devised by Jules Guerin, the noted decorative artist. Though these instructions, indeed, in a measure, prevented the artists from exercising their freest imaginative qualities, yet they brought the panels into that true harmony with their setting which mural panels must always possess.

The panel, "Man Receiving Instruction in Nature's Laws," is formal not alone in trend but in theme. Here is seen a woman holding for a child a tablet inscribed "Laws of Nature," while upon one side are the symbolical representations of elementary forces of nature, Fire, Earth, and Water, and upon the other those of the more potent elements in the human career, Love, Life, and Death. Here you will find that the forces which the universe has brought to the service of man stand attendant on the child. Fire, Earth, Water, Death, Love, and Life—all these will serve mankind, even from the beginning of his days, if he will but heed the lesson which Nature teaches him.

In the other panel in the half dome, "Art Crowned by Time," the goddess Beauty awaits the verdict of the coming centuries, confident that she will triumph over all immediate situations and that in the end her consummate appeal to all mankind will be recognized by the verdict of the ages. The others of Mr. Bancroft's mural paintings in this court were dedicated to the great observance of seasonal harvests which

was so significantly participated in by the ancients, particularly the Greeks, and which every scholar will recall as having given rise to many poetical epics exalting and commemorating the beneficence of the harvest deities. These panels are of less size than the two before mentioned, being fourteen feet wide and nine feet high. There are eight of the panels, each two forming companion pieces to the four sculptured fountains in the four corners of the court. The fountains were done by Furio Piccirilli and symbolized the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Mr. Bancroft's murals symbolize Spring, Seedtime, Summer, Fruition, Autumn, Harvest, Winter, and Festivity. These were given two by two. A feature which struck all beholders of these splendid murals was the fidelity with which each interpreted the subject. Spring, for example, showed the spring of the piping shepherd, of youth, of young love, and Pan inspired by the season when the world turns to love. Seedtime discloses Spring extending her promise for the coming season and the harvest men looking hopefully to the year begun. In Summer, vigorous youth in athletic pursuits throws a discus, or with canoe and oar competes in the sports of the outdoor season. Fruition depicts the laborer involved in gathering the fruit, and Autumn, its climax, in the harvest festival. In Winter, the hunter and woodsman gather at the household and Nature lays aside her labors to engage in spinning by the fireside. Festivity, the closing mural, depicts the Christmas season.

Aside from the murals here mentioned, there were also murals in the Courts of Palms and Flowers, and within the rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts. Needless to say, of course, numerous murals were displayed in the stately foreign pavilions, and ornamental mural decorative art was exemplified not only by paintings but, as in the case of the French pavilion, by many classic tapestries where original Gobelins and others were shown. Chas. W. Holloway, widely known throughout America for his stained glass work and who won the gold medal for his stained glasses at the Paris Exposition, which were purchased by the French government, designed the exquisite lunette, the "Pursuit of Pleasure," over the entrance to the Palace of Liberal Arts. This is a peculiarly bewitching panel. Pleasure, an alluring figure, brilliant and of brightest tints, drifts by like the thistledown, just out of reach, and throws a provoking and tantalizing but altogether entrancing smile at her followers. There is a pleasing lightness to the touch of these panels, and the bright reds and blues are in keeping with the spirit of the court. They express the spirit of youth and the joy of life when all the world is seeking pleasure.

Every one, of course, knows of Childe Hassam, whose panel "Fruits and Flowers" was placed over the entrance to the Palace of Education on the western side of the Court of Palms. In its bright colors, clear atmosphere, and the charm of a masterly technician, this appropriate mural indicates the wealth of California in flowers and fruits. Arthur M. Mathews, in this court, had a lunette, "The Victory of Culture Over

Force." This is a panel of brilliant and delightful colors, with the decorative masses of color well placed, and an impressive and beautiful treatment. In it is shown Culture, the Spirit of Enlightenment, spurning force and protecting Youth from materialism and the discordant elements of life. Attending Youth are the peace-bringing elements of life: Religion, Philosophy, the Arts, Education. The philosophy of this painting is sound, and the composition and drawing are unusually well done. The colors are much deeper than those of most of the Exposition murals.

The last of the notable formal murals used to decorate the exhibit palaces are those placed upon the inner ceiling of the dome of the rotunda, rising like a great Roman temple before the Palace of Fine Arts, but identified in every respect with the architectural theme of the palace and forming, really, a portion of it. There are eight of these inspiring panels. As one looks up at them in the lofty vault far above, they seem as almost indescribable bits of color, with tracteries as delicate as the weavings of a spider's web, and designs as fantastic as, but far more beautiful than those ever executed by the most cunning of the ancient Chinese goldsmiths. The works are notable for their fluent, bright, and fervent spirit of youth and joy. They come in two sets of four panels each, placed alternately. In one of the sets are represented the goods of California: the golden poppy, the golden grain, the golden fruit, and the golden metal. The other is devoted to the golden arts, comprising European art, Oriental art, ideals in art, and inspiration in all arts. No more famous nor beautiful combination of themes could have been chosen than this. Happily the majestic Palace of Fine Arts, most exquisite of all Exposition palaces and one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the world, is still standing, and it is planned that it shall remain for all time; and those who may yet have the opportunity of visiting this majestic palace will, when they look upward to the inner vault of its great dome, be impressed by the brilliant, decorative effect of these mural paintings, and by their wonderful blending into a radiantly brilliant and exquisite scene.

To enumerate the eight panels specifically, let us take first those that deal with the golden arts in general, and subsequently those that deal with California arts. First is the "Birth of European Art," depicting the rise of the infant art of Europe. The guardian goddess with her three attendants surround an altar on which burns a sacred flame, protecting the young art of Europe and inspiring its childish vision so that in the years to come it may reach the bright Elysium of human attainment. A human messenger grasps the torch of inspiration and carries it aloft in his chariot which is led onward by imagination flying with the wings of the wind. One of the attendants bears the globe of insight and knowledge, one the fairy wand of fancy, one the oil of industry that feeds the devotional pursuit of art, and another is enshrouded in the quiet cloak of thought. The "Birth of Oriental Art" depicts a man on a dragon attacking an eagle, symbolizing man's effort to attain the inspiration of

the heavens. Below, China will be recognized in the man with the brilliantly colored robe, and Japan in a woman with bright parasol symbolizing the womanly loveliness that inspires Eastern as well as Western artists, and who sits beside the flowers, lending the spirit of Oriental feeling. In "Ideals in Art" are represented the ideals which have inspired the artist, from ancient days to the present. Beauty, the Greek ideal, is depicted gazing into a mirror. "Religious Inspiration" is indicated by the Madonna adoring the babe; the Heroic by Jeanne d'Arc upon her charger, while Fame holds aloft the laurel wreath. In "Inspiration of All Arts," Music, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, and Architecture get their inspiration from the glow of divine fire, held on high by a winged messenger. A servitor draws aside the curtains of darkness.

Altogether, the mural art at the Exposition proved a wonderful success. These large and exquisite out-of-door panels were singularly in consonance with their surroundings and blended with the wonderful colors of the Exposition itself. They matched the golds of California's poppies, the blue of her heavens, the browns and grays of her summer hills, and struck a chord in harmony with the gorgeous setting that Nature had provided for the Exposition. Happily, there could come no snows to the Exposition City, and during the Exposition period the joy and life of this international festival contrasted with the joyous portrayals of the mural painters. For a muralist is in his happiest mood when he portrays life in its summer time, its flood tide.

CALIFORNIA'S OPPORTUNITIES IN ARTISTIC LANDSCAPING

By JOHN McLAREN

IT WILL, I think, be universally conceded that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition brought before its many thousands of visitors the relation existing between a great work of architecture and its setting. Never had trees, flowers, and shrubs indigenous to as many parts of the globe been so freely employed at a great world exposition. To an unusual degree the Exposition pointed out the unsurpassed opportunity in California to take the fullest advantage of the state's great floral and arboreal wealth by utilizing artistic combinations of beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers to enhance the effect of the vast exhibit palaces and their decorative sculptures. More and more the public is beginning to realize that while an architectural composition may be almost perfect in itself, yet in inharmonious surroundings much of its beauty is lost and it fails to carry forth the intent of the architect. The relation between a beautiful structure and its grounds and the neighboring buildings is a very definite one. At the great Exposition the landscaping became as much a part of the general plan as were the architecture, the color, the sculpture, and the lighting. All taken together constituted the essential features of the artistic ensemble, the magnificent effect of the third and most recent of world expositions in America.

Before the landscaping department of the Exposition undertook the preparation of the grounds, its plans were carefully laid in reference to the relation which the decorative trees and plants in the courts, boulevards, and promenades would bear to their surroundings. The entire landscape work, in fact, was planned in relation to the Exposition as a whole. Here there was made possible, by reason of California's wealth in plant life, its splendid climatic conditions and all-the-year season, a scheme of landscaping that would add to the high standard of decoration which it was desired to establish.

The reader will, of course, understand that in all plans where landscaping effects are to be employed, it is customary to take into consideration the plans of the architect. In the case of the Exposition, the dimensions and notable features of the palaces, the state buildings, the great courts, the sculptural and architectural decorations surrounding the various areas which were to be adorned by the plants, flowers, and trees were all carefully considered. We had unusual advantages for this work. Climatic conditions made possible the planting of luxuriant growths to endure throughout the entire Exposition season. Also it was

possible to maintain, by transplanting, vast beds of flowers in bloom, while a great abundance of palms, cypress, eucalyptus, and orange trees were to be found within a radius of fifty miles of the Exposition site.

In its preliminary planning the landscape department was guided by a complete schedule of operations. We knew, of course, where the courts and boulevards and gardens would be, the height of the walls, and the effect to be desired. Many conferences were held with the distinguished members of the Exposition architectural board. I recall that while we were formulating our plans a visitor suggested that eucalyptus trees thirty feet in height would be of ample size to offset the walls of the exhibit palaces; but when we considered the relation of thirty-foot trees to the façades, which were to be sixty-five feet in height, it was readily perceived that these growths would appear small and out of proportion to their magnificent backgrounds. A thirty-foot tree there would have indeed appeared inadequate.

Thus we early planned to transplant huge trees and start their growth well before the opening of the Exposition, so that they would lend an effect of permanency and long-established growth to the grounds. As an example of the transplanting: Some of the trees set out upon the grounds weighed sixteen tons; some of the eucalyptus transplanted were over sixty feet in height, so that their tops came even with the cornice lines of the palaces.

Having decided upon the arrangement, the kind of trees, plants, and shrubs that we thought would best set off this greatest of expositions, and determined where each was to be located, it became necessary to ascertain where all the trees and shrubbery could be obtained, and to inspect those near at hand. All had to be especially prepared at least a year before they were moved to the Exposition grounds. Many of the courts or palaces, as, for example, the Palace of Fine Arts, demanded a special setting to complete the intent of the architect. Before the Palace of Fine Arts, Mr. Maybeck desired a green moss effect, an old rural effect, as though the structure, built centuries ago, stood out with moss-covered walls, the accumulation of ages of growth. To obtain this effect we set out before the rotunda of the palace hollow boxes, the exteriors of which were planted with mesembryanthemum or ice plant, a native of the Cape of Good Hope. This gave the effect of a huge, solid hedge of dimensions which, in ordinary circumstances, would have required years of growth. Incidentally, eight thousand flat boxes of ice plant, each being two by six feet, were used in building the hedge which partly bounded the Exposition grounds on the south. The plant was first grown in the shallow boxes as they lay upon the ground. When the plant had obtained a start, the boxes were put into place.

A different treatment was required for each of the plants set up on the grounds. We secured our bulbs from Holland, azeleas from Japan, rhododendrons from Belgium, palms from Niles, California, tree ferns from New Zealand, banana plants from Central America, Cuban palms and Royal Creole palms from Cuba. But the decorative plan called for

a far wider variety of growths. Eucalyptus, pine, cypress, and flowering acacias were freely used. There were 8000 rhododendrons, 3000 azeleas, 750,000 bulbs, 400,000 pansies, 150,000 begonias, 25,000 salvias, 75,000 viola cornua, 4000 hydrangeas, 250 large palms, 100 small palms, 50 araucarias, 100,000 geraniums, 50,000 myrtles, about 60,000 veronicas, 30,000 cistus, 150 orange trees, and numerous other small plants and shrubs. In but few regions in the world would we have had the rare opportunity to combine so great a variety of semi-tropical and temperate zone plants in our landscaping scheme, all of which leads us to the opinion that here in California the work of the landscape engineer may be employed to very great advantage. And with growing public taste for artistic edifices, public buildings, and surroundings, there will come the greater appreciation of the important part which landscaping plays in the entire scheme of arrangements.

The great beds of flowers in gorgeous, riotous bloom formed a fitting carpet for the most colorful of world's expositions. The wonderful color tones selected by Jules Guerin had their counterpart in the vast fields of color that Nature had made possible. In planning our flower beds, we enjoyed a peculiar advantage. The California blossoming season is long and we were enabled to change our flowering plants three times. In the South Gardens, for example, a color scheme of rotation was followed. Pansies and daffodils in the spring were followed by gorgeous beds of red and yellow tulips, and the final planting was of begonia *erfordi*, a beautiful flowering plant with blossoms of dainty shell pink. The rotation for this single part of the whole landscape involved more than a quarter of a million plants.

In Mr. Mullgardt's Court of Ages, pink was the first color, the next purple, and the third blue. It was pleasing to early visitors to view this majestic court with its carpet of pink hyacinths. In this court a feature was made of California orange trees, transplanted from the citrus zone with their golden globular fruit still upon them, serving as a wonderful and colorful ornamentation. There were also yews and formal Italian cypress trees, and a lavish profusion of spring flowering bulbs and semi-flowering annuals, adding brightness to the whole effect.

We did not change the color of the Court of Flowers because it had been decided to harmonize the floral plan throughout the Exposition period with the dominant color tone of the court. Golden yellow flowers predominated in a decorative plan distinguished by the appearance of bright colored flowering plants of many species, renowned both for beauty and form of blossom as well as of color. Azaleas and a wonderful collection of heaths were also used.

In the Court of Four Seasons, an evergreen tree treatment, and shrubs likewise, prevailed. Here were used some of the higher types of acacias and other trees, and ample color was given by the free use of specimen lasiandras, while water lilies motionlessly swam the surface of the pools.

The exceptional magnitude of the task presented upon the Exposition grounds will be the more readily comprehended when it is known that

the great areas to be planted were composed of drifting sands largely pumped in from San Francisco Bay, upon which no ornamental plants might cherish a hope for existence. It was necessary to cover the entire planting area with good surface soil deep enough to maintain the infinite variety of trees and garden plants which in their full growth were beheld by the Exposition visitors. For this reason tons of rich loam were brought down upon barges from the Sacramento River.

One could go into infinite detail and yet not tell the whole story. The general landscape design of the Exposition grounds was not patterned after any other. It was rather a treatment designed to determine the most effective way to handle the special sections in different sections of the area. The trees and shrubs transplanted in their full grown state took to root without adverse struggle, and the small flowering plants developed with amazing swiftness. In the blooming beds, by a scheme of rotation, flowering blazes of color were as a general rule continued throughout the Exposition period. On the driveways, as, for example, that between the Palace of Machinery on one side and the Palace of Varied Industries and the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy on the other, the buildings were cloaked with cypress banked up with Lawson cypress and *Thuya gigantea*, before which were various firs and spruces, and individual specimens of Spanish fir. Before these a magnificent blaze of color was maintained. During the opening days of the Exposition the bright red azaleas of Japan kept that stretch of earth bright and were followed by a bank of hybrid rhododendrons from Europe, relieved by a sprinkling of Japanese lilies of various kinds.

The south driveway was planted with specimen plants of Canary Island date palms alternately spaced every thirty feet by California fan palms. Ivy leaf geraniums and passion vines planted at the bases of the palms ran up the trunks and out over the leaves, drooping their brilliant flowers. Flowering acacias set off by beds of flowering shrubs and pansies, flowering perennials and dahlias, Monterey cypress, yellow daffodils, red azaleas, rhododendrons, myrtle, breath of heaven, lavender, lemon verbena, rosemary, and other plants and shrubs made a paradise pleasing to the senses and harmonious to the eye, all of which reveals to us that Mother Nature in California has given the landscape gardener the earth for his canvas and the flowers of the world for his pigments. And as the public more and more demands of him his highest achievement, so he will paint in trees and flowers the story of Nature's artistry, embellishing and enhancing every prospect or every architectural work.

SCULPTURE OF THE EXPOSITION



FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

By DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK



NORTH AND SOUTH PANELS, FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

By ROBERT AITKEN



EAST AND WEST PANELS, FOUNTAIN OF EARTH

By ROBERT AITKEN

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



STAR FIGURE, COURT OF THE UNIVERSE,
AND FORECOURT OF STARS

By A. STIRLING CALDER

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



THE ADVENTUROUS BOWMAN, SURMOUNTING
COLUMN OF PROGRESS

By HERMON A. MACNEIL

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



FRIEZES AT BASE OF COLUMN OF PROGRESS (south side)

By ISIDORE KONTI

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



FRIEZES AT BASE OF COLUMN OF PROGRESS

By ISIDORE KONTI

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.

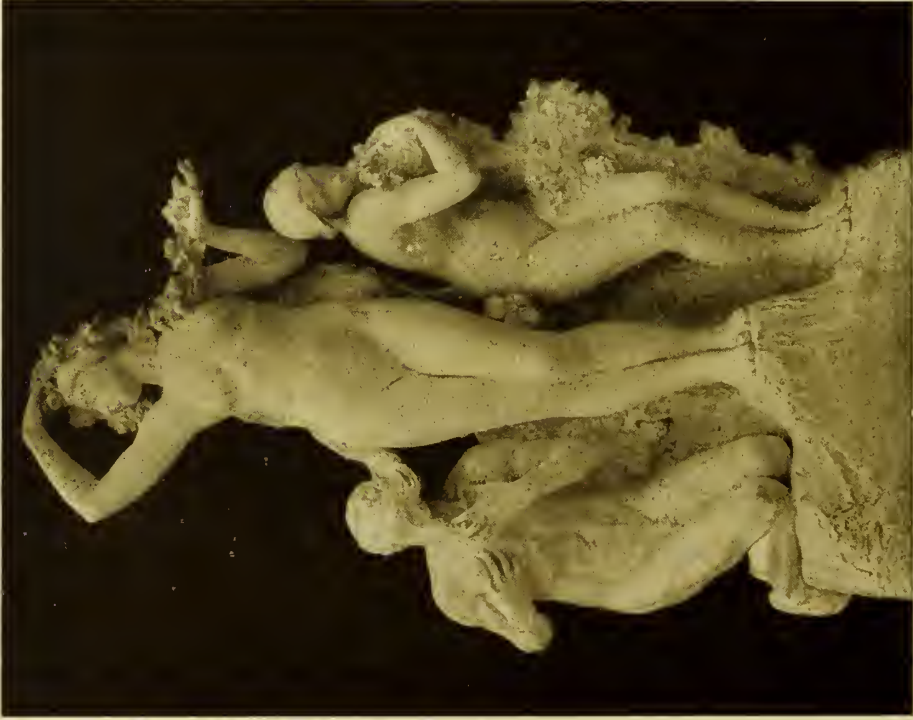


THE END OF THE TRAIL, AT ENTRANCE TO COURT OF PALMS *By* JAMES EARL FRASER

Photographed by Willard E. Worden
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FOUNTAIN OF THE SETTING SUN, COURT OF THE UNIVERSE *By* ADOLPH A. WEINMAN
Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



SPRING, COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

By FURIO PICCIRILLI

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



SUMMER, COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

By FURIO PICCIRILLI

Plate No. 310



WINTER, COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

By Furio Piccirilli

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



AUTUMN, COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

By Furio Piccirilli

Plate No. 311



EARTH
WATER

THE ELEMENTS, COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

AIR
FIRE

By ROBERT AITKEN

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.

Plate No. 312



NATIONS OF THE EAST, NATIONS OF THE WEST
SURMOUNTING TRIUMPHAL ARCHES

By A. STIRLING CALDER,
LEO LENTELLI, and
F. G. R. ROTH



FOUNTAIN OF EL DORADO

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.
Plate No. 314



FOUNTAIN: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By EDGAR WALTER



THE PRIEST, TOWER OF JEWELS

*By JOHN FLANAGAN
Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.*

ART IS PRAISE AND ALL THINGS IN LIFE ARE ITS SUBJECTS

By A. STIRLING CALDER

THE PLASTIC and pictorial decorations of a great world's exposition offers an unusual opportunity to the architect and the sculptor. But at the same time it imposes its handicaps. There is a briefness of time and a brevity of resources in so urgent a work that renders it difficult for the artist to rise to the great standard of performance desired. And yet a mighty world's exposition offers many opportunities for experiment, invention, and originality, with the only limitations the necessarily formal setting of the architecture. Sometimes, alas, the opportunities thus presented are out of proportion to the initiative of the artists, a majority of whom prefer, either from inclination or necessity, to take the safer course, the beaten path of precedent in preference to the execution of the more creative work.

Artists, therefore, are of two classes: the imitators and the innovators. The public also is of two corresponding natures, those who accept only that which they have learned to regard as good, preferring imitations of it to anything requiring the acquisition of a new viewpoint, and that other kind, those who are receptive to new impulses. The first class is by far the most numerous, a fact which explains why most of our art, and indeed most of all art, is imitative; that is, imitative of the works of other artists.

And yet at the Exposition there was given very remarkable evidence of the spirit of American sculpture at the present time. The sculpture and mural paintings adequately represented the outcome of American art today. It was the best possible collection under existing conditions; it revealed the ideals of sculptors in America and what they stand for in American art.

The many sources of inspiration of the Exposition sculptures, all European, as is, indeed, the source of our racial origin, are clothed in outward resemblances of the styles and tinged with the thought of the masters, old and new, whose works constitute precedent. Thus in sculpture we have imitations, conscious or unconscious, of the masters and standards of the past, of Michael Angelo, Donatello, Rodin, Berye, Meunier, Saint Gaudens, and others. So, too, we find this clinging to the standards of the past in paintings, although the influence of Merson, Monet, and others whose work has been of a very complex personal nature is with the more difficulty perceived in the works of our painters. Yet these departures, too, are related in the main to established ideals,

and their points of difference add only another variation in character to the great mass of works expressive of human ideals.

As in nature there is nothing absolutely pure, nothing that can exist totally unrelated to the whole, so, too, it is in art. Works of art should be judged not by their absolute adherence to any so-called standard, but in the final analysis by the appeal they make to the receptive and unprejudiced mind. Be brave, Mr. Critic, Miss Public; think for yourselves at the risk of ridicule! Be not ashamed to admire what appeals to you before learning its author; and when it no longer appeals, leave it without remorse. Be not an imitator in your opinions and preferences. When you behold a work of art which carries its appeal to your imagination, which captivates by its charm or stimulates by its lofty subject, ask not others their opinion, but for your own satisfaction analyse the work and discover what your final verdict will be.

To an extraordinary degree this Exposition disclosed the growing intimacy between sculpture and architecture, and in its completeness stood as a monumental example of the resulting beauty in total effects due to this happy union of the arts for the fulfillment of a mutual ultimate purpose.

From the beginning the general architectural scheme to be carried out by the structural exterior of the Exposition was that of a cohesive series of Oriental palaces; in reality a group of buildings and gardens, yet conveying the sense of one structure in design and effect. It is in connection with this group of buildings that the sculpture was principally applied, and if these buildings were unique in their escape from isolation, so was the sculpture unique in the cohesive design which it governed as a whole.

And in this review of the Exposition sculpture, it is unusually fitting that grateful recognition be accorded to the memory of that sculptor whose tireless energy and abiding faith in the growth of American sculpture first launched the enterprise. More than any other American sculptor, he possessed that breadth of vision which enabled him to discern talent, that spirit of generosity which enabled him to bestow praise where he believed it due, a suppleness of mind that could comprehend new concepts, and a sense of justice that avoided no obligation. Such an unusual combination of faculties was the possession of Karl Bitter. It defined a man broader and more profound than his broad achievements, one of the rare personalities in our art, the most helpful exponent that sculpture has known in this land. It was he who lent his monumental ability to the great broad design for the sculpture at the Exposition. In the initial stages of planning, his fiery initiative and amazing grasp of details commanded attention, speedily resulting in the first general plan of the sculptures for the buildings and grounds, while later his tenacity and generosity assured the completed unity of the plan for that splendid assemblage of sculpture.

Vitality and exuberance, guided by a distinct sense of order, were the dominant notes of the arts of the Exposition, and preëminently of

the sculpture, proclaiming with no uncertain voice that "all is right with this Western World." It is not too much to claim, I feel, that the sculpture supplied the human ideality, the love for the beautiful which the Exposition revealed and for which it stood. It disclosed the daring, boastful, masterful spirit of enterprise and imagination, the frank enjoyment of physical beauty and effort, the fascination of danger as well as the gentler, more reverent of our attitudes toward that mysterious problem, life.

One of the strongest influences that the Exposition sculpture will have will undoubtedly be in the direction of a new impulse to inventive decoration. There were in all forty-four sculptors who contributed designs for which the subjects were assigned in seventy-five items. Some of the items comprised compositions involving a score of figures and the number of replicas used as completed architectural motifs in order to create that effective richness which was called for by the styles of architecture was very numerous. The field of inventive decoration in sculpture, which was here so well illustrated, has remained relatively undeveloped, partly owing to our fondness for the portrait idea, a tendency, however, which is legitimate and not unworthy. Decorative sculpture has an important effect upon architecture. Architecture, which is the growth of a selective precedent, must be continually supplied with new impulses, new blood to re-energize, re-humanize its inventions; and, on the other hand, all such new impulses must be trained into order with architecture. Sculpture, to enhance architectural work, must be brought into harmony with the architecture which it embellishes. The idea is beginning to take hold in America. Within the last few years a school devoted to the development of this applied sculpture, as it may be styled, has been maintained by a group of public-spirited artists under the management of the Society of the Beaux Arts Architects and the National Sculpture Society of the United States of America.

Inventive decoration in sculptures was well shown at the Exposition. Such a work as the repeated "Star Goddess" crowning the colonnades of the Court of the Universe amounts to a definite creation of a new type of architectural finial, a human figure conventionalized to become architecturally static, yet not so devitalized as to be inert. Based upon the less classical style of architecture, the finials of the cloisters of the Court of Ages had a correspondingly related purpose.

Other features of the Court of the Universe well illustrated the use of inventive decoration. The groups of "The Nations of the East" and "The Nations of the West," to be seen at all points in silhouette against the sky, were again new types in motif and composition of arch-crowning groups. Both of these were strikingly successful solutions of problems not attempted since the ancients imposed the quadriga form of composition. The groups of the Eastern and Western nations were first of all made possible by the receptive attitude of the distinguished architects, the Messrs. McKimm, Mead & White, which proves conclusively that those who are most learned in the various forms of antique

arts are the most capable of accepting the application of new motifs, of quickly assimilating genuine contributions to the growth of progressive art. By so doing they lend to all motifs that kingly wealth of refined elegance that has come down through the ages. This acceptance in itself is fraught with much encouragement to the growing school of sculpture that aims to understand the principles of co-operation and to weld them to an ideal.

The co-operation of architect and sculptor is also to be observed in the "Column of Progress," a condition which was made possible by the instant comprehension of the architect, W. Symmes Richardson. The column illustrates the new use for an ancient motif, the type of monument which, though distinctly architectural in mass, has been humanized by the use of sculpture embodying a modern idea. As a type of sculptured column it is new and fills architectural requirements so that other columns of the same or kindred types will be designed.

The still potent charm of archaic methods applied to modern uses is well illustrated in the groups of "The Dance" and of "Music" on the terraces of the Court of the Universe. Again in the rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts and elsewhere, this tendency crops out, and always with the assurance of pleasing. The group representing "The Genius of Creation" lent a modified note of refinement to the vigorous western façade of the Machinery Palace, against which it was outlined, and added much of interest to the vistas north and south of the Avenue of Progress, and on the avenue east of the Court of Ages.

The fountains in the Court of the Universe were examples well illustrating how the charm of sculpture can vitalize architectural conventions. The crowning figures of these fountains, representations of the Rising and Setting Suns, have achieved great popularity.

"The Fountain of Energy" and the "Fountain of Earth" were the two original fountain compositions, by which is meant that while there were many other very charming fountains on the grounds, they were distinctly conceived within the rules of precedent, and offered no new suggestion of type. An exposition is the proper place to offer new types and designs in execution, and their presence is a healthy sign of growth.

There are figures and reliefs of genuine feeling that do not gain by resemblances to the manners of Rodin and Meunier; that is, are not in harmony with the surrounding architecture. The original figures in the south portal of the Palace of Varied Industries and the panel over the entrance to the Palace of Liberal Arts are quite successful inserts of new thought in old frames, in spite of a touch of this. Rodin, the emancipator of modern sculpture, a notorious anarchist as regards architecture, is always applicable, but the imitation of his style induces a negation of modelling which is not in evidence in his modes of execution.

The group "Harvest" surmounting the great niche in the Court of the Seasons is a fine, placid thing, and the bull groups on the pylons are verily time-honored conceptions strikingly placed. The three-tiered

sculpture groupings of the Tower of Ages make rich appeal when their relation to Roman architecture, here employed, is considered. There were groups in niches in the western wall that will remain caviar to the general surroundings, but which were conceived with a fine sense of decoration and needed only a touch of relation to reconcile them to the observer. To him they were too strange; yet strangeness, if sufficiently meditated upon, is in every way very much liked. It is strange, when you think of it, to have had an exposition.

"The End of the Trail" was perhaps the most popular work upon the grounds; the symbolism was simple and reached many with just the right note of sentiment. On the other hand, there were those who went beyond the obvious and preferred less realistic suggestions, particularly in relation to architecture.

"The Pioneer" was not well understood. The trappings here puzzled the realists, who insisted upon a portrait of a personage, Joaquin Miller. The sculptor, I know, intended nothing of the sort. This is his vision of an aged pioneer living over again for a moment his life. Astride his ancient pony, hung with chance trappings, symbols of association, with ax and rifle with which he conquered the wilderness, he broods the past.

In this brief review justice can not be done to all that earnest, honest, hopeful effort of the world-loving artist who delights in the myriad phases of our lovely-terrible life, who naively labors to bring forth his sonnet of praise. To him be kind, all you who contemplate, and remember that it is easier to criticize than to be intelligently sympathetic. It is all for you. Take what you like and leave the rest; it may serve other men and moods.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

By LOUIS CHRISTIAN MULLGARDT

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION is largely distinctive because of its court plan. Eight palaces seemingly constitute a single structure containing five distinct courts.

This group of buildings consists of the Palaces of Education, Food Products, Agriculture, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Transportation, Mines and Varied Industries. It is terminated east and west by Machinery Hall and the Palace of Fine Arts. To the south of this group, and on the lateral axis of the two end courts, are the Palaces of Horticulture and Festival Hall.

This group of eight buildings and the Tower of Jewels, including Festival Hall, the Palace of Horticulture, and the Palace of Fine Arts, constitute the main structures of the Exposition. The buildings and gardens of foreign countries and states of the Union adjoin, at their western termination, the thirteen main structures erected by the Exposition Company. Still further west are the live stock barns and poultry houses. The aviation, military, and polo fields, including the race course, occupy the extreme end of the site.

The amusement section called "The Zone" extends for a distance of seven city blocks eastward from the main group.

THE SITE

The final selection of this elongated Exposition site was only determined after a factional community of energetic citizens had voiced their varying preferences for one or the other of five or six sites advocated. For the purpose of making progress by amicable arrangement between contending advocates, it was finally proposed to construct portions of the Fair at Harbor View, Lincoln Park, and Golden Gate Park and connecting these sub-divisions by highways and rail.

When preliminary planning of the Exposition was begun, it became evident that such an arrangement would be exceedingly expensive and unsatisfactory, and it was therefore abandoned.

Over six hundred acres were obtainable in the Harbor View site, which was sufficient to meet the demands of the most modern Exposition; consequently, Golden Gate and Lincoln Parks were left undisturbed and are today intact and beautiful. In addition, San Francisco has established a surpassing glory of Exposition buildings and parks on a tract of barren land, which will forever reflect credit to the intelligence of this commu-

nity. All plans have been constructive and not destructive. Nothing of value has been sacrificed to make place for something else.

The Columbian Exposition at Chicago was judiciously placed on undeveloped sand dunes bordering the shores of Lake Michigan adjacent to Jackson Park, which became part of that Public Garden when that Exposition disappeared.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis was located in Forest Park, where hundreds of acres were cleared of magnificent forest trees and gardens to provide adequate space for Exposition structures and gardens.

San Francisco's Harbor View site, so wisely selected by careful process of broad and liberal consideration and process of gradual elimination, constitutes one of the most creditable elements in the success of the entire Exposition accomplishment. The unprecedented varying opportunities whereby this Exposition may be viewed from ships on San Francisco Bay and from hills and mountains opposite, from the forests of the Presidio and from the heights of the city, make this site pronouncedly the most ideal which has ever been dedicated to any Exposition, large or small.

Harbor View site consisted largely of a salt water inlet separated from the Bay of San Francisco by a sea-wall. This inlet was filled by means of pumping dredgers which obtained their material from the bottom of the bay. This engineering work was in progress for several months, during which time the architects and engineers of the Exposition were engaged in preparing drawings and specifications for structures, roadways, and gardens.

A block plan was prepared, giving general dimensions of the entire layout, to govern the architects in making preliminary studies for their part of the entire work. These studies were presented for consideration and approval of the Architectural Commission at the second general conference which took place in August, 1912. The results of this second conference were then reported to the Board of Directors for adoption.

The third conference of the Architectural Commission took place in December, 1912, when further developments of preliminary drawings were submitted for final adoption. This last general conference of the architects established the designs which were finally adopted by the directors, and the architects then proceeded with working drawings.

Filling and grading of the site were immediately begun. Structural walls, roofs, and interior supports were designed by the Engineering Department. Pile foundations and drainage were provided, and the premises cleared of shacks and other rubbish to make space for the Exposition.

Three important elements in the design of the Exposition are represented by planting, sculpture, color and decoration. The chiefs of these departments were selected by the Architectural Commission at its second conference, August, 1912. The chiefs of these three departments attended the architects' conferences and collaborated in their deliberations.

TRAVERTINE PLASTER

Another important element was represented by texture, consisting of a manipulation of colored plastic materials to give surface expression to buildings and sculpture.

Color applied to plastic architecture had been extensively used in the construction of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, in 1900. No progressive step equals the importance of texture and innate color of plaster, which has given such added quality and great charm to certain parts of the Exposition.

The Division of Works of an Exposition is intended to be a sort of clearing-house in coördinating all the physical essentials, so that they come into place in good time and proper order, and that economy and speed are served to best advantage. It secures surveys, grades, and levels; locates streets, building lines, walks, and gardens. It establishes contracts for filling, grading, piling foundations, sewers, and drains, railway tracks for delivery of building materials, ferry slips and piers, including temporary inclosures and workshops where sculptors and modelers of architectural detail do their work.

Separate contracts were entered into for nearly everything which could have been separately contracted for. The Exposition Company assumed the first hand purchase of all lumber for construction purposes; also the purchase of raw materials for plaster, shipped direct to the Exposition grounds by rail and water from forests and mills and sold direct to contractors, thereby avoiding construction delays.

All previous Expositions were found incomplete on the opening date. It had been determined that this Exposition should be complete on the opening date, February 20, 1915.

A special tunnel had been constructed at the east end under Fort Mason to permit freight cars being shunted on an elaborate system of tracks alongside and into the palaces, making it possible to carry all building materials and exhibits to points nearest their final location.

ROADWAYS

Temporary plank roadways were built throughout the Exposition grounds for heavy hauling. These were removed as fast as permanent roadways could be built toward the time of completion of all structures. The final roadways and walks were built of broken stone and gravel, having an asphaltum top surface.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

An independent fire-fighting system was established on the premises when sufficient inflammable material had been delivered on the ground to make it necessary. Temporary inclosures for fire-fighting machinery on wheels were first built; subsequently palatial engine houses were erected, housing four separate companies. The entire Exposition is amply provided with fire-signal stations in all parts of the grounds and

buildings. In addition thereto, independent standpipes with hose connections are distributed everywhere, furnishing high pressure service for immediate local needs wherever a fire may originate.

TELEPHONES

An elaborate network of telephone wires extends over the entire Exposition grounds to offices, exhibition buildings, booths, and public stations, together having a central distributing point as elaborate and complete as that of a large independent city.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Ferry slips for quick over-water conveyance of visitors to and from across the bay points were established near the government docks, including a Ferry Station of large proportion, back of a dignified Greek Doric exterior. An adequate network of electric street car tracks was especially provided by the city of San Francisco, delivering passengers to the Exposition gates at every desirable point from all parts of the city. The centralized location of the Exposition made it possible to divert every branch of the old established street railway system to new branch lines leading directly into the several loops adjoining the Exposition gates. These loops afford all cars continuous travel in both directions.

ILLUMINATING

The electric lighting wires are concealed underground, similar to the telephone wires, leaving the sky unobstructed by wires or cables strung from post to post, as is customarily true in our towns and cities.

The illumination of the Exposition is largely done by batteries of scintillators concealed on roofs and other points of vantage. Rows of electric standards with screened arc lights are placed in decorative order, to cast illuminating rays where required without subjecting the eyes of the public to direct glare of innumerable and varying sources of artificial light.

THE MARINA

The north side of the main group is flanked by a greensward which skirts the bay. This enormous green carpet is bordered by walks and roadways. It affords excellent opportunity for thousands of people to view special attractions offered daily along the water-front. War vessels and pleasure crafts are just beyond the low Marina wall. A splendid broadside view is here obtainable of the entire length of the north façade of the Exposition palaces, including vistas into the several courts which open on the Marina. An uninterrupted view of the bay and its northern coast line of hills and mountains, extending from Golden Gate, west to east, as far as the eye can reach, is here obtained under most favorable conditions.

THE SOUTH GARDENS

Flanking the south side of the main group is the Avenue of Palms, which appears to have existed always. It was established as part of the most colossal system of successful transplanting which has ever been undertaken in the history of the world. The South Gardens adjoin the Avenue of Palms and extend to the Exposition inclosure along the south line, where a wall fifty feet high and ten feet wide has been erected of trayed solid green moss-like growth studded with myriads of tiny pink star-like blossoms. This great wall is perforated by simple arched masonry entrances leading through a richly planted foreground formed by the South Gardens.

Basins of reflecting blue waters extend to the right and left of a central fountain of colossal proportions, the basins themselves being punctuated at their east and west ends by fountains of subordinate size, back of which are Festival Hall to the right and the Palace of Horticulture to the left as we enter the green wall portals from the city of San Francisco beyond.

To the south and west of the foreign countries, state buildings, and gardens, a graceful contour of hills extends sloping by to Golden Gate, having a coxcomb of pine and eucalyptus. Broad vistas of city, forests, water, hills, and mountains present themselves on every line of the compass. Gray, green, blue, and lavender vistas come into view through portal, colonnade, and arch.

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

This impressive unit faces the Rising Sun, with its colorful façade. The plan of this composite structure suggests the Star and Crescent of Mohammed. The architecture shows a free interpretation of early Roman forms. It is, in fact, a purely romantic conception by Architect Maybeck, entirely free from traditional worship or obedience to scholastic precedent. Its greatest charm has been established through successful composition. The architectural elements have been arranged into a colossal theme of exceptional harmony, into which the interwoven planting and mirror lake have been incorporated in a masterly way. The entire composition bespeaks the mind of an imaginative romanticist, whose productions are swayed more by nature's glories than by scholastic tradition.

THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE

The architecture of this building so clearly expresses its purpose that a definition of style promptly suggests the title of horticultural architecture. Its decorative spire-like finials are like the cypress and poplar. The clusters of floral decorations and festoons reflect one of the fundamental purposes of decorative glory to which all plant life has been decreed. The bulb-like glass dome is like an enormous dewdrop of beautiful proportion, and iridescent in color. All this beauty was

conceived by Architects Bakewell and Brown, who have given full evidence of their appreciation of the purposes to which this palace was assigned.

FESTIVAL HALL

This structure counterbalances the Palace of Horticulture at the east end of the South Gardens. Mr. Farquhar's interpretation of Italian Renaissance in this interesting structure is replete with charming detail; it is truly expressive of its festival purposes. It is seen to best advantage when reflected in the South Garden pool from the circle surrounding the Fountain of Energy, and from the Court of Flowers.

THE PALACE OF MACHINERY

This colossal structure of Roman type was designed by Architects Ward and Blohme. It dignifies the east end of the main composition in a most impressive manner. Its general character is similar to the Roman baths of Caracalla. The vestibules are particularly impressive when viewed longitudinally. The interior Roman vaulting formed by myriad trusses is similarly impressive in form and scale to the interiors of renowned existing Basilicas. The surrounding tree, shrub, and flower planting along the simple outer walls is rhythmically consistent with the Roman niches and entrances and lends added charm to the dignity of this tremendous structure. The cornices are especially noteworthy in their detail, scale, and proportion.

OUTER WALLS OF THE GROUP OF EIGHT

The impressive simplicity of the outer walls is enhanced by a succession and variety of portals, niches, and arcades of Spanish and Italian origin of renowned beauty. The simple dignity of the plain travertine wall surfaces is surmounted by tile-covered cornices and terminated by pavilions. A rich foreground of rhythmic planting of trees, shrubbery, and flowers, emphasizes the intent of unity of these eight palaces, the corporate purpose of which has been so successfully interpreted by Architects Bliss and Faville.

DOMES

The typical domes surmounting the eight palaces also express similarity of purpose for which these palaces are intended. In depicting the industrial arts, these palaces lend an oriental expression to the entire composition, consistent with the citadel character of the general scheme. The banner poles with their oriental streamers and the illuminating standards set in the foreground planting of the outer walls, lend a consistent festive character to these long façades.

TOWER OF JEWELS

The appellation "Of Jewels" became an addition to the original title, after the Tower became thus gorgeously arrayed. The Tower was contemplated in conjunction with the main group, as clue to the composition, and as of vital importance to the general plan. Its composite architecture can best be defined as of white and yellow race derivation.

It clearly indicates a mingling of architectural characteristics of the entire world's people as the architects, Carrère and Hastings, probably intended. It gives definite expression of the international purposes for which this Exposition is designed. The jewel enrichments add effectively to its oriental regal display. The Tower constitutes an indispensable integral to the unit composition. It appears to best advantage under the mysterious effects produced by Mr. Ryan's night illumination.

THE COURT OF FOUR SEASONS

This dignified, restful court of Roman classic character, designed by Architect Henry Bacon, expresses the season theme perfectly. The alcoves, which symbolize the Four Seasons, are admirably conceived in their relation to the entire composition. The colonnades' arched side approaches and the colossal Roman niche at the south end together alone form a glorious composition which has been greatly enhanced by the arrangement of planting as planned by Mr. Bacon.

COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

This colossal place of oval form, including the Avenue stretching to the Marina, is fundamentally Roman in architectural character, the style being largely attributable to its splendid colonnade and triumphal arches. Its architectural style is also sympathetic to the orient of the Far East along the Mediterranean, owing to its domed pavilions. The oval sunken garden is thickly planted with hydrangeas which constitute one of the most gorgeous displays at the Exposition. The Tower of Jewels and the Column of Progress at the north and south ends of this wonderful court serve as integrals. McKim, Mead, and White are architects of this most important of all the courts.

COURTS OF FLOWERS AND PALMS

These two delightful courts, designed by Architect George W. Kelham, are like great alcoves in the south wall of the main group. The Court of Flowers faces Festival Hall, whereas the Court of Palms faces the Palace of Horticulture. Each court is flanked at its outer angles by towers, which form an indispensable element in the South Façade and the courts themselves. The general style is Italian Renaissance, suggestive in detail of these courts' symbolic intent in form of decoration and planting. These courts form an important element in the South Façade of the main group.

THE COURT OF THE AGES—A SERMON IN STONE

The Court of the Ages is 340 feet square. The surrounding walls are seventy-five feet high. The Tower is 200 feet high. The floor of the Court declines to the central basin, affording the observer a full view of the surroundings. The arcaded and vaulted ambulatory extends continuously around the four sides. The floor of this ambulatory is elevated above the upper floor level of the Court for the convenience of observers. Its architecture has not been accredited to any established style.

The Court is an historical expression of the successive ages of the world's growth. The central fountain symbolizes the nebulous world with its innate human passions. Out of a chaotic condition came water (the basin), and land (the fountain), and light (the sun supported by Helios, and the electroliers.) The braziers and cauldrons symbolize fire. The floor of the Court is covered with verdure, trees, flowers, and fruits. The two sentinel columns to the right and left of the Tower symbolize earth and air. The eight paintings in the four corners of the ambulatory symbolize the elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. The central figure in the north avenue symbolizes "Modern time listening to the story of the ages."

The decorative motifs employed on the surrounding arcade are sea plant life and its animal evolution. The piers, arches, reeds, and columns bear legendary decorative motifs of the transitional plant to animal life in the forms of tortoise and other shell motifs; kelp and its analogy to prehistoric lobster, skate, crab, and sea urchin. The water-bubble motif is carried through all vertical members which symbolize the Crustacean Period, which is the second stratum of the Court.

The third stratum, the prehistoric figures, surmounting the piers of the arcade, also the first group over the Tower entrance, show earliest forms of human, animal, reptile, and bird life, symbolizing the Stone Age Period.

The fourth stratum, the second group in the Altar Tower, symbolizes human struggle for emancipation from ignorance and superstition in which religion and war are dominating factors. The kneeling figures on the side altar are similarly expressive. The torches above these mediæval groups symbolize the dawn of understanding. The Chanticleers on the finials surrounding the Court symbolize the Christian era. The topmost figure of the altar symbolizes intelligence, "Peace on earth, good will toward all"—the symbols of learning and industry at her feet. The topmost figure surmounting the side altar symbolizes thought.

The arched opening forming the inclosure of the altar contains alternating masks expressing intelligence and ignorance, symbolizing the peoples of the world.

A gradual development to the higher forms of plant life is expressed upward in the Altar Tower, the conventionalized Lily Petal being the highest form.

Over six hundred acres are comprised in the elongated site on which the Exposition stands. Millions of people from all parts of the world have made pilgrimage to this realm of phantasy, and many thousands more are on their way, determined to bask in the radiance of good will toward all mankind, which this mecca of peace, enlightenment, beauty, and inspiration for a better and greater future gives forth. Its purposeful influence is destined to perpetually serve a beneficent cause in the furtherance of unified international humanitarianism after the ephemeral vision of this phantom kingdom has vanished.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF THE
EXPOSITION**



ROTUNDA: PALACE OF FINE ARTS

Southeast view

Note how swans suggest atmosphere

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



VISTA: COLONNADE

A sympathetic setting for the Muse

Plate No. 318

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



CENTRAL DOME OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELINEK

"Priestess of Culture" surmounting column. The serenity and intellectual beauty of this controlled angelic figure well express the mission of culture upon the earth

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



ROTUNDA: MAIN ARCH

Palace of Fine Arts

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.

This main arch is the gem of the Dome and the central point. The altar expresses the lowest note of sentiment in the composition. See text by B. R. Maybeck



PORTION OF CRESCENT: COLONNADE

Palace of Fine Arts

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.

Low columns are Doric proportions, the tall are Corinthian. Parapet in background suggests floor beyond. Refer to text by B. R. Maybeck



VISTA: ROTUNDA

Palace of Fine Arts

Seen from the Crescent

Plate No. 322

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



ROTUNDA AND HEDGE

Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.

Palace of Fine Arts

*Observe massive proportions by noting figures near tree. Refer to text
by B. R. Maybeck*



VISTA: COLONNADE

Palace of Fine Arts

Entrance court to the Crescent, as seen from Rotunda

Plate No. 324

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
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PALACE OF FINE ARTS
General view

BEESAMP R. MAYNECK, Architect
Photographed by Cardinell Vincent Co.



AN ARCHWAY OF THE ROTUNDA

Palace of Fine Arts

Note the high proportions

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



CENTRAL DOME—PALACE OF FINE ARTS

Plate No. 327

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



THE TOWER OF AGES

Court of Abundance

Note originality of grouping of tower sculpture

Plate No. 328

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



COURT OF PALMS AND SUNKEN POOL

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



VISTA: COURT OF ABUNDANCE

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK
Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.



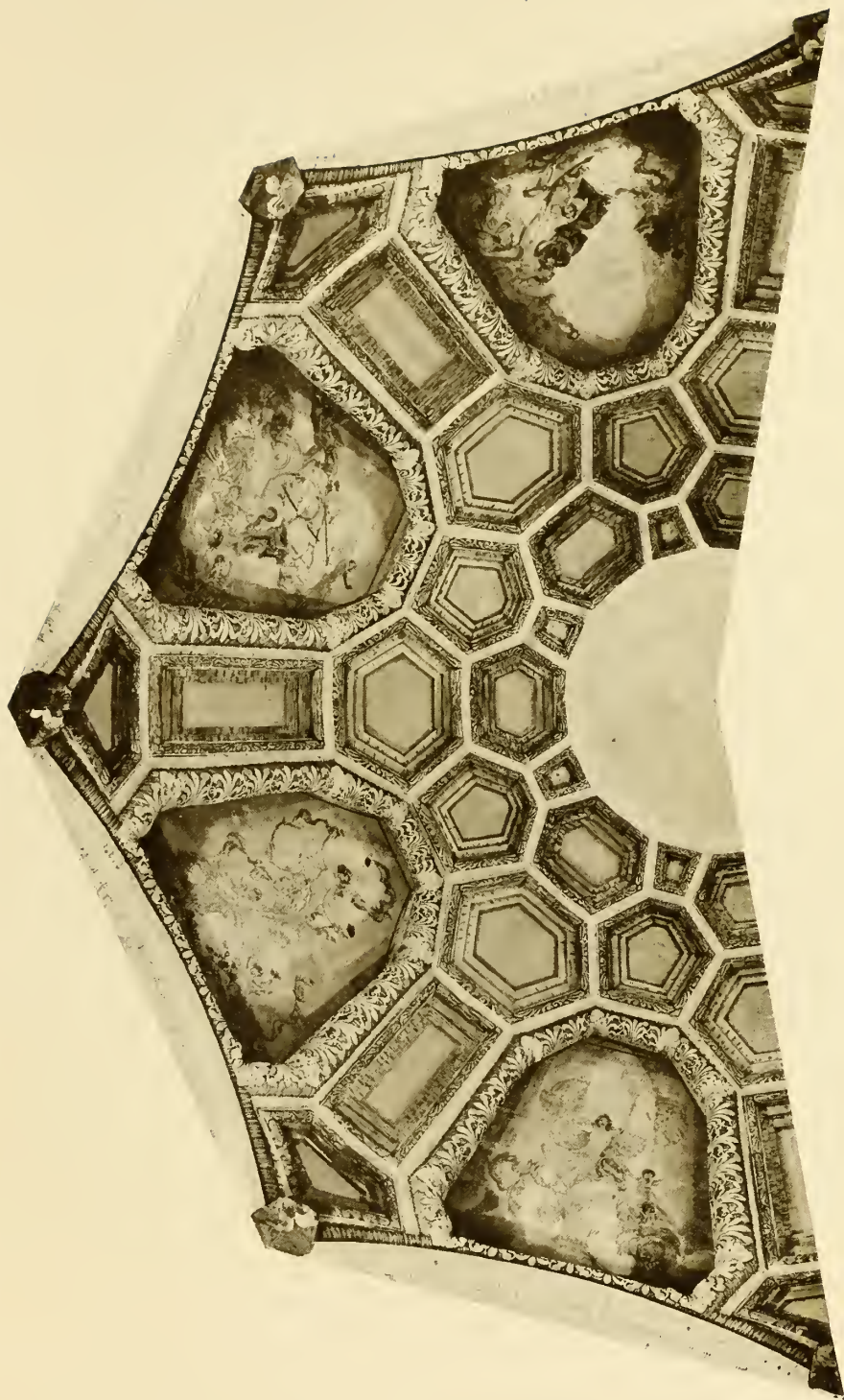
SOUTH PORTAL: PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK

Spanish Renaissance style

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.

"The Useful Arts" represented by frieze over doorway and figures in niches on each side, by Mahonri Young



SECTION OF INNER DOME

Palace of Fine Arts

Photographed by DR. EMIL O. JELLINEK

Reproduced by permission of Cardinell Vincent Co.

Showing Caisson right. Section in reality is distorted as in Pantheon of Rome. See text by Bernard R. Maybeck

Plate No. 332

ARCHITECTURE OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

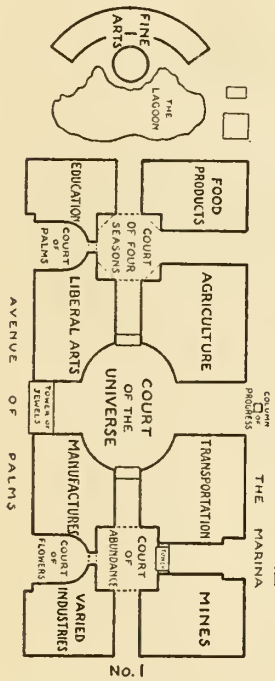
By BERNARD R. MAYBECK

THE ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITION of any building is developed in its plans, its elevations, and its sections.

The plan of the Fine Arts Building (Number 1) with the lagoon formed the top of a general ground plan of the grounds and the Panama-Pacific International Exposition palaces. The lagoon was made irregular to give it what is called the romantic, *i. e.* a revival of Gothic ideals.

The rôle that this plays in connection with the classic need not be discussed now. The main palace, I suppose, should have been elliptic in plan. (Figure 2.) In order to bring the entrance columns parallel with the façades of the palaces of Education and Food Products, *A B* and *C D* would be in a straight line. But Figure 1 was used because the iron construction was much simpler, less costly than if we had used Figure 2. Although Figure 1 is an unusual method of planning, it nevertheless worked out well because the Danish Building and the Japanese garden were so irregular that a square ending would have "queered" the rest of the composition at the south end. In the convergence of *A B* and *C D*, Figure 1 proved to be satisfactory. The perspective obtained from a view of the south entrance well illustrates this.

The method of planning that was adopted is illustrated in the plan of rotunda (Figure 3). When the plan of the walls of the building is blacked in on paper, the picture thus made is agreeable to the eye. To get this result in the Fine Arts plan, the shrubs were used to fill the vacancies that usually are filled out with



No. 2

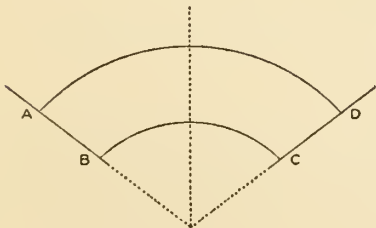


Fig. 1

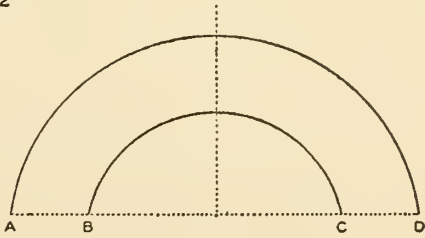
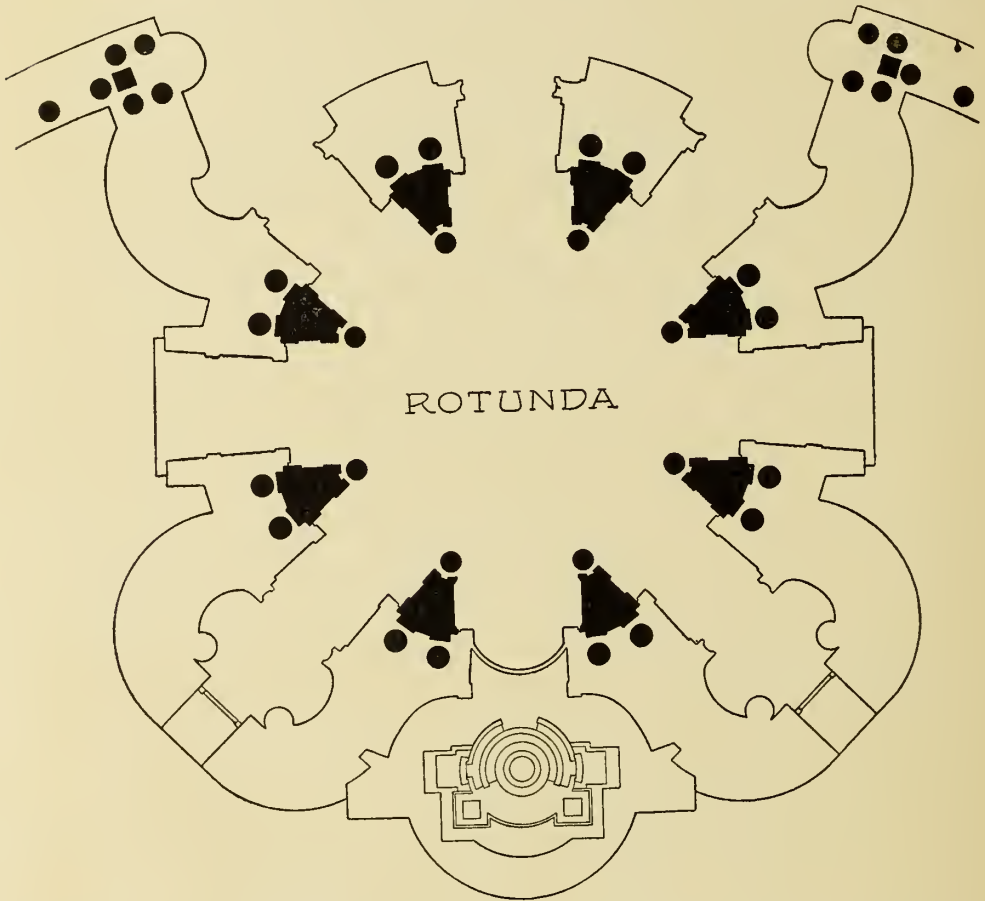


Fig. 2

walls, which are called "points de Pocher." I do not mention the above in the light of an apology, but rather wish to show that those who plan in snow countries have a different problem from our California architects.

The elevation was designed to harmonize with a cornice belonging to a Temple of the Sun published in the restoration of Rome by Despuoy. I chose the cornice composed by this man, who died about 2000 years ago, because it is the one cornice that had the simplicity of the Greeks, quite distinctly shown by plate Number 323 preceding, which has the

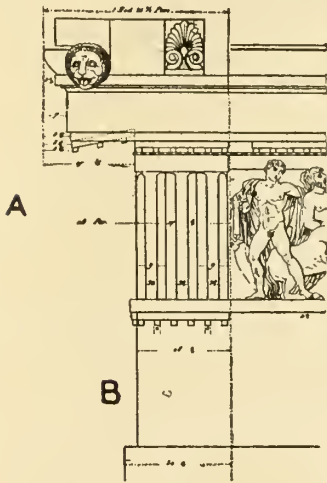


character of the Greek cornice (Figure 5). The projection *A B* is a decidedly clear offset when compared with the Roman *D C* (Figure 6), which makes an angle of about 45 degrees.

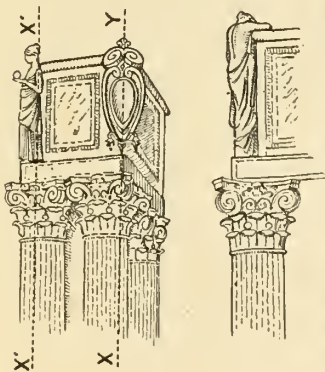
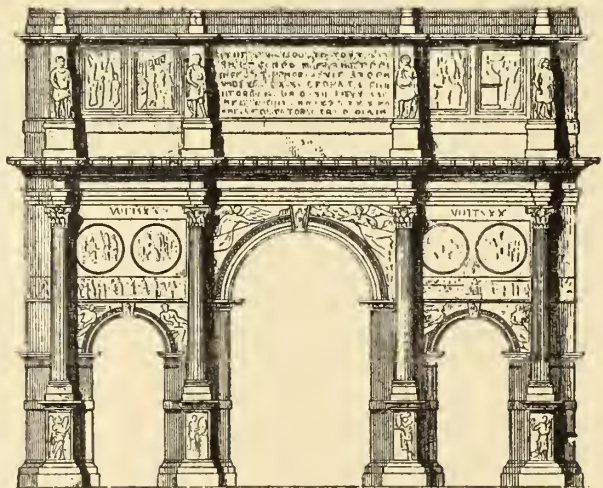
Because this man's work is the keynote to the whole composition, the general feeling of the Fine Arts Palace is Greek. This led to a number of unusual points of view.

In the colonnade there are two styles of columns (cuts *F* and *E*). In the Renaissance method of composition, the column *F* is Corinthian and the column *E* would be Ionic. The Greeks would not have mixed these two orders; therefore we made the height of *F* eleven times the

size of the diameter at the base; and E, to suggest a heavy Doric, was made a Corinthian in eight diameters, and the cap was made shorter and had a wider flare than the cap of F.

*Fig. 5**Fig. 6*

And, again, in the Renaissance character, the boxes on the groups of four columns would have had the line *X Y* (Figure 7) at the corners broken up with a shield, etc.; but the Greek did not decorate that way. He would have put human figures on the corners to break the line *X Y* (Figure 8). The difference between the Greek method of composing and mine is that the figure turned its back to the audience (Figure 9). This was done for sentimental reasons and to strike the minor key of sadness.

*Fig. 8**Fig. 7**Fig. 9**Fig. 10*

There was in the first drawing a triumphal gate at the north and south entrances to the crescent way, like that of Constantine in Rome (Figure 10). But that was omitted to save expense, and I believe it

gave a quieter result with the gate omitted, although architecturally it might have made a better elevation on paper, and the "pocher" in plan would have looked better.

The figure over the main entrance doorway was put entirely free of the wall because it gives a sense of freedom to sculpture that is not usual, but was also done this way for its psychological effect, to strike a hopeful note at the entrance.

On the rotunda arches, the spring line of the arch was not accentuated because it would have spoiled the proportion of the central arch seen from the opposite side of the lagoon. The other arches had to reach to the ground and therefore pilasters and entablatures accentuated the spring line.

The polygons in the inner dome are all on a plane surface tangent to an imaginary sphere. This, I believe, gives more snap and is less work than if they had been made spherical. The steps in the polygon caissons

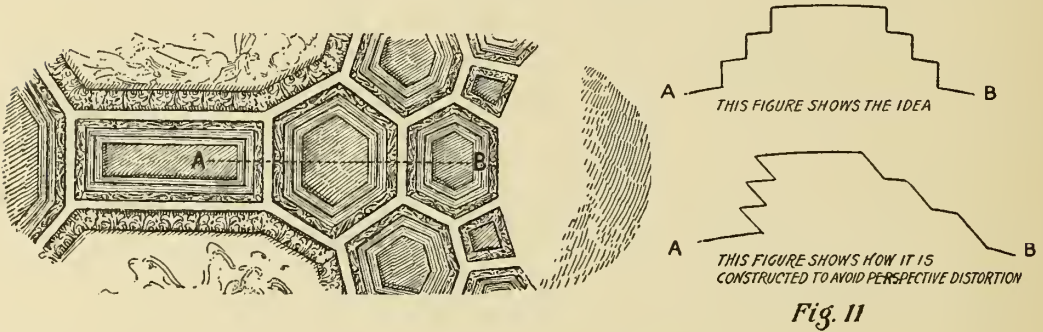


Fig. 11

are made to avoid perspective distortion, just as they were made in the Pantheon in Rome (Figure 11).

The difference in level between the floor of the dome and the altar came from the fact that a pedestal for the dome was needed, as well as for the main building; therefore the whole composition was planned as though the main floor were nine feet above the ground, but owing to the fact that the authorities would not allow steps, and because it would be cheaper, the actual floor is on the ground, with an æsthetic imaginary floor nine feet above it, indicated by the terrace on the crescent way and floor of the altar.

It was intended that the foliage should be high and romantic, avoiding all stiff lines, but the scale was so large that it was impossible to plant things large enough and with restricted means and time to realize this intention. If it were a permanent building, the planting could be arranged to have the proper mass in ten to twenty years. On the whole, the lagoon is the crux of the whole composition; it is inevitably incorporated into the entire theme, and fortunately no bridge was put across it, as was at first demanded. We must be thankful to the chief of construction that it was omitted.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

CALIFORNIAN PAINTERS, ETCHERS, AND SCULPTORS

AITKEN, ROBERT INGERSOLL

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1878. Studied: San Francisco Art Inst. Member: National Inst. Arts and Letters; National Academy (academician); Nat'l Sculpture Society (secretary); Union Int. des Beaux Arts et des Lettres; French Institute in America; Municipal Art Soc., New York; Fine Arts Federation and Architectural League. Exhibited at: International exhibitions, Rome, Venice, and San Francisco. Honors: Phelan medal, San Francisco Art Ass'n; Helen Foster Barnett prize, N. A.; gold medal of honor for sculpture, Arch. League; silver medal for sculpture, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

ATKINS, ARTHUR

Born Queen's Ferry, England, 1873. Died 1899, Piedmont, Cal. Studied: California and Paris; almost wholly self-taught. Memorial exhibitions in 1900, 1905, and 1910. His "Letters and Notes Upon Painting" published in one volume, 1908.

BORONDA, LESTER D.

Born Reno, Nev., 1886. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, San Francisco; Art Students' League, New York; Munich and Paris. Exhibited at: Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Nat'l Academy of Design, New York; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.

BOONE, CORA

Born Missouri. Studied: San Francisco Institute of Art; Central School of Arts and Crafts, London, 1912-1913; Paris, 1913. Exhibited at Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, 1915.

BORG, CARL OSCAR

Born Sweden, 1879. Self-taught. Member: Salmagundi Club, New York; California Art Club; San Francisco Art Ass'n; California Society of Etchers. Exhibited at: Societe des Artistes Francais, Paris; Int. Exhibition, Rome; Venice; Amsterdam; St. Petersburg; Ghent; Royal Academy, London. Honors: Honorable mention, Vichy, 1913; silver medal, Versailles, 1914; silver medal, Panama-California Exp., San Diego, 1915; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

BRAUN, MAURICE

Born Hungary, 1877. Studied: National Academy of Design, New York, under Francis C. Jones, Edgar M. Ward, and Geo. W. Maynard. Exhibited at: National Academy of Design, New York; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; Art Institute of Chicago; Detroit Museum of Art; Los Angeles Museum of Fine Arts; Panama-Pacific Exposition; Panama-California Exposition. Honors: Gold medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

BREMER, ANNE M.

Born San Francisco, Cal. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, San Francisco; Art Students' League, New York; Academie Moderne and La Palette, Paris. Member: San Francisco Society of Artists; San Francisco Art Ass'n; the California Art Club; President San Francisco Sketch Club, 1905-07. Exhibited at: Salon d'Automne, Paris; Society of Washington Artists, Washington, D. C.; Pennsylvania Academy. Honorable mention and N. C. Concours Certificate at Mark Hopkins Institute; bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

BREUER, HENRY JOSEPH

Born Philadelphia, Pa., 1860. Studied: Cincinnati, New York, and Paris. Lived and worked principally in California during past thirty years as a landscape painter. By request two pictures were shown with Exhibition of American Masterpieces at Berlin. Honors: Silver medal, Seattle Exposition; gold medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

BROWN, BENJAMIN CHAMBERS

Born Marion, Ark., 1865. Studied: St. Louis School of Fine Arts; Julian Academie, Paris, under J. P. Laurens and J. Benjamin Constant. Member: Advisory Committee, Art Dept. Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition; California Art Club of Los Angeles (president); the Print Makers of Los Angeles (president). Honors: Silver medal, Seattle Exposition, 1909; bronze medal, Portland, 1905; silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, 1915; bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

BURGDORFF, FERDINAND

Born Cleveland, Ohio, 1883. Studied: Cleveland School of Art; Paris.

CADENASSO, GIUSEPPE

Born Genoa, Italy, 1858. Studied: Hopkins Art Institute, San Francisco. Exhibited at Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honors: Gold medal, Seattle Exposition, 1909.

CAHILL, WILLIAM V.

Born Syracuse, N. Y. Studied: Art Students' League, New York; Howard Pyle, Wilmington, Del.; Birge Harrison. Instructor in School of Illustration and Painting, Los Angeles. Member: Salmagundi Club; California Art Club. Honors: Wm. T. Evans prize, Salmagundi Club, 1912; Vezin prize.

CARLSEN, EMIL

Born Copenhagen, Denmark, 1853. Came to United States in 1872. Studied architecture at Danish Royal Academy. Member: S. A. A., 1902; Nat. Inst. A. L.; N. A., 1906. Honors: Second Inness prize, Salma C., 1904; Shaw purchase, S. A. A., 1904; gold medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; Webb prize, S. A. A., 1905; Inness medal, N. A. D., 1907; third medal, C. I., Pittsburgh, 1908; Temple gold medal, P. A. F. A., 1912; bronze medal, Buenos Aires, 1910; medal of honor, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

CUMMINGS, EARL MELVIN

Born Salt Lake City, Utah, 1876. Studied with Mercie and Noel in Paris; Douglas Tilden in San Francisco. Instructor at San Francisco Art Inst. since 1915. Member: Board of Park Commissioners of San Francisco. Work: "Robert Burns," Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

CUNEO, RINALDO

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1877. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; under Piazzoni, Paris and London. Has actively devoted his time to art only in the past three years. Exhibited at: Mark Hopkins Institute of Art; Golden Gate Park Museum; Sorosis Club; Del Monte Art Gallery; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

DIXON, MAYNARD

Born Fresno, Cal., 1875. Self-taught. Journeys and studies throughout West, 1895-1916, visiting Indian tribes, cattle ranges, desert. Known principally through his pictures of desert and Southwest Indian subjects. Member: Salmagundi Club; Architectural League of New York; Architectural Club of Chicago. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

DAGGETT, MAUD

Born Kansas City, Mo., 1883. Studied: Art Institute, Chicago; Paris; Rome. Member: Southern California Art Club. Exhibited at: Salon, Paris; Seattle Exposition; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition; Panama-California Exposition.

DEL MUE, MAURICE

Born Paris, France, 1878. Came to California at age of seven. Studied: San Francisco Art Association under Arthur Mathews and A. Joullin; Gerome, Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Exhibited at: Royal Academy, London. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

DE JONG, BETTY

Born Paris. Studied: Paris. Exhibited at: Societaire du Salon d'Automne, Paris; London. Honors: Medal of honor, Vichy; honorable mention, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

DICKMAN, CHARLES JOHN

Born Germany, 1863. Studied: Julian Academy, Paris. Honor: Medal Academie Colorossi, Paris. Member of the International Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

DUNLAP, HELENA

Born Whittier, Cal. Studied: Chicago Art Institute; Pennsylvania Academy; Lucien Simon, Paris. Exhibited at: Societe National des Beaux Arts, Paris; Academy Nat'l Design, New York; Chicago Art Institute. Member: California Art Club. Honor: Second prize, California Art Club; silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

EDMOND, ELIZABETH

Born Portland, Me., 1887. Studied: Massachusetts Normal Art School, Boston; Art Students' League, New York, under Jas. Earle Fraser; Academie Colorossi, Paris, under Paul W. Bartlett and M. Injalbert. Member: California Art Club, Los Angeles. Exhibited at: Salons de la Societe des Artistes Francais; Royal Academy, London; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; National Academy of Design; Toledo Museum of Fine Arts; Los Angeles Museum of Fine Arts. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

FORTUNE, E. CHARLTON

Born Sausalito, Cal., 1885. Studied: St. John's Wood School of Art, London; Art Students' League, New York. Four scholarships. Exhibited at: Royal Scottish Academy; Liverpool Art Gallery; National Arts Club, New York. Honors: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

FROELICH, MAREN M.

Born Fresno, Cal. Studied: San Francisco School of Design, Menard, Simon, Casteluchio Academy, Paris; with Theodore Steinlen and Richard Miller, Paris. Exhibited at: San Francisco Art Institute; l'Union Internationale and Salon des Artistes Francais, Paris; Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum, San Francisco; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honors: Avery gold medal for painting; Alvord gold medal for drawing; honorable mention, San Francisco School of Design. Instructor at San Francisco School of Design and Irving Institute.

GREENBAUM, JOSEPH

Born New York, 1864. Studied: San Francisco School of Design; Lefebvre, Robert, Fleury, Doucet, and Humbert of Paris; Carl Marr, Munich. Exhibited at Paris Salon; Munich. Honors: Honorable mention, Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Munich; gold medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909.

GAMBLE, JOHN MARSHALL

Born Morristown, N. J., 1863. Studied: San Francisco School of Design under Virgil, Williams, and Emil Carleson; Academie Julian, Paris, Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. Has specialized in painting landscapes with wild flowers. Exhibited at: Midwinter Fair, San Francisco; San Francisco Art Ass'n; St. Louis Exposition; New York Water Color Society; Philadelphia Academy Fine Arts; Chicago Art Institute. Honor: Gold medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909.

GRAY, PERCY

Born San Francisco, 1869. Studied: San Francisco Art Ass'n; New York Art League, William M. Chase. Exhibited: Various galleries and clubs in San Francisco. Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

HANSEN, ARMIN C.

Born San Francisco, 1886. Studied: San Francisco, Stuttgart, Munich, Antwerp. Exhibited at: International Exposition, Brussels, 1910; Salon du Printemps, Brussels; Int. Exposition, Liege, Belgium; Art Institute, Chicago; Pennsylvania Academy F. A., Philadelphia; American Academy Design, New York. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

HERKOMER, HERMAN G.

Born Cleveland, 1863. Studied: London, Paris, Munich. Whole career has been spent abroad, where he has painted portraits of prominent people. Exhibited for thirty years in Royal Academy, London; Paris Salon. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

HILL, THOMAS

Born Birmingham, England, 1829; died near Raymond, 1908. Came to America, 1840; to California, 1861. Studied in Paris, 1866. Honors: Received thirty-one medals, etc. "Merchant of Venice," first prize, San Francisco Art Union, 1865, owned by son, Robert Hill; "Grand Cañon of the Sierras," Crocker Art Gallery; "Donner Lake" and "Yosemite Valley," bought by Leland Stanford; "Yosemite Valley," bought by Charles Crocker, \$5000; "Heart of the Sierras," bought by E. J. Baldwin, \$10,000.

HINKLE, CLARENCE K.

Born Auburn, Cal., 1880. Studied: Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; at end of two years was awarded traveling scholarship; Julian Academy, Paris. Worked in Etapal, Holland, six years. Exhibited at: National Academy, New York; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A.; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

HOBART, CLARK

Born Rockford, Ill. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; Art Students' League of New York; three years in Paris; with Cadenasso, then with Keith in San Francisco; Robert Blum in New York. Honors: Chosen among all the art students to make four panels for Building of Ethnology, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

HUNTER, ISABEL

Born San Francisco. Studied: Hopkins Institute of Art; New York Art League. Exhibited at: Various California exhibitions; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

JOHNSON, CAROLINE RIXFORD

Born San Francisco, 1873. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, San Francisco; San Francisco Art Ass'n, under Mathews; Paris, under James McNeill Whistler, and Laurens in Academie Julian, Paris. President of San Francisco Society of Artists, 1913-1915.

JOULLIN, AMADÉE

Born San Francisco, 1862. Studied: Beaux Arts, Paris, under William Bouguereau, Tony, Robert, and Fleury; Jules Tavernier, San Francisco. Instructor of painting and drawing San Francisco School of Design, University of California, 1887-1897. Exhibited at National Academy Design, New York; Omaha Exposition; Union League Club, New York; South Carolina Interstate Exposition; Societe des Artistes Francais and Salon, Paris. Made officer D'Academie France, 1901; Officer de Instruction Public, 1905.

JUDSON, C. CHAPEL

Born Detroit, Mich., 1864. Studied: San Francisco School of Design; Munich; Paris. Exhibited at San Francisco School of Design and California exhibitions. Assistant Professor of Drawing, San Francisco Art Ass'n; Assistant Professor Graphic Art, University of California.

KEITH, WILLIAM

Born Aberdeenshire, Scotland, 1839; died Berkeley, Cal., 1911. Came to New York in 1851. Engraver until 1859, when he went to California and devoted himself to landscape painting. Studied under Achenbach and Carl Marr and spent some time in Paris. Was also prominent as portrait painter. Honor: Bronze medal, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901.

LATIMER, LORENZO PALMER

Born Placer County, Cal., 1857. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, California School of Design. Second Vice President San Francisco Art Ass'n and member San Francisco Institute of Art. Honors: Gold medals, California Midwinter Fair, San Francisco; silver medal, Portland Exposition, 1905; silver medal, Seattle Exposition, 1909; other medals from various fairs and exhibitions.

LEMONS, PEDRO J.

Born Austin, Nev., 1882. Studied: San Francisco Institute of Art; Art Students' League, Columbia College; Design, with Benedict of Chicago. Professor of Design, University of California; head of Department of Design, San Francisco Institute of Art; Director San Francisco Institute of Art, 1914-1916. One of organizers of California Society of Etchers. Has exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Honorable mention, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

LUNDBORG, FLORENCE

Born San Francisco, Cal. Studied in San Francisco with Arthur F. Mathews and in Paris with Whistler. Has specialized in mural painting. Honors: Gold medal, San Francisco Institute of Art; bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Mural painting of particular interest: "Opulence of Spring."

LUNGREN, FERNAND

Born Maryland, 1859. Studied: New York and Paris. Known especially for his work in desert and Indian ceremonies. Member of several tribes and Indian priesthoods. Exhibited at: London, Paris, Rome; pictures in Wallace, Corcoran, Staats Forbes collections.

MACCHESNEY, CLARA T.

Born Brownsville, Cal. Studied: San Francisco School of Design; Gotham Art School, New York, under Mowbray and Beckwith; Colorossi Academy, Paris, with Geradot and Courtois. N. Y. W. C. C.; A. W. C. S.; N. A. C.; N. Y. Municipal A. S.; Barnard C., London. Honors: Two gold medals, Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893; Dodge prize, N. A. D., 1894; gold medal for water color, A. C., Philadelphia, 1900; second Hallgarten prize, N. A. D., 1901; bronze medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

MACKY, CONSTANCE

Born Melbourne, Australia, 1883. Studied: National Gallery Painting School, Melbourne, Australia; London, Paris, Italy. Honors: Gold and silver medals, Melbourne A. R., 1907.

MACKY, E. SPENCER

Born Auckland, New Zealand, 1880. Studied: National Gallery Painting School, Melbourne, Australia; Academie Julian, Paris.

MANNHEIM, JEAN

Born Germany. Studied: Paris. Exhibited at: Paris Salon; New York Academy, and other exhibitions. Honor: Gold medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909.

MARTINEZ, XAVIER T.

Born Guadalajara, Mexico, 1874. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; Ecole des Beaux Arts, under Gerome and Carriere. Honors: Gold medal, San Francisco Art Ass'n, 1895; honorable mention, Paris Exposition, 1900.

MATHEWS, ARTHUR F.

Born Markesan, Wis. Member: International Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Director California School of Design, 1890-1906. Prominent among works are mural decorations (twelve panels), Oakland (Cal.) Library; California landscape, Metropolitan Museum, New York.

MATHEWS, LUCIA K.

Born San Francisco. Studied: San Francisco. Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

MCCOMAS, FRANCIS

Born Fingal, Tasmania, 1875. Studied: Julian Academy, Paris; Sydney, Australia. Came to California, 1898. Member of the Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

McCORMICK, M. EVELYN

Born Placerville, Cal. Studied: San Francisco Art Ass'n; Julian Academy, Paris. Exhibited at: Paris Salon, Berlin, New York Academy, Chicago Art Institute. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

McQUARRIE, J.

Born San Francisco. Bear Flag monument, Sonoma City, Cal.; Donner Lake monument, Donner Lake, Cal.

MERSFELDER, JULES

Born Stockton, Cal., 1867. Studied: San Francisco Art Institute. Exhibited at: National Academy of Design, New York; Society of American Artists, New York; Hopkins Art Loan Exhibition; Chicago Art Institute. Honors: Klio Association prize; bronze medal, St. Louis Exposition.

MORGAN, M. DeNEALE

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1868. Studied: San Francisco School of Design; Mark Hopkins Institute; Wm. M. Chase. Exhibited at: San Francisco Art Ass'n; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A.; Rochester, N. Y., Art Club; Del Monte Art Gallery. Cash prize for water color, Summer exhibition, Carmel, Cal.

MORA, JOSEPH J.

Born Montevideo, Uruguay, 1876. Studied: Art Students' League, New York; Chase School of Art, New York; Cowles Art, Boston; J. C. Beckwith; Wm. M. Chase; Jos. De Camp; D. Mora. Influence of four years spent in ethnological studies of Navajo and Hopi Indians of Arizona is exemplified in numerous groups of these Indians and Southwestern subjects. Exhibited at: National Academy of Design, New York; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A.; Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Member of International Jury of Awards (sculpture), Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco. Works: Monument to Cervantes, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; lobby (Spanish renaissance) Examiner Building, Los Angeles.

NAHL, PERHAM W.

Born San Francisco, 1869. Studied: California School of Design; San Francisco Art Ass'n; Akademie Heyman, Munich; Paris. Is also mural decorator, lithographer, and etcher. Honors: Bronze medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909; first prize, poster ("Thirteenth Labor of Hercules") for the Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

NELSON, BRUCE

Born San Jose, Cal., 1888. Studied: California; New York. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

NEUHAUS, EUGEN

Born Germany, 1879. Studied: Kassel and Berlin, Germany; Holland; France. Painter, writer, and lecturer. Assistant Professor of Decorative Design, University of California. Member: International Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honors: Second prize for landscape, San Francisco Art Institute; medal, Seattle Exposition.

PAGES, JULES

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1867. Studied with Constant, Lefebvre, and Robert-Fleury in Paris. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1895; third-class medal, Paris Salon, 1899; second-class medal, Paris Salon, 1905. Instructor at the Julian Academy night class since 1902.

PAPE, ERIC

Born San Francisco, 1870. Studied: With Emil Carlsen, New York; Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, under Gerome, Constant, Lefebvre, Doucet, and Delance. Member: United Arts Club, London; Royal Society of Arts, London; Atlantic Union, London; North British Academy; Players Club, New York. Director Eric Pape School of Art. Honors: Five medals and diplomas at various exhibitions.

PARTINGTON, GERTRUDE

Born Heysham, England. Studied: Paris and Madrid. Exhibited at: Salon Internationale des Beaux Arts; Carnegie Institute; Philadelphia Academy; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

PATIGIAN, HAIG

Born Armenia, 1876. Studied in San Francisco and Paris. Member: National Sculpture Society; American Federation of Arts; International Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco. Exhibited at: Paris Salon; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A.

PEIXOTTO, ERNEST

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1869. Studied with Constant, Lefebvre, and Doucet in Paris. Member: A. N. A., 1909; New York Architectural League; Society of Illustrators, 1906; Salmagundi Club. Honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1895.

PECK, ORRIN

Born Hobart, N. Y., 1857. Studied: Munich. Exhibited: Munich, London, Vienna, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Honors: Three gold medals.

PENNOYER, A. SHELDON

Born Oakland, Cal., 1888. Studied: Ecole des Beaux Arts, Julian Academy, and Academie de la Grande Chaumiere, Paris, under Rene Mesnard and Lucien Simon; in Naples under Giuseppe Cascaro; Rome under Carlandi; Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, with Breckenridge, Carlsen, and Daniel Garber. Exhibited at: Art Club, Philadelphia; Golden Gate Park Museum, San Francisco, and Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

PERCY, ISABELLE CLARK

Born Alameda, Cal., 1882. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; Columbia University, New York; with Brangwyn in London. Member: California Arts and Crafts; N. S. Crafts; California Sketch Club. Instructor in Berkeley School of Arts and Crafts. Exhibited at: Munich; Chicago Art Institute. Honors: Honorable mention in Paris Salon; bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

PETERS, CHAS. ROLLO

Born California, 1862. Studied: San Francisco Art School and with Jules Tavernier; Beaux Arts, Paris, under Gerome; Julian Academy under Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Alexander Harrison. Returned to California in 1895 and has since that time devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of night effects. Exhibited at: California Gallery and Union League Club.

PIAZZONI, GOTTARDO F. P.

Born Intragna, Switzerland, 1872. Studied: San Francisco Art Ass'n; School of Design; Julian Academie, and Beaux Arts, Paris. Exhibited at: St. Louis Exposition; International Exposition of Fine Arts, Rome; Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco.

POOR, HENRY VARNUM

Born Chapman, Kan., 1887. Studied: California; with Walter Sickert, London; Juliens and Lucien Simon, Paris. Assistant Professor of Art, Stanford University, Cal. Exhibited at: Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

PORTER, BRUCE

Born San Francisco, 1865. Studied: California, Paris, London, Venice. Member: American Painters and Sculptors. Designed Stevenson Memorial, San Francisco.

PUTHUFF, HANSON

Born Waverly, Mo., 1875. Studied: University Art School, Denver, Colo. Exhibited: Chicago Art Institute; New York Academy; Society of Eastern Artists; San Francisco Art Ass'n; California Art Club, Los Angeles; Alaska-Yukon Exposition. Honors: Honorable mention, Art School, Denver; honorable mention, California Art Club exhibition; silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

PUTNAM, ARTHUR

Born Mississippi, 1873. Came to California, 1886. Self-instructed. Visited Paris and Italy in 1906. Began his work of animal sculpture originally from observation of bands of wild buffalos. Exhibited at Paris Salon, 1906, six works. Honor: Gold medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Prominent works of sculpture are Sloat monument, Monterey, Cal.; "Snarling Jaguar," Metropolitan Museum, New York.

PRICE, CLAYTON S.

Born Iowa, 1875. Moved to Sheridan, Wyo., 1886. Studied: St. Louis School of Fine Arts for one year at invitation of Colonel Jay L. Torrey. Has been spending his life since on ranges in California. Honor: Gold medal, St. Louis School of Fine Arts, for greatest progress in work covering period of one year.

RANDOLPH, LEE F.

Born Ravenna, Ohio, 1880. Studied: Art Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio; Art Students' League, New York; ten years in France and Italy. Member: California Society of Etchers. Exhibited at: Paris Salons and international exhibitions of art, Rome; San Francisco Society of Artists; Chicago Society of Etchers; seven etchings in Luxembourg Collection, Paris. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

RAPHAEL, JOSEPH

Born Jackson, Cal., 1871. Studied: Hopkins Art Institute, San Francisco; Academie Julian, Paris. Exhibited at: Art Institute, Chicago; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1905. Painting purchased by Raphael Weill of San Francisco and presented to Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

REDMOND, GRANVILLE

Born Philadelphia, Pa., 1871. Studied: San Francisco Art Ass'n; Julian Academie, Paris, under Constant and Laurens. Exhibited at: Paris Salon; St. Louis Exposition; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honor: Silver medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909.

RICH, JOHN HUBBARD

Born Boston, Mass., 1876. Studied: Art Students' League, New York; Boston Art Museum; Europe. Member: Salmagundi Club, New York; California Art Club. Instructor in School for Illustrating and Painting, Los Angeles. Exhibited at: National Academy of Design; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Boston Art Club. Honor: Paige Traveling Scholarship, 1905-07.

RICHARDSON, MARY CURTIS

Born New York, 1848. Studied in San Francisco and New York. Exhibited at: National Academy; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.; Columbia Exposition, Chicago; Buenos Aires Exposition. Honors: Norman Dodge prize; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition.

RIEBER, WINIFRED

Born Virginia City, Nev., 1870. Studied: Boston, New York, Florence, and Paris.

RITSCHER, WILLIAM

Born Nurnberg, Germany, 1864. Studied with F. Kaulbach and C. Raupp in Munich; came to United States in 1895. Member: A. N. A., 1910; N. Y. W. C. G.; A. W. C. S.; Kunstverein, Munich. Honors: Honorable mention, Salma G.; honorable mention, C. I., Pittsburgh, 1912; gold medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

ROBINSON, CHARLES DORMAN

Born Vermont, 1847. Studied under Wm. Bradford, M. F. H. DeHass, Geo. Inness, I. G. Gignoux, and I. F. Cropsey in United States; with Boudiu and Segantini, Paris. Many of his works are among collections of the royal family of England, also in India, Australia, New Zealand, France, and Italy. Is principally a painter of mountain and marine subjects. Honors: Gold medal, State Agricultural Society in 1903; all prizes by this society in 1878. Has never competed for any public honors.

ROSE, GUY

Born San Gabriel, Cal., 1867. Studied: San Francisco Art School; Lefebvre, Constant, and Doucet in Paris. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon; bronze medal, Buffalo Exposition; medal, St. Louis Exposition; silver medal, Atlanta Exposition; silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

ROSENTHAL, TOBY

Born New Haven, Conn., 1848. Came to California, 1854; remained about ten years. Returned to California frequently in later years. Began study in Munich in 1865, with Straehuber, Raupp, and Piloty. Member: Munich Artist Society; "Zwanglosen," Munich (scientific and art club). Honors: medal, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876; gold medal, Munich Exposition; medal, Royal Academy of Fine Arts, 1870. Work seldom exhibited; generally entered into private collections after completion. "Morning Prayers by John Sebastian Bach" in Leipzig Gallery; "Elaine" in New York.

RYDER, WORTH

Born Kirkwood, Ill., 1884. Studied: Art Students' League, New York; Royal Bavarian Academy, Munich. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

SANDONA, MATTEO

Born Schio, Italy, 1881. Studied: Verona Academy of Fine Arts, Italy. Member: International Jury of Awards, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honors: Silver medals, Verona Academy, 1896-1899; gold medal, School of Design, New York, 1895; silver medal, Portland Exposition, 1905.

SARGENT, GENEVE RIXFORD

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1868. Studied with Emil Carlson, William Chase, and Frank Duveneck. Honor: Martin B. Cahn prize, 1903, Chicago Art Institute.

SCHUSTER, DONNA

Born Milwaukee, Wis. Studied: Chicago Art Institute; with Edmund Tarbell and William Chase. Exhibited at: New York Academy of Fine Arts; New York Water Color Society; American Water Color Society; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Chicago Art Institute. Honors: Silver medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; silver medal, San Diego Exposition, 1915; silver medal, Northwestern States Exhibition, 1915; gold medal, Minnesota State Art Society.

SHORE, HENRIETTA M.

Born Toronto, Can. Studied: Toronto, New York, London, and Haarlem, Holland. Exhibited at all Canadian exhibitions. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

SPARKS, WILL

Born St. Louis, Mo., 1862. Studied: Washington University, St. Louis; St. Louis School of Fine Arts; in Paris at Julian Academy and Colorossi Academy with Bouvert, Cazin, Harpignies, and Gerome. Exhibited at: Toledo, O., Museum; Minneapolis Museum; Spencer Gallery, St. Louis, Mo.

STANTON, JOHN A.

Born California, 1860. Studied: San Francisco School of Design; Paris, with Laurens and De Chavannes. Appointed Chief of Fine Arts for Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, 1895; Professor of Drawing, San Francisco School of Design for fifteen years. Exhibited at: Paris; Munich; New York; San Francisco Art Ass'n for past twenty years. Has painted portraits of many prominent persons, also murals, but prefers marines. Honor: Gold medal at Sacramento, Cal., for best exhibition of pictures, 1896.

SILVA, WILLIAM P.

Born Savannah, Ga. Studied: Academy Julian, Paris, with Jean Paul Laurens and Henry Royer; Chauncey Ryder. Member: Salmagundi Club, New York; Society of Washington Artists, Washington, D. C.; Chicago Water Color Club; California Art Club. Exhibited at: Paris Salon; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.; Pennsylvania Academy of F. A.; National Academy of Design, New York; Chicago Art Institute; Golden Gate Park Museum, San Francisco; Museum of History, Science, and Art, Los Angeles. Honors: Silver medal, Appalachian Exposition, Knoxville, 1910; silver medal, Mississippi Art Ass'n, 1915; silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

STACKPOLE, RALPH

Born near Grants Pass, Ore., 1885. Studied: San Francisco Institute of Art with Arthur Putnam and G. Piazzoni; Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Honor: Honorable mention, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

TAVERNIER, JULES

Born Paris, 1844; died Honolulu, 1889. Studied: Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, with Felix Barrias. Exhibited at Paris Salon, 1864-1870. "Sweat House Dance" painted for Mr. Parrott and presented by him to Baron Rothchild; "Waiting for Montezuma," owned by Irving Scott; the famous pastel, "Jinks Cartoon," owned by Bohemian Club; "The Antiquarian," owned by Colonel Hawes.

TILDEN, DOUGLAS

Born Chico, Cal., 1860. Studied: National Academy of Design and Gotham Art League, New York; Paul Choppin, Paris. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon; bronze medal, World's Exposition, Paris; commemorative gold medal, St. Louis Exposition; gold medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909. Prominent among works is "Mechanics' Fountain," San Francisco.

TOWNSLEY, C. P.

Born Sedalia, Mo., 1867. Studied: New York and Paris. Member: Salmagundi Club, New York. Director Stickney Memorial School of Fine Arts, Pasadena, Cal.; formerly Director of Chase European Classes and the London School of Art. Exhibited at: National Academy of Design, New York; American Water Color Society, New York; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Art Institute, Chicago.

VAN SLOUN, FRANK J.

Born St. Paul, Minn. Studied: New York. Honor: Bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

VIVIAN, CALTHEA

Born Missouri. Studied: San Francisco Institute of Art; Crocker School of Design; Paris, ateliers Colorossi and Grand Chanmerie; England, under Lazar. Exhibited at: Paris; San Francisco Art Institute; Del Monte Art Gallery; Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition. Honors: Gold medal, Crocker Art School; silver medal, California State Fair exhibit.

WACHTEL, ELMER

Born Baltimore, Md., 1864. Studied: Art Students' League, New York; Lambeth Art School, London. Honors: Mark Hopkins prize for water color, San Francisco, 1902; Mark Hopkins prize for oil, San Francisco, 1906.

WAGNER, ROB

Born Detroit, Mich., 1872. Studied: University of Michigan; Academie Julian, Paris; Academie Delecluse. Illustrator, art editor of *Criterion*, New York. Head artist of "Encyclopedia Britannica," London. Honors: Silver medal, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, Seattle, 1909; bronze medal, Panama-Pacific Int. Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

WACHTEL, MARION KAVANAGH

Born Milwaukee, Wis., 1875. Studied: Chicago Art Institute; John Vanderpoel and William Chase.

WALTER, EDGAR

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1877. Studied: San Francisco Institute of Art; Paris, with Cromon and Perrin. Exhibited at: Metropolitan Museum, New York; Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio; San Francisco Institute of Art. Honors: Honorable mention, Paris Salon; honorable mention, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Prominent among works are fountain, "Bear and Faun," Morningside Park, New York.

WENDT, JULIA BRACKEN

Born Apple River, Ill. Studied: Chicago Art Institute. Member: Western Society of Artists; Chicago Society of Artists; California Art Club; Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C. Honors: First sculpture prize offered in Chicago, 1898; first sculpture prize given by Municipal Art League of Chicago, 1905; first prize for sculpture by California Art Club, 1913; gold medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915. Works: Statue of Illinois welcoming nations, placed after Columbian Exposition in Springfield capitol; group of statuary for rotunda of Museum of History, Science, and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles.

WENDT, WILLIAM

Born Germany, 1865. Settled in Chicago, 1880. Self-taught in art. Member: American National Academy; Society of Western Artists; Chicago Society of Artists; California Art Club; American Federation of Arts. Represented in the permanent collections of: Art Institute, Chicago; Friends of American Art; Cliff Dwellers, Chicago; National Arts Club, New York; Dallas Art Association, Dallas, Texas. Honors: Second Yerkes prize, Chicago, 1893; Young fortnightly prize, Chicago, 1897; bronze medal, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; Cahn prize, A. I. C., 1904; silver medal, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; honorable mention, Chicago Society of Artists, 1905; Kirchberger prize, Chicago Society of Artists, 1910; honorable mention, Art Institute, Chicago, 1910; Fine Arts Building prize, Society of Western Artists, 1912; silver medal, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; grand prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

WHITE, ORRIN A.

Born Hanover, Ill, 1882. Exhibited at: Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

WILKE, WILLIAM H.

Born San Francisco, Cal., 1880. Studied: Mark Hopkins Institute, San Francisco; Paris, with Jean Paul Laurens and Jacques Blanche. Exhibited at Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

WORES, THEODORE

Born Hanover, Ill., 1882. Exhibited at: Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Honor: Silver medal, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915.

YELLAND, RAYMOND D.

Born London, England, 1848. Spent twenty-five years in California. Died Oakland, Cal., 1900. Studied: New York School of Design; Paris, with Merson. Honorable mention, School of Design and offered position as teacher. Marine painter and art educator. Professor at Hopkins Institute, San Francisco, for twenty years. Many famous artists were his pupils, as Alexander Harrison, Homer Davenport, etc. "Where Sluggish Tides Creep In," exhibited in Oakland Library; "Cities of the Golden Gate," University of California; "Sand Dunes at Monterey," Hopkins Art Institute.

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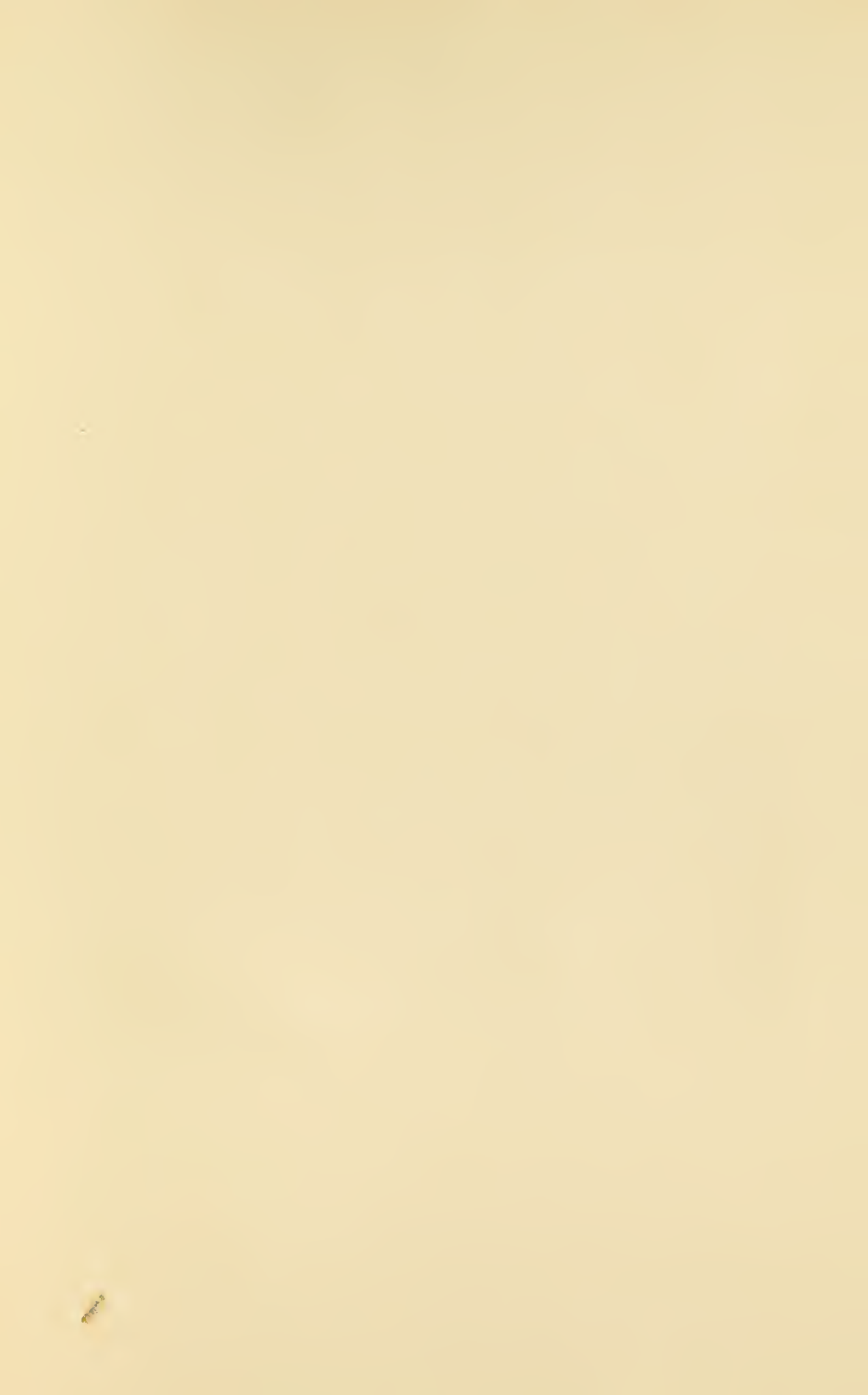
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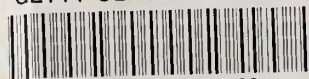
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